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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

All dolled up

SOFT CELL
Tainted Love & Painted Dolls

THE PRETENDERS
Chrissie Hynde Faces West Coast Teen Chaos

LEVEL 42 · MOOD SIX · TOM VERLAINE · AMERICAN GRAFFITI '81 STYLE · BUMBLE & THE BEEZ · PLATINUM LOGIC

Soft Cell's Mark and David make a Miss Piggy of themselves. Pic Steve Dixon.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**TAINTED LOVE**	**Soft Cell (Bizzare)**	7	1
2	6	LOVE ACTION	Human League (Virgin)	5	1
3	3	HOLD ON TIGHT	ELO (Jet)	4	2
4	1	JAPANESE BOY	Aneka (Hansa)	5	1
5	4	SHE'S GOT CLAWS	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	4
6	13	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	6
7	5	ABACAB	Genesis (Charisma)	3	5
8	8	ONE IN TEN	UB40 (Dep Int)	5	8
8	15	START ME UP	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	3	8
10	14	THE THIN WALL	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	3	10
11	9	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	Louis Clarke/RPO (RCA)	7	2
12	7	CARIBBEAN DISCO	Lobo (Polydor)	7	7
13	30	EVERYBODY SALSA	Modern Romance (WEA)	2	13
14	11	GIRLS ON FILM	Duran Duran (EMI)	7	5
15	25	CHEMISTRY	Nolans (Epic)	3	15
16	(–)	PRINCE CHARMING	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	1	16
17	10	GREEN DOOR	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	7	1
18	21	SOUVENIR	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	2	18
19	17	RAINY NIGHT IN GEORGIA	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	3	17
20	28	HANDS UP	Ottowan (Carrere)	2	20
21	16	WUNDERBAR	Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)	4	14
22	(–)	PRETEND	Alvin Stardust (Stiff)	1	22
23	(–)	YOU'LL NEVER KNOW	Hi Gloss (Epic)	1	23
24	20	SI SI JE SUIS UN ROCK STAR	Bill Wyman (A&M)	5	11
25	12	BACK TO THE SIXTIES	Tight Fit (Jive)	6	5
26	18	HAPPY BIRTHDAY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	8	1
27	(–)	SLOW HAND	Pointer Sisters (Planet)	1	27
28	26	FIRE	U2 (Island)	5	20
29	27	PASSIONATE FRIEND	Teardrop Explodes (Zoo)	2	27
30	23	WATER ON GLASS/BOYS	Kim Wilde (Rak)	6	9

Adam Ants in at No. 16. Pic: Chris Walter.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**TIME**	**Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)**	5	1
2	2	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	10	1
3	5	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	11	2
4	3	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	15	3
5	16	HI INFIDELITY	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	19	4
6	4	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (Dep Int)	14	1
7	(–)	DEAD RINGER	Meatloaf (Epic)	1	7
8	10	KIM WILDE	Kim Wilde (Rak)	10	2
9	6	SHOT OF LOVE	Bob Dylan (CBS)	2	6
10	11	PRETENDERS II	The Pretenders (Real)	5	6
11	22	BUCKS FIZZ	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	4	11
12	8	THE OFFICIAL BBC ROYAL WEDDING ALBUM	(BBC)	5	4
13	7	THIS OLE HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	21	3
14	(–)	TATTOO YOU	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	1	14
15	9	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	10	9
16	17	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	42	1
17	14	HOTTER THAN JULY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	41	1
18	15	TRAVELOGUE	Human League (Virgin)	2	15
19	12	BELLA DONNA	Stevie Nicks (WEA)	6	11
20	19	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	15	11
21	24	KOO KOO	Debbie Harry (Chrysalis)	5	5
22	(–)	NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH	Motorhead (Bronze)	11	1
23	25	LEVEL 42	Level 42 (Polydor)	2	23
24	23	BOY	U2 (Island)	2	23
25	13	CURED	Steve Hackett (Charisma)	3	13
26	27	FOUR	Foreigner (Atlantic)	2	26
27	21	BAD FOR GOOD	Jim Steinman (Epic)	16	8
28	(–)	JU JU	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	10	10
29	28	STARS ON 45 Vol 2	Starsound (CBS)	27	1
30	(–)	CHRISTOPHER CROSS	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	5	16

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Release The Bats**	Birthday Party (4AD)
2	(2)	**One In Ten**	UB40 (Dep Int)
3	(11)	**All Out Attack EP**	Blitz (No Future)
4	(3)	**I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys**	The Higsons (Romans In Britain)
5	(4)	**Inconvenience**	Au Pairs (Human)
6	(5)	**Kitchen Person**	Associates (Situation 2)
7	(10)	**One Law For Them**	4 Skins (Clockwork Fun)
8	(12)	**Puppets Of War**	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
9	(8)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
10	(7)	**Mattress Of Wire**	Aztec Camera (Postbag)
11	(9)	**Nero**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
12	(6)	**New Life**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
13	(16)	**Motorhead**	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
14	(17)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
15	(13)	**Neu Smell**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
16	(20)	**Four Sore Points**	Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
17	(19)	**Ceremony (12" remix)**	New Order (Factory)
18	(14)	**Smiles And Laughter**	Modern English (4AD)
19	(—)	**Rise And Shine**	Bunny Wailer (Rough Trade/Solomonic)
20	(18)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
21	(15)	**The Resurrection EP**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
22	(21)	**Brave New England**	Walter Mitty's Little White Lies (Hip)
23	(—)	**Hit The Moon**	Ellery Bop (Ace Ideas)
24	(23)	**Dole Age**	Talisman (Recreational)
25	(28)	**24 Hours**	The Chefs (Graduate)
26	(—)	**Launderette**	Vivian Goldman (Window)
27	(—)	**Four Movements**	Thomas Lear (Cherry Red)
28	(22)	**King's Cross EP**	Charge (Test Pressing)
29	(—)	**Lust Bus**	Epileptics (Epileptics)
30	(—)	**Oh Superman**	Laurie Anderson (Import)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**The Last Call**	Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
2	(2)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep International)
3	(3)	**Penis Envy**	Crass (Crass)
4	(11)	**Red Mecca**	Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
5	(4)	**Playing With A Different Sex**	Au Pairs (Human)
6	(6)	**Document And Eye-Witness**	Wire (R. Trade)
7	(8)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)
8	(5)	**Only Fun In Town**	Josef K (Postcard)
9	(14)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
10	(—)	**Early Years**	Fall (Step Forward)
11	(12)	**Drama Of Exile**	Nico (Aura)
12	(10)	**Action Battlefield**	N. A. Steppers (Statik)
13	(16)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
14	(9)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
15	(7)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
16	(14)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
17	(15)	**Black Sounds Of Freedom**	Black Uhuru (Greensleeves)
18	(—)	**Mesh And Lace**	Modern English (4AD)
19	(—)	**Cover Plus**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
20	(21)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
21	(25)	**Lubricate Your Living Room**	Fire Engines (Accessory)
22	(24)	**Firehouse Rock**	Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
23	(17)	**Sons Of Thunder**	Dr Alimantado (Greensleeves)
24	(26)	**Hopelessly In Love With You**	Carroll Thompson (Carib Gems)
25	(—)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
26	(18)	**Stations Of The Crass**	Crass (Crass)
27	(29)	**Live**	Misty (People Unite)
28	(—)	**In Concert**	T Rex (Marc)
29	(20)	**Dirk Wears White Sox**	Adam & Ants (Do-It)
30	(28)	**Fresh Fruit**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops.

REGGAE

1	**Give Another Israel A Try**	Barry Brown (Jah Guidance)
2	**Tradesman**	I Jah Man (Jahmani)
3	**Ghetto Queen**	John Holt (Volcarno)
4	**Rock With Me**	Mighty Diamonds (Truth, Rights)
5	**Cheer Up**	Bobby & Melodies (Musical Ambassador)
6	**Little Young Girl/44 Magnum**	Madoo (Makassa Recs)
7	**Devils Eyes**	Cultural Roots (Germain)
8	**Guerilla Priest**	Lee Perry/Terrorists (Spliff)
9	**Certify My Love**	Stranger Cole/Patsy (High Note)
10	**Sounds Of Hon. Marley**	Errol Scorcher (Dance Hall)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1.

FUNK

1	**She's Got The Floor**	Arthur Adams (Inculation)
2	**Do It Anyway You Wanna**	Mike T. (Golden Pyramid)
3	**Get Up And Dance**	Shades Of Blue (Scorp Gemi)
4	**This Kind Of Loving**	Whispers (Solar)
5	**Love Has Come Around**	Donald Byrd (Elektra
6	**Sound The Groove**	Wreckin' Crew (Newman)
7	**Something That You Do**	T. Life (Arista)
8	**Mystery Girl**	Dukes (Demo)
9	**Jammin' Big Guitar**	Vaughan Mason (Brunswick)
10	**I Wanna Feel Your Love**	Candy Bowman (RCA)

Chart by Kevin Edwards, Spinning Disc, 15 Cross Street, Manchester 2

INTERNATIONAL UNITED STATES

1	**Bella Donna**	Stevie Nicks (Modern Records / Atlantic)
2	**4**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
3	**Escape**	Journey (Columbia)
4	**Precious Time**	Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
5	**Don't Say No**	Billy Squier (Capitol)
6	**Pirates**	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)
7	**Working Class Dog**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
8	**Street Songs**	Rick James (Gordy/Motown)
9	**Long Distance Voyager**	Moody Blues (Threshold / Polygram)
10	**Hi Infidelity**	REO Speedwagon (Epic)

Courtesy Billboard Publications Inc.

NEW YORK SALSA

1	**Presenta la critica**	Oscar De Leon (TH)
2	**Happy Days**	Gran Cmbo (Combo)
3	**Dos jueyes**	Celia Cruz Y Willie Colon (Vaya)
4	**Simplemente Lalo**	Lalo Rodriguez (Tierrazo)
5	**Orquesta Le Solucion**	Orquesta Le Solucion (Lad)
6	**Eddie Palmieri**	Eddie Palmieri (Barbaro)
7	**Luis Perico Ortiz. Astro**	Luis Perico Ortiz. Astro (NG)
8	**Sin comentarios**	Cuco Baloy (Cubanei)
9	**Felicitaciones**	Conjunto Clasico (Lo Mejor)
10	**Adentro**	Marvin Santiago (TH)

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FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Dancing Queen**	Abba (Epic)
2	**Let 'Em In**	Wings (Parlophone)
3	**You Don't Have To Go**	Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
4	**The Killing Of Georgie**	Rod Stewart (Riva)
5	**Can't Get By Without You**	Real Thing (Pye)
6	**Blinded By The Light**	Manfred Mann's Earthband (Bronze)
7	**16 Bars**	Stylistics (H & L)
8	**Aria**	Acker Bilk (Pye)
9	**(Light Of Experience) Doina De Jale**	Gheorghe Zamfir (Epic)
10	**You Should Be Dancing**	Bee Gees (RSO)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Hey Girl Don't Bother Me**	The Tams (Probe)
2	**I'm Still Waiting**	Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
3	**Did You Ever**	Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood (Reprise)
4	**Nathan Jones**	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
5	**It's Too Late**	Carole King (A & M)
6	**What Are You Doing Sunday**	Dawn (Bell)
7	**Back Street Love**	Curved Air (Reprise)
8	**Never Ending Song Of Love**	New Seekers (Philips)
9	**Let Your Yeah Be Yeah**	Pioneers (Trojan)
10	**Soldier Blue**	Buffy St Marie (RCA)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**All Or Nothing**	Small Faces (Decca)
2	**Yellow Submarine/Eleanor Rigby**	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	**Distant Drums**	Jim Reeves (RCA)
4	**Too Soon To Know**	Roy Orbison (London)
5	**God Only Knows**	Beach Boys (Capitol)
6	**Lovers Of The World Unite**	David & Jonathan (Columbia)
7	**Working In The Coalmine**	Lee Dorsey (Stateside)
8	**Got To Get You Into My Life**	Cliff Bennett (Parlophone)
9	**I'm A Boy**	Who (Reaction)
10	**Little Man**	Sonny and Cher (Atlantic)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Johnny Remember Me**	John Leyton (Top Rank)
2	**You Don't Know**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
3	**Kon-Tiki**	Shadows (Columbia)
4	**Wild In The Country**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
5	**Reach For The Stars**	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
6	**Michael Row The Boat**	Lonnie Donegan (Pye)
7	**Well I Ask You**	Eden Kane (Decca)
8	**Cupid**	Sam Cooke (RCA)
9	**Michael**	Highwaymen (HMV)
10	**Romeo**	Petula Clark (Pye)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

THE HARD CELL ON GRACE

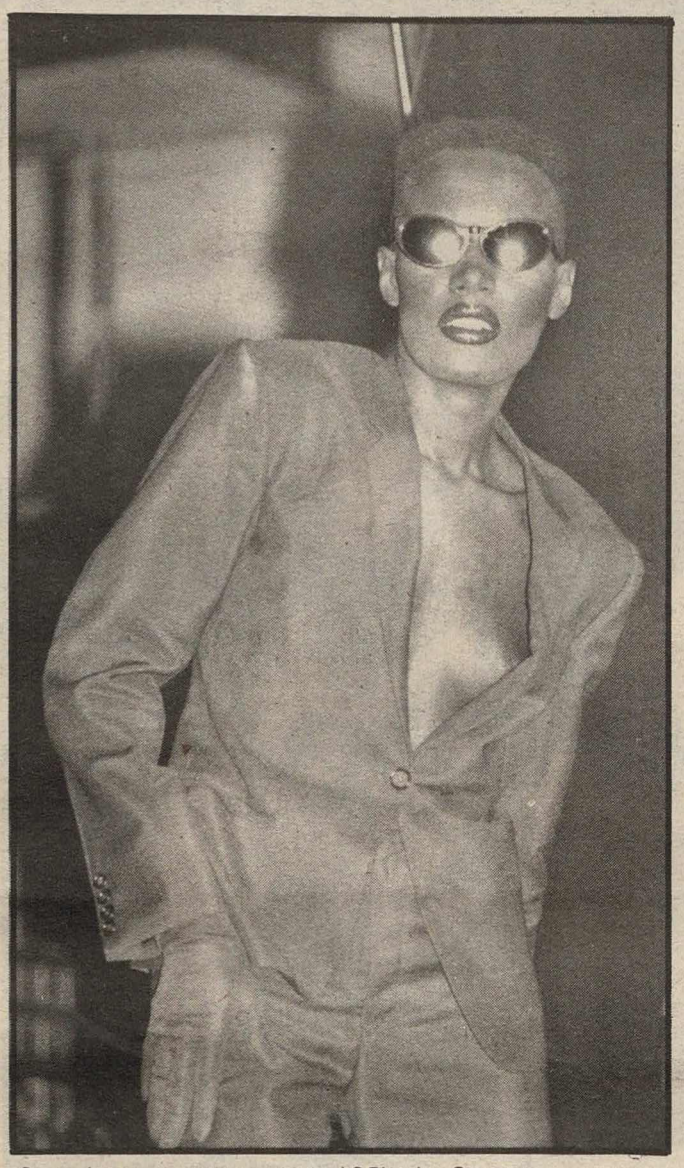
NEWS DEREK JOHNSON THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

FALL shows FROM GRACE

GRACE JONES is set to make her UK concert debut early next month when — as part of a four-week European tour — she plays two nights at London's Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Thursday and Friday, October 8 and 9.

The concerts, which are certain to be one of the highlights of the autumn season, are billed as 'Grace Jones: A One Man Show'. Tickets at £6.50, £6, £5 and £4, are available now at the theatre box-office.

Although Grace will be appearing on TV in France, Holland and Germany, there are no plans for her to be seen on the box here, though tour promoter Harvey Goldsmith hinted this could change. Neither do Island intend to issue any new Jones material, as her single 'I've Seen That Face Before (Libertango)' was released recently, and she doesn't yet have a follow-up to her May album 'Nightclubbing'.



Grace Jones — can't bare the wait? Pic: Joe Stevens.

Major Tours

JAM DELAY UPSTARTS ACTIVE KENNEDY COUNTDOWN

THE DEAD KENNEDYS will play four provincial dates during their upcoming British visit — at Glasgow Tiffany's (September 29), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (30), Manchester Mayflower (October 1) and Birmingham Imperial Cinema, Moseley (2) — prior to their show at London Strand Lyceum on October 4 (all tickets £3).

As exclusively revealed by *NME* four weeks ago, the band's gigs tie in with a concentrated attack on the British record market, via their own Alternative Tentacles label (through Cherry Red). Their new multi-track EP, now officially titled 'In God We Trust Inc.', is being released out to coincide with their arrival — preceded this weekend by the reissue of their 'Holiday In Cambodia' single. They are also featured on the 17-track compilation LP 'Let Them Eat Jellybeans', which they put together themselves as a showcase for emerging American bands — and lead singer Jello Biafra has his own EP 'The Witch Trials' available next week.

It's now confirmed that D.O.A. will be the Kennedys' special guests at the Lyceum, and they will then headline a short series of club dates in their own right, details of which are currently being finalised. The Vancouver outfit comprise Joey Shithead (guitar and vocals), Chuck Biscuits (drums), Randy Rampage (bass) and Dave Gregg (guitar), and Alternative Tentacles are planning to release an EP by the band early next month.

□ **THE JAM** will not be touring Britain this autumn as had been expected. When they set out on their seaside "fun tour" earlier in the summer, Polydor announced that the band would headline a major tour later in the year — but their agency, Cowbell, says this won't now happen. Instead, plans are being finalised for The Jam to undertake a national tour early in the New Year, when they will have a new album released. Reason for the delay is that Paul Weller will spend much of the autumn writing new material and, in company with the other members, developing a new stage show.

□ **THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS** go back on the road next month, and dates so far confirmed are Middlesbrough Town Hall (October 8), Leeds Brannigan's (9), Newcastle Mayfair (10), Sheffield Marples Club (12), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (15), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (17), Bedford Bunyan Centre (18) and Edinburgh University (21). This ties in with the September 24 release of their new Zonophone album 'Angelic Upstarts Live', recorded recently in London and containing a flexidisc featuring four further live tracks.

□ **U2, COMSAT ANGELS, ARMATRADING, STYX**

TOUR NEWS

Pages 37/38

A heart full of soul

"There are only two Phil Spectors, and I am one of them" — Guy Stevens.

THERE IS now only one Phil Spector. Guy Stevens, genius, madman and drunk, died last week of a heart attack and wrote finis to a career that influenced the course of British popular music from the early '60s until the end of the '70s.

You don't know who he was? He was a fanatical record collector who loved soul, blues and rock and roll; he wrote off to the States to keep records coming and he had a collection of music that hardly anybody else in Britain had even *heard*, let alone owned. In the early '60s he was the DJ at this club called The Scene, and everybody who was anybody and hundreds who weren't but would be came down to listen to Guy Stevens play records. Before they got their songwriting into gear, The Rolling Stones and The Who would visit his flat in Camden Town and make tapes of singles and odd album cuts from his collection and they'd take the tapes away and learn the songs.

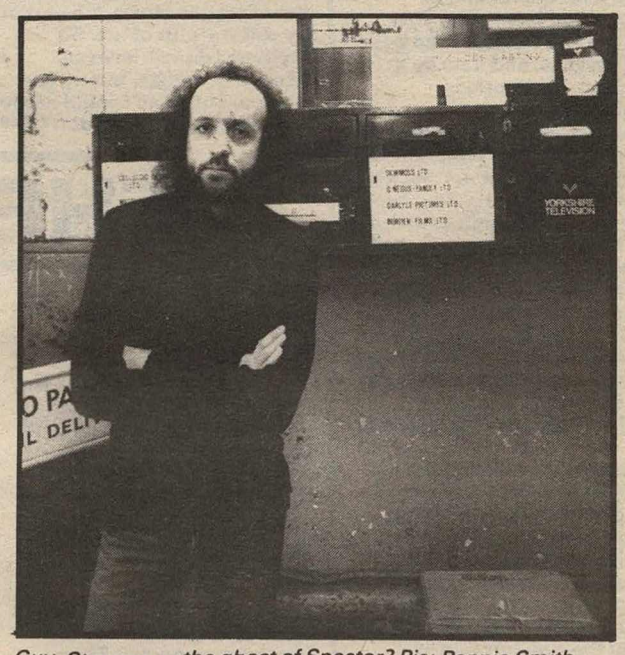
LEGENDARY rock producer and catalyst Guy Stevens died of a heart attack at his home in Forest Hill, South East London, over the August Bank Holiday weekend. Stevens, who was in his late 30s, had not truly been well for a long time: one friend cited "self-neglect . . . the rock and roll lifestyle" as the cause of his ill health. At the time of his death, Stevens had been hoping to work on a new project with Jerry Lee Lewis.

by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Guy got involved with Island Records round about then: he got the legendary and now long-gone soul label Sue Records off the ground in this country with Island distribution, he discovered Spooky Tooth, encouraged Traffic, invented Mott The Hoople . . . and at the end of the '70s after doing little or nothing, he reunited with The Clash (for whom he'd produced a few demos before they signed to CBS) and produced 'London Calling'.

Now a lot of people were reluctant to get involved with him for a long time, and even after producing 'London

■ *Continues over*



Guy Stevens — the ghost of Spector? Pic: Pennie Smith.

Donkees' New Single.. OUT NOW!

MCA RECORDS
1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1 3FW

NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1, England. Annual subscription $79.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing in the USA by Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, New York 11003, USA.

STEVENS

■ *From previous page*

Calling', an international hit album, he didn't work again. The reason why people avoided Guy was simple: he was unpredictable and terrifying. Guy Stevens was out of control. Whether his chosen poison at any moment was alcohol or speed, he could be horrifying or pathetic or simply very, very frightening.

There are a lot of people in rock and roll who would claim to be 'driven' or 'possessed' simply to excuse their behaviour, but Guy Stevens was the real thing. He would stop at nothing to get a performance out of an artist he was producing, and — on at least two documented occasions — would so dominate the artist that they would later claim that he had written songs through them. This happened with 'When My Mind's Gone' on Mott The Hoople's wracked, claustrophobic 'Mad Shadows' album and with 'The Right Profile' on 'London Calling'.

'Profile' was a song celebrating Montgomery Clift, an idol of Stevens' along with Jerry Lee Lewis and Bob Dylan, and Joe Strummer stated at the time that Guy Stevens made him write it. In the same way, Ian Hunter simply became a vessel for Stevens with 'When My Mind's Gone'.

After the completion and release of 'London Calling', Guy Stevens determined to sort himself out, clean up his act, get himself together, *et al*. Yet even with that singularly hefty credit to indicate that he was once again a viable producer, no more work came his way.

Anyone who knew Guy was liable to find themselves on the receiving end of desperate, incoherent phone calls at any hour of the day or — more usually — night. He was intensely lonely and the telephone was his lifeline.

It was one of these calls, in the early hours of a December morning, that told me that John Lennon was dead. Guy had been on the phone to Jerry Lee Lewis, and while he was talking to Lewis, news had come over the radio that Lennon had been shot. That was the last contact I had with Guy Stevens, and now he's dead too. The world is contracting.

Guy Stevens literally gave his life for rock music whether rock music wanted it or not. He had talent, energy and vision, and they weren't enough to make him happy. They were enough for him to make his mark on the music, which was probably what he really wanted.

"And everybody said what's he like?/Everybody said is he all right?/Everybody said he sure looks funny . . ."
— The Clash, 'The Right Profile'

□ **THE ELGIN MARBLES** have decided to disband following the death of their leader and writer Steve Elgin. He was killed driving alone two weeks ago, when his car left the road on a sharp bend on the island of Ibiza. Friends with whom he spent the evening said he hadn't been taking drugs or drinking to excess.

Although still unsigned, the London band started recording their debut album in June at the Ibiza Sound Studio, and Elgin had returned there for business meetings and to make arrangements for finishing the LP. He was 25, and leaves a wife and daughter.

THE BUZZ ABOUT THE BEEZ

PAUL BRADSHAW on the art of drummerless reggae

"WHEN SOME people hear the music they just can't work out what's going on and it seems to worry them," says Michael Riley, lead vocalist and percussionist with Bumble And The Beez, with a wry smile. "But then again I like anything that detracts from the norm and we're not interested in being labelled. I think we are a hiccup in the business which they think if handled right will be a burp."

A flicker of exhaustion crosses Riley's face as he leans against the wall at the Venue. The drummerless Beez had earlier won a warm response despite an over-the-top treble-laden mix at the hands of an engineer with no empathy for bass culture. But the pressure is on for Riley, with the band having recently signed to EMI, the prospect of a "necessary" tour with Hazel O'Connor and the problem of finding the right producer.

A stylish and articulate black Britisher who was sporting a goatee long before *NME* teasingly predicted the beatnik revival, Riley is an original Handsworth revolutionary. A founder member of Steel Pulse, he was forced to leave the group after a bitter conflict over the group's Rasta orientation and his marriage to the group's publicist. His subsequent involvement in the ill-fated "baldhead" group Headline was shortlived, but it was during this period that he developed a strong working relationship with South London bassie Winston Blisset and formulated his current direction.

Convinced that reggae is regarded by the majority as second class music, Riley wanted to set up a band based on reggae which would extend the music's influence by using instruments and arrangements in a different style.

"I've been brought up on a diet of reggae music. It's part of my culture, part of me. So anything I do will have an essence of reggae, but by way of conscious mind I could easily do funk. It's just that I don't like funk to the same extent 'cause it represents something different to reggae.

"As far as the experience with Steel Pulse and Rasta-ism goes, my reason for playing reggae has nothing to do with that. The whole Rasta-ism in reggae has served its time, made its stamp and somehow erased itself. That section of reggae has gone back where it came from for ever and ever amen."

To tag Bumble And The Beez as a reggae group would be a complete misnomer. Their restless open-ended approach and their current line-up of bass, lead and rhythm guitars, violin and percussion is deliberately designed to challenge people's conceptions.

Having no drummer takes the group outside the mainstream, but after auditions too numerous to remember, Riley concluded that most drummers were "too predictable" and that an inventive approach to percussion was the order of the day.

"People do construct barriers to the music. Where that barrier exists they just can't get into it . . . they're not open-minded enough to handle it. Where there is no barrier they say 'Great, I really understand what you're doing, I like the influence in that part and the change there. I don't know what label to put on it and don't feel it needs one — which is what we're all about.

"We are in a constant state of evolution. Each song is an experiment in itself and some songs have gone through four or five stages of development, being completely different from when we started."

Riley deliberately involves everyone in the band in this process of change and experimentation. The creeping funk influence in songs like 'Irie' and 'Reasons For Living' originates from the bassie.

"Winston was in one of Lohdon's first funk group Raaw Funk, and he's definitely school of Funkadelic. If you can slip in a slap then slip it in.

"You have to keep all the individual musicians happy as they have personal likings. Take Nick Page, the lead guitarist — he's into Bach and Bartok and as well as being a 'bluesman' he's a total Eno/Fripp freak. If someone gave him a formula to follow he'd turn it upside down, inside out, reverse it . . .

"Dan Lee is a good rhythm guitarist who is into pop, while Simon Walker, our violinist and keyboards player, used to teach music at a public school. He's classically trained but pretty free."

Unorthodoxy can cause problems, and Riley complains bitterly about the attitudes of record companies and the music media. His views on the "back-stabbing non-credible slimy snake-like people" who dominate the business can be found in the song 'Music Business', and bitter experience has taught him that the musician is the bottom rung in the business.

"Musicians talk about freedom but it's a load of bollocks 'cause when you enter the business you're controlled, like it or not. We signed to EMI only four weeks ago and we've come against stick already. They say, 'Yeah, great backing track, but do you think you could write alternative lyrics for that song 'cause it could affect certain parties or maybe get banned'."

Frustration and anger with the business is understandable when you've spent six months gigging solidly for a pittance. At one full-house London venue they were paid the grand total of £2.82 — though Riley admits that one was a classic.

"It's more and more evident to what extent the business and the music press create and control trends. It's so hypocritical that the business denounces hypes when they are instrumental in their creation. The whole business is so anxious 'cause of this recession that some bands have managed with the aid of a few contacts to create an artificial buzz — so much so that all these A&R men are running around with their cheque books. Everything is so hyped up that these bands exist totally in the business and not at all as far as the public is concerned. The business then takes on the responsibility of convincing the public that they're the next big thing to whatever.

"Having witnessed that happen and a band not having grafted, in my opinion it creates an uneasy feeling and frustration. You can't really hold it against the band. If they get away with it, good luck to them — but you've got to recognise that only a small minority can get exposure like that."

The outspoken and aggressive views of Michael Riley are totally reflected in the uncompromising music of Bumble And The Beez. You can only answer their challenge by breaking down the barriers for yourself.

Militant Michael *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez*

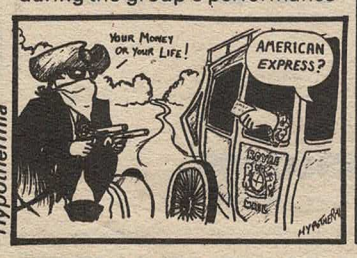
And then there were 3 Skins . . .

THE 4-SKINS, the group whose followers sparked off a race riot during the group's performance at Southall's Hambrough Tavern last month, have gone their separate ways.

The group's manager Gary Hitchcock claims the split is the result of personality clashes and is not connected to the Southall riot. Group singer Gary Hodges has left the remaining three members and, according to Hitchcock, "doesn't want to know the others at all".

Hodges' plans are unknown. The remaining 3 Skins however have found two new members and are presently engaged in something of a — ha ha — 'joint' enterprise. The group haven't decided on a name but they are presently rehearsing and talking to record companies with a view to releasing a single in the near future.

—GAVIN MARTIN



Hypothermia

Ideal no-deal

DON'T BE taken in by the clever facsimile sleeve, for a new Joy Division bootleg single — found on sale at last weekend's Futurama Festival in Stafford and also in a London Virgin store — is not the highly collectable 'Ideal For Living' EP with which the Manchester group first announced their awesome talent over three years ago.

Not one of the three tracks on the bootleg — which boasts an almost identical sleeve and the same label, Enigma, as the 'Ideal' debut — were on the original 1978 pressing.

None of the tracks are particularly worth bothering about either: 'Inside The Line', 'Cutz' and 'At A Later Date' are all dim Warsaw studio outtakes from the middle of 1977, a good few months before a name change killed off a dodgy Manchester punk band and launched Joy Division. 'At A Later Date', of course, also crops up on the live album recorded at Manchester's Electric Circus.

Who the bootleggers are trying to fool however is something of a riddle, for the EP sleeve reads Warsaw rather than Joy Division — and a second glance at the small print underneath reveals 'The Ideal Beginning' (hardly) instead of 'Ideal For Living'.

And check the names of a couple of the band members credited on the back — Peter Hookey and Barney Rubble? File under ground.

— ADRIAN THRILLS

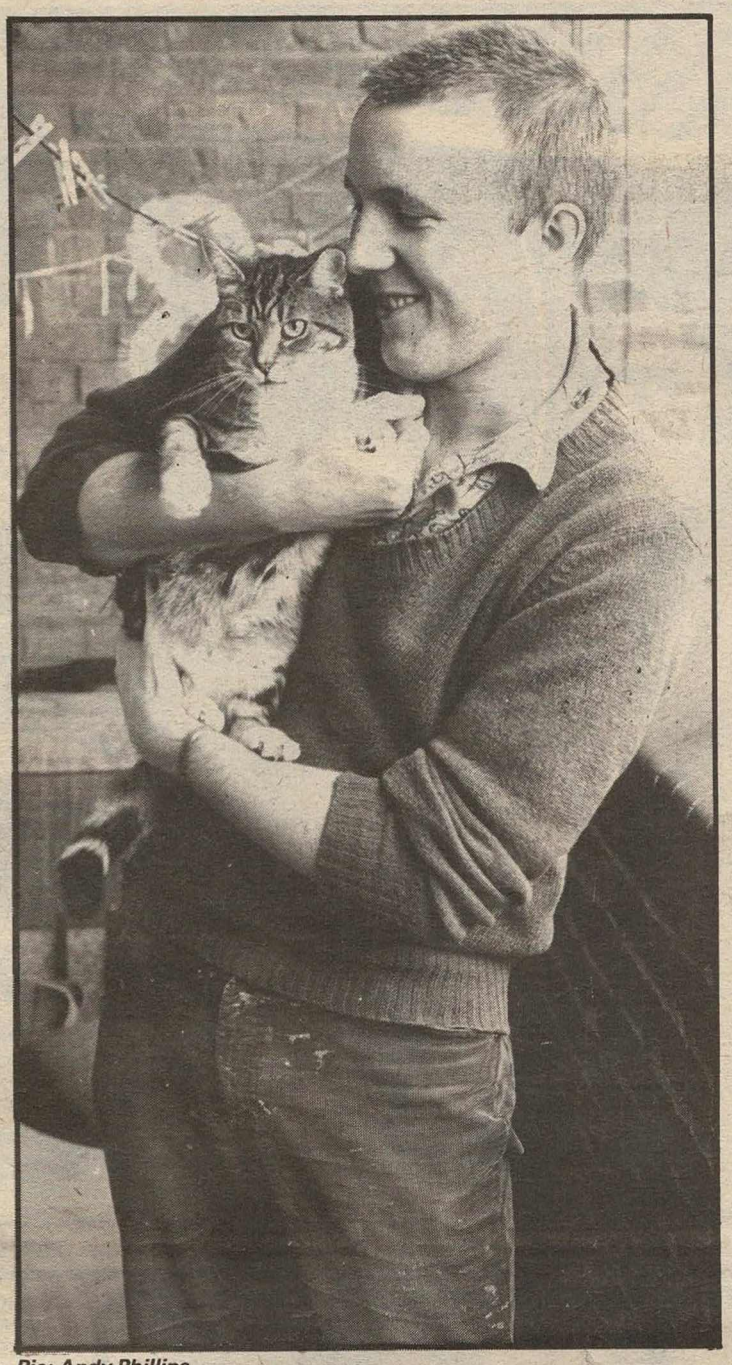
BOOKS
Dubliners ..... **James Joyce**
Bird Lives! ..... **Ross Russell**
The Talented Mr Ripley ..... **Patricia Highsmith**
Ripley Under Ground ..... **Patricia Highsmith**
Ripley's Game ..... **Patricia Highsmith**
The Boy Who Followed Ripley **Patricia Highsmith**
The Great Gatsby ..... **F. Scott Fitzgerald**
On The Road ..... **Jack Kerouac**
Ode To The Dodo (Poems 1953-78) **Christopher Logue**
The Smile At The Foot Of The Ladder **Henry Miller**

OTHER READS
Daily Mirror
Vox
The Ring
Military Modelling
Strategy And Tactics

MUSIC
The Cramps
The Fall
Postcard Records
Art Pepper
Arthur Blythe
Gram Parsons
The Velvet Underground
Coleman Hawkins
Virgin Prunes
The Revolutionary Ensemble
Dexys Midnight Runners

FILMS
Mean Streets
City Lights
Aguirre, Wrath Of God
Raging Bull
El Cid
Les Enfants du Paradis
The Apartment
The American Friend
Despair
The Cars That Ate Paris

TV
Bilko
The Legend Of King Arthur
Match Of The Day
Great Fights Of The Seventies
Barney Miller
Discovering English Churches
Citizen Smith
Caught On A Train (play)
Blade On The Feather (play)
Kojak



Pic: Andy Phillips

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

MARK PERRY
of Alternative TV and The Reflections

POET
Bob Kaufman

INPUT
Salami
Lager

ART
Munch
Danielle Dax

SPORTS
Football
Boxing
Darts

PEOPLE
Henry Miller
Marvin Hagler
Millwall/Peter Anderson
Bruno S
Dennis Burns
Showbiz
Benny Green

PLACES
Deptford
Scotland
Bristol

SONG
'A Boy Named Sue' (S. Silverstein) as done by J. Cash

Bill Nelson *Pic: Brian Griffin*

The winners on a majority verdict were The Contortions - two men and a girl who totally captured the capacity audience's attention. The two men played a variety of traditional English tunes on a tin whistle and a burra drum while the girl danced to the tunes. It was the style of the dancing which particularly rivetted the audience's attention. The girl was double-jointed and the sight of a shapely female leg wrapped around the back of the owner's neck had many people pinching themselves to see if it was true.

Obviously James' last Chance. . .

ROCK & ROLL WORKSHOPPING

YOU'LL PROBABLY know photographer Brian Griffin's work through pix like that of the fully-clothed Costello collapsed on a Hollywood diving board ('Oliver's Army'), or numerous glossy portrait shots: Teardrop, Echo, Steve Strange, Iggy Pop, etc. Now Griffin has culled the most striking of these from the past two years for an exhibition at London's Contrasts Gallery, 19 Dover St., W1, which will run through October 2.

Griffin's exhibit is not all pop people — they're mixed in with his revealing renderings of Britain's top businessmen, a prologue to this week's publication of his new book *Power — British Management In Focus*. Published by Travelling Light, with text by Francis Richards and designed by the venerable Barney Bubbles, it takes a novel view of Top People, to say the least.

Griffin spent eight years snapping tycoons for magazine spreads and *Power* features his favourite 53 of those pics. "The early photos of these guys," he says, "were tinted with a certain amount of venom left over from my upbringing in the Black Country — the West Midlands. So I wanted the book to be funny and a bit subversive." This it certainly is.

The business connection also began Griffin's long-standing relationship with Barney Bubbles and Stiff Records, then led on to album work in general, which now accounts for about 60% of his output.

To mark the exhibition and new publication, London's Photographers Gallery is sponsoring a workshop for would-be stylists at Griffin's Rotherhithe studios on September 27, with an emphasis on practical studio work (the use of sets, lighting, paper and Polaroids). The fee is £15 but as places are limited, applicants should send cheques or postal orders as soon as possible to The Photographers Gallery at 5 Great Newport St, London WC2.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

Next week in NME

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MUSICIANS
See our Classifieds on PAGE 56

LONDON CINEMA GUIDE PAGE 43

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RON CUCCIA MUSIC FROM THE BIG TOMATO
SOFT BOYS LIVE · LOPE AT THE HIVE
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KEVIN DUNN and the REGIMENT of WOMEN THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS

45'S
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OPTIMISTS MULL OF KINTYRE

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STUDENTS
See our Educational Opportunities on PAGES 52, 53

GREASE MONKEY BUSINESS

HOW MANY times have you heard the one about Elvis being the one-man synthesis of black and white musics into that magic form rock and roll? Well, at last a little-known secret is out: it was all down to his *hair cream* — Black and White. Manufactured by the Pluko Co of Memphis, Tennessee, who claim on their label that this grease "relaxes" recalcitrant locks, Black and White was Presley's favourite quiff-stiffener — or so claims Simon Forbes, who has just brought it to Britain. "It was really derived for the black market," he says. "It was made in Memphis for a minority number of black buyers. It has an ability to stiffen hair and give it a sheen without looking over-greasy or over lank." For ocular proof, see the Pelvis himself in action during London's Scala Cinema Rock Archive Night (Sept 12) and compare his class grease do to the over-greasy likes of Sha-Na-Na and Gene Vincent, plus the over-lank locks of the Stones, Dylan and The Animals, cropping up amidst the best of *OGWT* animations. Pluko Black and White is available in amber ("for extra sheen") or white ("for extra stiffening") at £2.50 a pot to callers at 27a Kensington Church St, London W8, or mail order from the same address with the addition of 50p P&P.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

Elvis and buddy compare hair dressings. Pic: Peter Anderson.

Masters of mind control

DANGEROUS VISIONS

GRAHAM LOCK falls under the TV spell

LAST THURSDAY'S **Newsnight** (BBC 2) ended with the story of a West German newsreader who, having just read the news and thinking his microphone was off, muttered darkly "It's all lies" to an audience of astonished millions.

It was a week when lies, truth and TV's relationship to them repeatedly cropped up, sometimes in unlikely places. **Spiderman** (ITV, Friday) was followed by a warning to people not to try and walk up walls, but it neglected to mention that the programme's view of hypnosis — the villain was a dastardly Mr Mind Control who planned post-hypnotic murder by 'directing' subjects to kill themselves unless he was paid a ransom of 50 million dollars — was also a distorting and damaging lie.

That hypnosis is drastically underused as a medical technique must be due partly to this kind of mystification, in which crude popular notions of the hypnotist as evil manipulator are reinforced.

Hypnosis And Healing (BBC 1, Tuesday) offered a different view, showing the vital part it plays in curing and relieving numerous illnesses.

Although the programme left many questions unasked — How does hypnosis work? Why is it so rarely used? What are its strengths and weaknesses? — what remained was provocative and gripping. Under hypnosis, a child had a tooth extracted, a woman underwent major surgery, both painless. Doctors argued that it could help in areas where drugs and orthodox psychiatry were failing. And, most dramatically, patients were taught self-hypnosis, a technique which largely restores control of their health to themselves. As this involves buying neither drugs nor expertise, and there is thus no profit to be made from it, we perhaps have an inkling why hypnosis is underused in our wonderful society.

Andrzej Wajda: polarising Polish cinema

A different society, which wanted confident, self-reliant citizens, would teach self-hypnosis in primary school: in a society which wants repressed, obedient, guilt-ridden citizens, any hypnosis may be too little too late. The most riveting sequence in **Hypnosis And Healing** concerned a man who had lived with his mother for 40 years. One night, while he was away, a small fire broke out. A month later, his mother had a stroke, which left her dumb. He blamed the stroke on the fire which in turn he blamed on himself, and a little later he also lost his voice. Under hypnosis, where he *could* speak, he revealed that his unconscious had "sentenced" him to five years silence for "letting his mother down".

This revelation, delivered in a choked whisper, the tears streaming down his face, was harrowing television, grotesque and tragic. A man in the grip of real emotion, struggling to control the innermost areas of his life. I'm not sure I could ever define what 'truth' on TV is, but this was unmistakably a glimpse of it.

Four days later, another tear-stained face, another choking voice, belonged to a mother grieving for her son. *The Monument*, one of the censored Polish films featured in **Life On The Shelf** (BBC 2, Saturday) intercut the building of a memorial to striking workers shot down by police in Gdansk in 1970 with film of a mother relating how her son — one of those murdered — was secretly buried by the authorities while she attempted to make sure he was buried with dignity, properly dressed and with his shoes on.

Again, this was unbearably moving television. Not just because it dealt with real emotions but, I think, because — as in the case of the hypnotised man — it dealt with real issues, with people struggling to assert a degree of control over the most basic and intimate circumstances of their lives and deaths. This is rare on TV, where the main ideological thrust — East *and* West — is in the opposite direction; that of keeping people under control.

BBC 2's **Polish Weekend**, a collection of two feature films and four documentaries, focused on precisely these questions of truth, social control and the role of the media. The programmes provided an engrossing account of state repression, particularly via media manipulation, and the struggle against it currently led by Solidarity. The BBC here threw aside its notions of 'balance' and seemed to come down in favour of independent trade unions and against nasy Communist practices like censorship, biased reporting, slandering of dissidents, 'positive' news reports and the like.

Very good. But had the BBC reporters been a little less smug about all this, they might have noticed a few disturbing ironies. Like the Polish TV controller who, asked why mention of widespread riots had been omitted from a news bulletin, replied that the country needed to be calmed down — exactly the argument used to curtail coverage of the riots here.

And was this really a BBC man praising a new Polish film trend for 'realistic portrayals of violence, crime and drug problems' ? (What would that cultural Stalinist Mrs Whitehouse say?) And praising a film that criticised prison conditions and rules? (No, it wasn't called *Scum* or *Law And Order*, those are still, er, on the shelf). I guess it must have been

■ *Continues page 8*

The Lone Groover — Benyon

ER, I SUPPOSE WE COULD REVIEW TH' WORKSOP FESTIVAL ~ THERE WHERE 150,000 KIDS AN' 30 BANDS.....
YEB, YES, BUT HEAVY METAL? RILLY?
A WEEKLY ROCK-TA
URGH ~ QUITE.....
BAH!! YOU ELITIST GITOIDS ~ IF I TOLD YA THAT A FUTURIST/OBSCURIST/SALSA BAND PLAYED T'SIX LOBOTS IN A BRIXTON BUS SHELTER ~ Y'D MAKE IT INTO A TWO PAGE ARTICLE.....
A WEEKLY ROCK
CERTAINLY NOT!
NEVER!
NOWAY!
THREE PAGES AN' A FRONT COVER ~ MINIMUM..... GIVE US DETAILS!
DO Y' THINK I WOULD PLAY TH' MEDIA GAME.....?
NATCHO!
NEVER ~ I'M NOT TELLIN' YOU I WAS ON BONGOS, LEAD VOCALS, WROTE TH' NUMBERS OR THAT M'RIGHT SIDE IS PHOTOGENIC, OR.....

Angling for coverage? Tom Verlaine pic: Peter Anderson

Tom Verlaine's Question Time

CHRIS SALEWICZ looks at TV in the video age

NOTWITHSTANDING a certain amount of nervous chuckling, Tom Verlaine seems a nice enough fellow as he sits with his feet up on the desk in an office at Warner Brothers' Soho headquarters.

Having been seduced by the brand's glamorous packaging, he is smoking a Sobranie Turkish cigarette, but is rather disappointed with its flavour — a not unusual experience.

Tom is in London in order to master the single 'Always' that will shortly be put out off his new LP 'Dreamtime': the New York cutting-room he normally uses is fully booked up. Anyway, all his three LPs — the two Television records and his first solo — have fared better in Europe than in America. "In England alone we may have sold more records than we did in all the Unites States."

It would be misleading to suggest that he and I slip into instant rapport. Indeed, at the outset of the interview we experience something of a breakdown in communication.

Thus: "In terms of punk rock, the first Television album 'Marquee Moon' was a formative record. Yet your record sales hardly equalled your influence, especially when you compare them with those of, say, Blondie, who supported you on your first UK tour."

"Was there a question there?"

OK, I'll try again if you like: "How do those low sales appear to you, considering that Television were a most vital group of their time?"

"I'm still not sure there's a question there: see, I'm not good at talking unless somebody specifically puts a question to me."

ALL RIGHT. HOW DOES TELEVISION APPEAR IN RETROSPECT? *Or:* HOW DO THE LAST FIVE YEARS APPEAR IN TERMS OF YOUR MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT?

"In terms of ...?... I just keep on doing the same thing, you know. There's a certain sound that I like which is essentially just two guitars, bass and drums. So this new record doesn't sound a whole lot different to me from the other stuff — though whether it'll sell more now than it did five years ago, I really don't know.

"As far as America is concerned I don't think they'll ever get used to me."

Tom Verlaine spent much of last year recording 'Dreamtime'. It was slow going, mainly because his head was still cluttered with the draggy debris of the previous twelve months: "That year there was a lot of time involved in trying to get off Elektra in the States, which is a different label from over here. Now I'm on Warner Brothers in America, which took a lot of legal finagling.

"Anybody can pretty much guess the reasons *why* I did it: to this day I still actually don't know how many records Television sold (laughs). That's *one* of the reasons."

One feels that Tom Verlaine's is a quietly simmering talent wrapped around a genuine art, rather than blind ambition backing up half-formed ideas. Sometimes it seems that he's so obviously relaxed and unhurried, and perhaps quietly sure of himself, that he must be a wide-open target for sharks. Even when Television played that first sell-out English tour, he had trouble getting his money, this time from his management: "We didn't need an adding machine to figure out what we were supposed to be making, so we just had to leave that management. In fact, we had to borrow money from the record company to pay them off.

"It's a pretty common thing, mind you," he adds. "I'm not sour about it, because it's a fact of life."

Tom even suggests that if it doesn't seem fitting, then I don't need to write anything about all these hassles.

So my next question is: "Why is it such a long time since you've played live?"

"Because I wouldn't have been able to pay anybody! Also," he laughs to himself, "I wasn't in the *mood* to do it. I don't want to go out there and do it just to make some

■ *Continues over*

WHITE PUNKS ON EURO-DOPE

IN HOSPITAL emergency rooms and city morgues across the United States, a new survey shows that America's heroin epidemic has apparently taken second place to the deleterious effects of another dangerous drug — methaqualone: popular name Quaalude, street tag "ludes".

Unlike smack, the major source of quaaludes (licensed pharmaceutical companies) is both legal and legitimate — although there is only a slight prescriptive use for the drug, as a sleeping pill. Methaqualone is, however, much more lethal than some other sopors when taken in quantity, chased with alcohol (a popular teenage pursuit in America, often in tandem with concert outings) or imbibed while driving. Teens are the major abusers of quaaludes in America.

Gene Haislip of the American Drug Enforcement Agency pointed out to the press last week that, though less than 9000 lb of methaqualone is legally produced in America, at least 200,000 lb finds its way onto the streets and into the suburbs.

Most of this tonnage comes from legitimate companies in West Germany and Austria, claimed the *International Herald Tribune* following Haislip's statement — making its way into the States via South America and Mexico. The *Tribune* cited the fact that "random drug seizures during '78 netted the DEA 1400 lb of methaqualone, but that the same procedures were yielding 17,500 in '79, working up to 27,692 last year and 71,500 this past May."

Correspondingly, on August 21 the American Medical Association made public its findings that the number of adolescents hurt, harmed or killed by methaqualone has risen particularly alarmingly in Florida and Texas — the two states where most of the European-produced drugs are thought to enter the US.

To prove their point that profiteering overproduction in Europe is the major contributor to the major post-heroin health problem in the US drug field, the DEA last week ordered a four-year shutdown of the Ganes Chemical Company plant in Pennsylvania: the one site where quaaludes are legally produced in America, and the company who claim they are the world's only legitimate distributors of the drug in the world.

Haislip also announced that the DEA had obtained the Hungarian government's agreement to end their nation's entire production of the sedative, carried out at the nationalised Medimplex plant. The Hungarian operation, however, accounts for only an annual 32,000 lb production of quaaludes.

— ART DONOVAN

ARCHIVE FUN

NEW FILMUSICALS

Reviewed by MICHAEL WINNER

WHEN Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!" reached American screen audiences it was packed in the biggest-ever screen process called Todd-AO.

Cut down to CinemaScope size for British release, the picture still packs some breathtaking views of Arizona (Oklahoma was too full of modern buildings for it to be filmed there), some of the gayest music ever written for him who makes a most terrifying villian.

As for the music, titles such as "Oh What A Beautiful Mornin'," "The Surrey With The Fringe On Top," and "Oklahoma," need no introduction, and no build-up.

They are sung in arrangements much the same as the original show used but with such charm and vigour that they are still completely delightful see in a theatre, but otherwise much the same.

Out of a two and a quarter hour film, hardly more than five minutes take place out of doors. For the rest, the gold-encrusted rooms of the King's palace, large as they be, prove a little claustrophobic.

But it is still in the best tradition of theatrical musical-comedy that spills on to the screen. Yul Brunner is magnificent and touching as the

HANDS UP all those of you who would be surprised to find out that Michael Winner, director of *Death Wish, The Mechanic* and *I'll Never Forget Whatsisname,* once wrote for *NME?* Well he did. Our 1956 bound volume falls open at one of his 'Filmusical' columns every time.

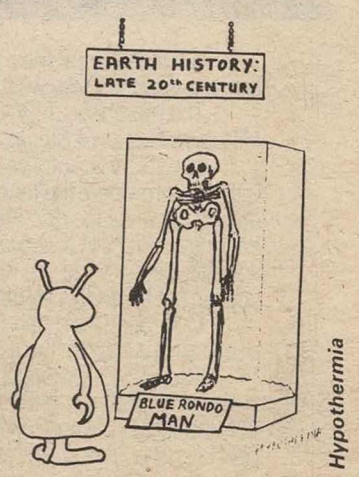
Anyway, it's not a crushing bit of information, is it? Phil wanted it in. He's apparently under the illusion that Michael Winner can't ever have been an ordinary human, ie not making pictures, and is overwhelmed by the trivial fact that Michael Winner once made ends meet by knocking out some hack movie piece for *NME* in 1956. I ask you. Michael Winner! Not exactly Hitchcock or Von Stroheim, is it Phil? I should think it perfectly bloody reasonable that Michael Winner, y'know a Londoner, should bide his time before the big break by eking out an existence writing about films. Yeah, FILMS, Phil. I mean, it's not as if we could tell the readers Michael Winner once reviewed Elvis Presley's first album for us, is it? Oh no — all we can expose is that film director Michael Winner once wrote a bleeding film column. Phew! Amazing! Not breeching the Official Secrets Act there, are we Phil? Not going to get sued or nothing. Wouldn't like to suggest that an international film director was actually, in his youth, like, connected with the film world, would we! Why don't we sell the story to *Private Eye* or run it as an exclusive interview —

NME:** Michael Winner, can you DENY that in 1956 you did wilfully and with malice aforethought write several articles for the **New Musical Express** not altogether disconnected from the world of **cinema?

***MW:** No. I rather enjoyed writing about film.*

***NME:** AHA!*

Yep, that's the fearless *NME* for you! Skeletons out of the closet we say! Coming next: Chrissie Hynde And Her Teenage Fetish for dressing as a girl.



Hypothermia

VERLAINE

■ *From previous page*

money to pay the rent. My personal mood for about a year, which is one thousands of people go through, was just not to do much, because I knew that if I did I wouldn't actually be doing anything any good.

"Whereas now I *want* to do it, and also I have the means to pay the musicians."

For a road band he already has bassist Fred Smith and drummer Jay Dee Daugherty. A guitar player is required, however, turning Tom Verlaine into yet another group leader encountering the well-known Zen joke of The Quest For The Ego less Guitarist: "I'm just looking for someone to get some sort of chemistry going with, someone who's open to doing things in different ways. In America, so many guitarists have just one stock style with a Les Paul and a loud amp. There don't seem to be many guitarists who actually have the *desire* to really play."

Tom's record company difficulties apart, it still has taken him a whole year to come up with a new set of songs: does he write slowly, I inquire?

"It depends on how heavy the pen is," he waggishly replies. "In fact, I tend to change my mind a lot. I often write two or three songs, and they end up being one. I may have half an hour of music and start cutting it down because I realize there's a song in there somewhere.

"Writing songs that end up no good is hard work, it seems. But when you write one that you like, it seems very easy indeed."

Perhaps Tom should call his new group Tom Verlaine's Video: that would be just the ticket for today's pastel coloured music audience.

MIND CONTROL

■ *From page 6*

Moscow's Mole at the BBC who, unable to break the mould of an authoritarian training, stopped dissident E.P. Thompson giving the Dimbleby lecture and banned *The War Game* for not being 'positive' enough about a nuclear holocaust.

The funniest moment of the weekend was the BBC man's alarm on hearing that Solidarity wanted total control over TV coverage of their Congress. You could almost read his thought: "I say, chaps, isn't that taking freedom a little. . .too far?" (Ah, if only the TUC had such imagination! What a marvellous fuss that would cause!)

I don't doubt that political control here is neither as severe nor as widespread as in Poland, but. . .radicals *do* get pilloried by the media (Tony Benn, Ken Livingstone), workers *have* been sacked for criticising management policies (Derek Robinson), IRA spokesmen *are* banned from the TV and our government *has* shot down more of its citizens in Northern Ireland than the Poles have in Gdansk. What a great chance for BBC 2 to do a *British Weekend* that attacks censorship, repression and state control here!

The *Polish Weekend* closed with Andrzej Wajda's **Rough Treatment**, about a journalist whose career is ruined when he voices his own opinions on television. I wonder what'll happen to that newsreader in West Germany?

Lowry

"It's the headquarters of Transcendental Toryism — a curious sect whose beliefs are that by amassing great personal wealth and abnegating all responsibilities to the majority of the population they can somehow survive the worldwide recession and the continuing crises of the capitalist system."

Next week in NME

BEGGAR & Co.

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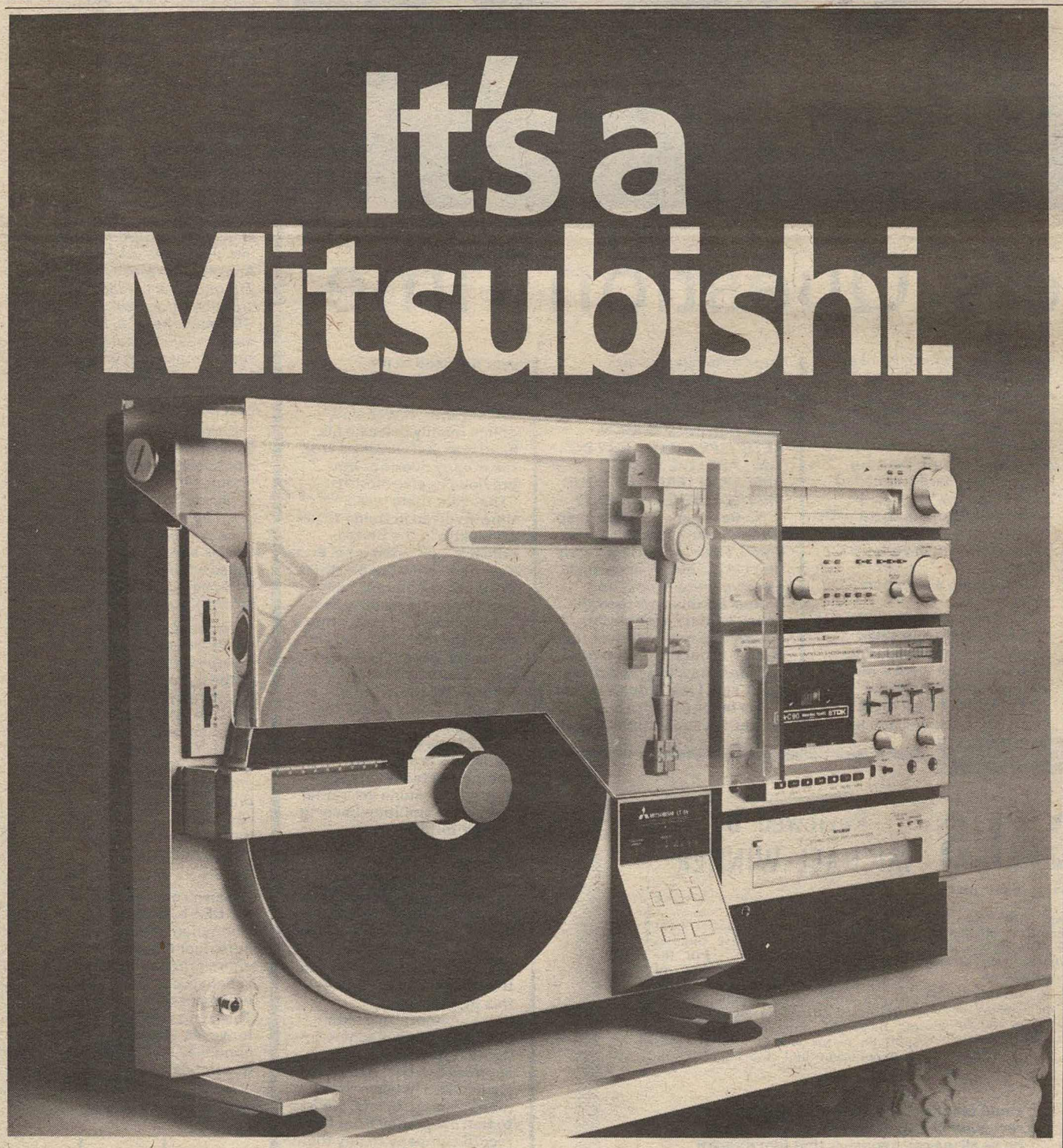

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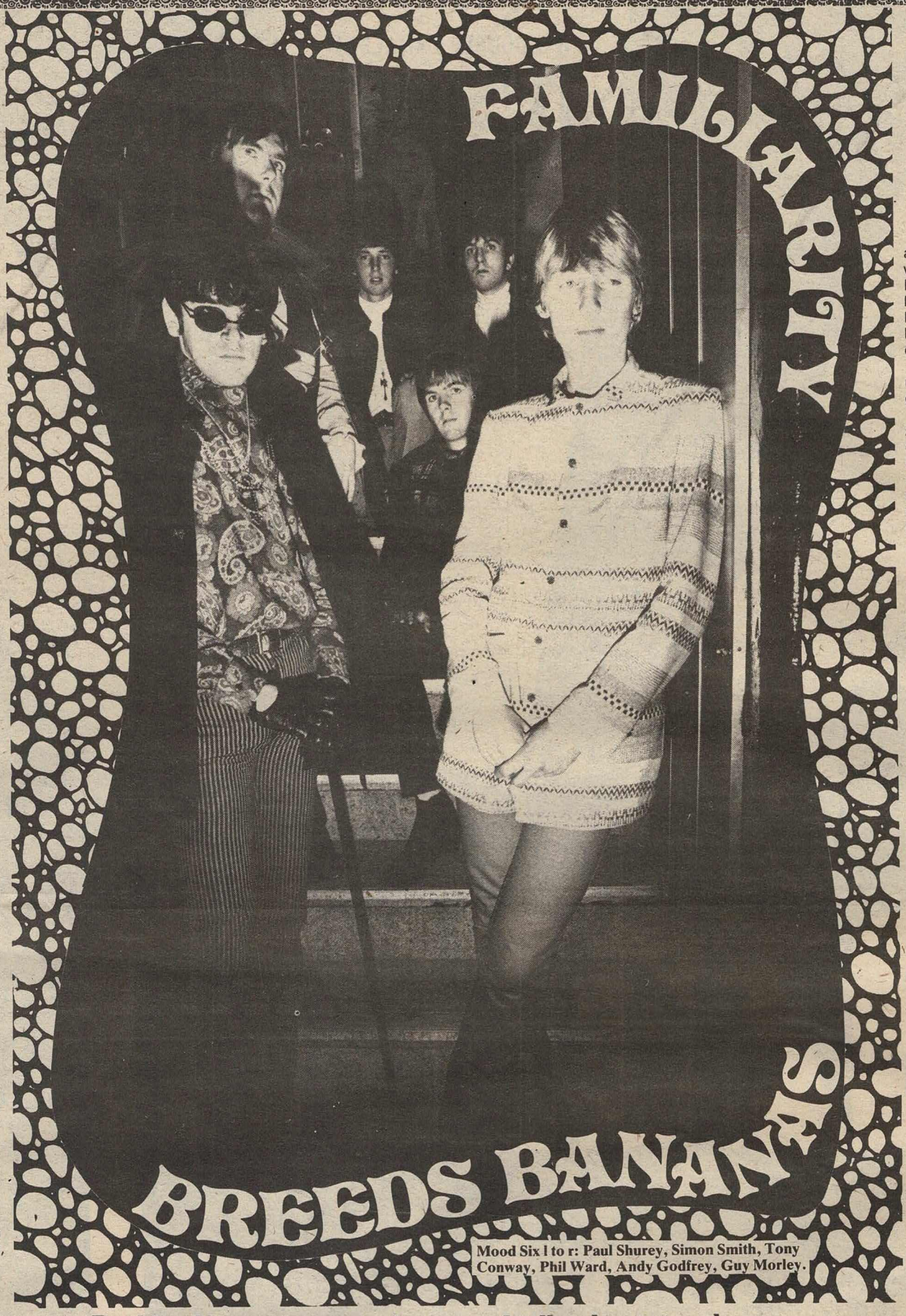


Mood Six l to r: Paul Shurey, Simon Smith, Tony Conway, Phil Ward, Andy Godfrey, Guy Morley.

Paul Du Noyer eats sugar lumps and talks about strawberry jelly and psychedelia to his friends Mood Six. David Corio adds to the sweetness of it all.

TURN OFF your mind, relax and float downstream," to The Doctor's Clinic in darkest Soho. Drift downstairs and find the underworld. *"Lay down all thought, surrender to the void . . ."*

Bathe in sounds — 'Tomorrow Never Knows', The Stooges' 'We Will Fall', Doors, Herd — and bask in lights, fantastical, multi-coloured. Meet the groovy, groovy people. Unzip a banana. Smile. And know that now, at last, you are in the very heart of London's psychedelic revival.

It had to happen. The fad might be plastic, but it was inevitable. And, in the past two to three months, it's shown signs of exploding, too: the new psychedelia is blossoming in full flower. It won't take over the world, and it might get ridiculed out of existence; but for the course of its brief, colourful life, this strange hybrid offers one more alternative in the volatile hothouse of English youth cultures. Enjoy your trip.

At the forefront of it all are a group named Mood Six. They're a pop band, they say, pure and simple. They're light, not heavy, and light not dark. They dress up funny and comb their hair carefully, but they only flirt with the trappings of weirdness. They're not mysterious.

AWAY IN one corner of The Clinic, our DJ and master of ceremonies The Doctor is preparing his altar for the night's initiation rituals: some candles, some flowers, "communion hosts" of dried banana and a dish of wine, or strawberry jam, or red jelly. Dandy exquisites are filtering into the club — paisley and ruffles, walking canes, granny glasses, velvet and stripes. And in another corner I'm talking to Mood Six.

The Six Moods are: Phil Ward (singer), Andy Godfrey (bass), Simon Smith (drums), Guy Morley (guitar), Paul Shurey (keyboards) and Tony Conway (lead guitar). Their backgrounds are in bands of varying success who used to play the Castle in groovy Tooting Broadway — two VIPs, a Merton Parka, an Acid, two from Security Risk. Those allegiances dissolved and Mood Six emerged, bonded by a shared affection for 1966 and common haunts like The Regal (psychedelic stall in Kensington Market) and the Groovy Cellar (West End club set up by Paul and Tony with manager Solly). Cellar, shop and group grew together, nurtured by an underground scene some hundred strong.

Simon: "We were all excited by the idea because we thought, 'Great, that's all stuff we've listened to in the past. Let's try to get something contemporary'."

Tony: "It wasn't psychedelia that originally attracted us. The original idea for the band and the club was a Swinging London image, 1966. Really, we didn't have any thoughts of psychedelia at the time."

Paul: "For me, it's got an incredibly glamorous attraction, that era. It was so bright, optimistic — that's not to say I wish to regress and withdraw into a kind of cocoon, dreaming of the past."

Their image, they admit, is studied, contrived. But it's not a uniform. Like psychedelic music, it allows an infinite scope for different interpretations. Mood Six's music — mainly originals, with a sprinkling of covers like Shocking Blue's 'Venus', The Yardbirds' 'For Your Love', The Flamin' Groovies' 'Shake Some Action' and The Smoke's 'My Friend Jack (Eats Sugar Lumps)' — is more spontaneous: catchy contempo-pop with a period flavour. They say only a minority of their following came out of mod. More generally, thinks Solly, it was "a coming-out of '60s closet cases", given a sudden catalyst by the Cellar, "whereas before, you had 300 kids sitting in bedrooms all over London, listening to The Electric Prunes."

So far, they've played eight shows, the ultimate being that boat trip on the Thames. "We're very keen to play live," explains Guy, "but it's a case of finding suitable venues. We're really not into playing sweaty little pubs any more."

Paul: "It's a matter of giving people a whole evening's entertainment, which I don't think we can do in the Marquee. We don't just want the band; we want a great DJ like The Doctor, we want loads of little happenings, little plays, lightshows, dancers . . ."

Mood Six have two unofficial members, Tin Tin and Melody — "go go dancers and flower distributors".

AS THE Who's 'I Can See For Miles' comes over the PA, Paul talks of the sense of friendship in the psychedelic scene (though that's been dented by godfather group The Barracudas' decision to set up a rival Wednesday club to The Clinic, It's at Le Kilt). He's not cynical about the movement's likely future — bandwagon, backlash, bickering, disillusion: "When you're in the middle of it, and you see so many people with creative ideas, it's difficult to be pessimistic. Something has to come of those ideas, of that general peaceful atmosphere. If that could be spread to a wider scale, it'd be fantastic, and I think the potential is there. It's the single most important factor for me, spreading good vibes."

The movement, as they like to refer to it, is seen as escapist yet creative ("everybody you talk to is getting a band together"). Drugs are there but they're not crucial. The keynotes are "harmony, non-violence". The Groovy Cellar operates dress restrictions "to preserve its atmosphere", but tolerance is a virtue. Paul Shurey's snap definition: "It's the breeding of familiarity, of actual contact between people."

They claim, and I believe them, not to be elitist. The scene's free of any self-regarding snootiness. Uncool-ness is valued.

Tony: "There's a lot of humour. I thought, for instance, that the New Romantic thing was pretty serious actually. Whenever you went into those places you saw people dancing, but nobody seemed to be having a great time."

Simon: "Obviously people tend to smile a little when they see you, but we don't strut along like peacocks. It's not at all threatening."

Paul: "The thing is, it's so unpretentious. Like last week down here (The Clinic) they had a jelly ceremony — the whole thing degenerated into a jelly fight. It's difficult to remain cool then, drenched with strawberry jelly."

Guy: "What was it The Doctor said? 'I'd like to see Steve Strange eat a banana and still stay cool' . . ."

AS THE NEW psychedelia goes public, what's in it for Mood Six?

"Fame," they say, hopefully. Idealists they might be, in rose-tinted Roger McGuinn spectacles, but success would be welcome.

"We'd be deceitful if we said we didn't want that," Paul reflects, "having slogged away for two or three years in other bands. You can have enough of being a cult band."

The record companies have shown an interest, but according to manager Solly, the enthusiasm of the younger A&R men isn't always matched by the older heads of A&R — veterans of the original psychedelic era who tend to see today's scene as more dodgy revivalism, like mod or powerpop.

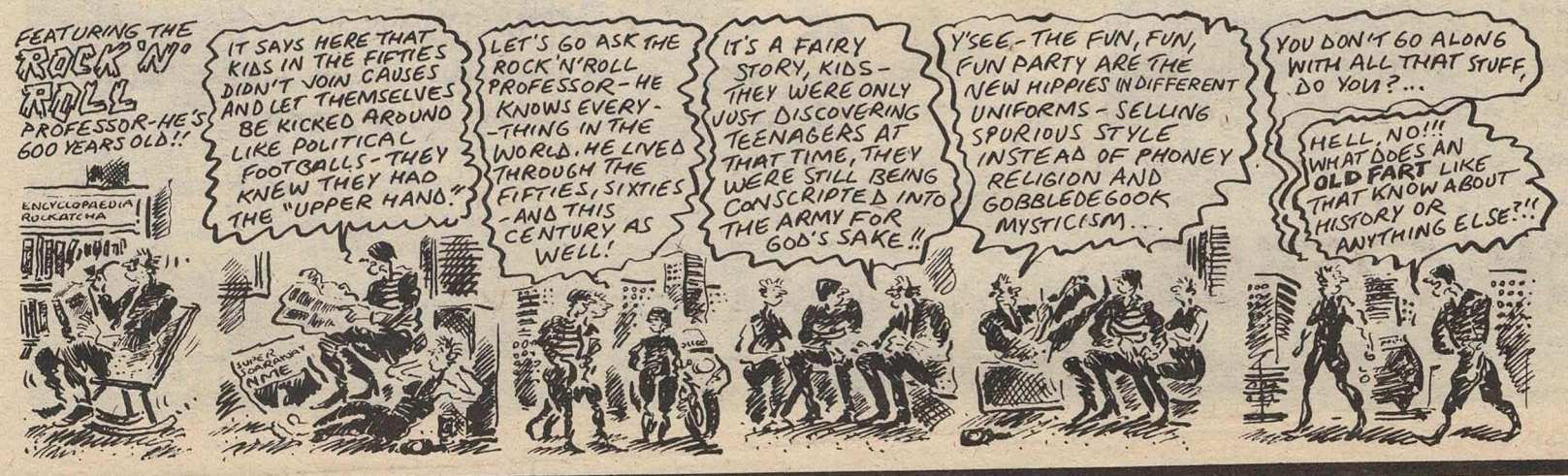
Well, isn't it?

Solly: "But what they obviously miss out on is the fact that although what's happening now is a revival of '60s pop culture generally, all the other '60s revivals have been very narrow. I mean, powerpop was simply a contemporary reflection of two years of simple Merseybeat music. And the mod revival was a reflection of perhaps two or three bands — with the result that all the bands who came through on the revival sounded very copyist. And when the movement died, the bands died with it.

"But what's being revived *here*, although it's been called psychedelia, is really a pop culture spanning four years, and spanning a geography that extends from London to San Francisco. The roots are so diverse that the contemporary reflection of it is equally diverse. And it's going to take a lot for that movement to collapse."

Far out.

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry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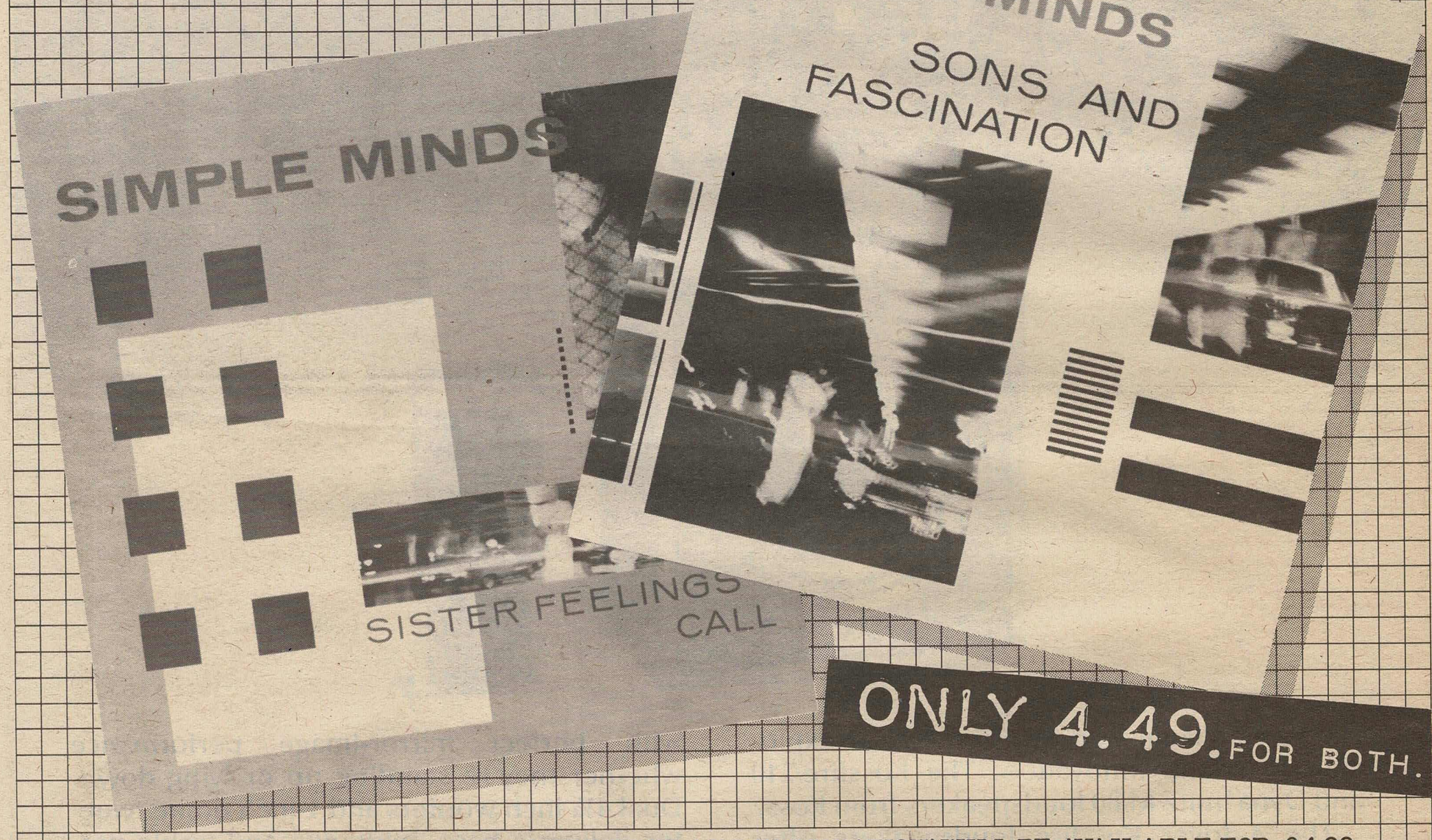

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Platinum LOGIC

By TONY PARSONS

Deuce Berner, Mammon Of Manhattan Records' biggest star, has decided to leave the company but MOM boss Nathan Chasen has other ideas. He arranges a "corrective" meeting with Berner's manager . . . .

AHMET ABBAS was on his third cocktail when Irving Landis came into the bar. Landis slid into the booth and placed his hands on the table in front of him, staring at Abbas as if he was seeing him for the first time. Abbas sipped his drink and saw the manager's clenched fists. He looked up and saw the eyes gleaming with hatred, which didn't surprise him, and moist with tears, which did.

"You stinking nigger," Landis said quietly. "What did I ever do to you?"

Abbas smiled. "You'll find this much easier to come to terms with if you don't take it on a personal level, Irving."

He noticed a troubled looking cocktail waitress was standing by their booth and realised Landis was acting like a betrayed lover.

"Irving?"

Landis glanced at the waitress and looked away. "I don't want anything."

"Two vodkatinis," Abbas told her.

"I said I don't want anything."

"Smirnoff Silver with a dash of dry Vermouth and an olive, Irving. They're delicious."

She looked at Landis and frowned. Abbas smiled encouragement and she went away.

"You'll enjoy this, Irving, I promise you."

"Drop dead, you black bastard."

Abbas lit a cigarette to stop himself rising to the bait. This was a business transaction, a very delicate business transaction, and he was close to pulling it off. Solipsism was a gross indulgence at a time like this.

The waitress placed the cocktails in front of them and Abbas signed the tab. He stirred the drink with his olive and sighed.

"I understand you're upset, Irving," he said. "You were under the impression you were going to land a fat contract with one of the majors for your boy and then it didn't happen. Anyone would be upset. I understand. You blame me. Quite rightly you blame me, Irving. But Nathan wanted Deuce to stay with MOM Records and I had to find a way to cut out the competition. So I leaked Deuce's sales figures." He laughed confidently, savouring the potent intoxication of power, the kind of power that holds careers and sanity in the balance, that can make or break entire lives at its deified, desultory will. He wondered if Nathan Chasen felt like this all the time. "I leaked the sales figures, Irving, because it was the only thing I could come up with."

Landis sipped his Vodkatini and said nothing.

He's afraid of me now, Abbas thought. He knows that now the Big Six have dropped out of the running, the best deal he's going to get for his boy is with MOM. I wonder if he'll offer to eat my olive?

"But MOM are willing to give Deuce a very generous contract if he chooses to stay with the label," Abbas said magnanimously. "Fifteen per cent retail and 30 per cent wholesale royalty rate for seven albums or seven years." He grinned. "I drew the contract up myself."

"We were talking *twice* that kind of money with the majors," Landis said sullenly.

"Yes, Irving," Abbas snapped. "But talk you get *gratis*. They didn't want to know when they discovered the number of units your boy moves. You want to gab, fine, but go to CBS or Warners. You want to make records then we'll drive over to Nathan's house and you can tell him you want back in."

"If we go with MOM then I get taken over to Nathan Chasen's home to tell him personally?" Landis said incredulously.

Abbas nodded. "Of course. Nathan thinks the world of you and Deuce, Irving. It goes deeper than just *money*. If you're going to re-sign with MOM, then Nathan would like to hear it from you in person."

Landis was flattered. He knew he was over a barrel and there was nowhere he could take Berner to find a better contract than the MOM offer. He was aware that Abbas knew if MOM Records hung every last one of his blood relatives he would still have Berner sign with them because — as Irving was always quick to point out — mixing feelings with fiscal matters was a negative cop-out. But *Nathan Chasen* wanted to see *him* at *his* home to confirm the deal. It was a great honour; an audience with The Man himself. When the Big Six executives had ceased to return his telephone calls or informed their secretaries that they were out to Irving Landis, his self-esteem had never been lower. Now he had an invitation to see Nathan Chasen. Not even in his office. At his private residence.

Landis drained his glass and smiled at Abbas coyly, glowing with pride.

"Check!" Abbas shouted to the waitress.

RECLINING peacefully in the spacious grounds of precision-spaced trees, well-mown undulating lawns fanned by dozens of water sprinklers and flower beds exploding in a riot of colours, the Chasens' Long Beach home was a picture of sedate opulence.

The ambience of moneyed tranquility was broken when your car pulled up in front of the daunting and very definitely closed high iron gates set in the wall that encircled the property, thick, brick and topped with barbed wire for the required visual impact and electric wire for functional effect.

Visitors were monitored on close-circuit television from the time they entered a fifty metre radius of the wall until the moment they were politely ushered inside by Vydor.

In between, they identified themselves into an intercom and, if the face on the guard's close circuit TV screen tallied with his file on the person it claimed to be, were permitted entry as the electrically-controlled gates swung open.

Visitors were advised to stay in their cars until reaching the end of the driveway because of the dogs that prowled the grounds. Armed guards were out there, too, and patrolling the spacious magnificence of the house interior. They could occasionally be glimpsed at a window or at the top of a staircase for a few brief seconds but for the most part they remained out of sight; coiled, clandestine trained killers with strict instructions never to intrude on the privacy of the Chasens and their guests, yet still held responsible for their safety. Terrorists, hired assassins, psychopathic nobodies who wanted to be on the front pages tomorrow. They were all out there somewhere, it was a historical fact, and fame alone was sufficient provocation for murder. So everyone was under suspicion. Nathan Chasen had luxury, isolation and protection. Those concerned with his safekeeping had stomach ulcers.

Even if an invader should somehow squirm past all the other deadly home-safety devices, he would still have to go through Drew before he reached Nathan Chasen. Abbas remembered the times he had seen his boss infuriated enough by some luckless soul to let the black bodyguard loose. It was like watching a Doberman Pincher taken off its lead to deal with a burglar. The end result was similar, too. Abbas shuddered.

He had heard rumours that when the bottom had fallen out of the Government's napalm export business to South-East Asia, Nathan had approached an associate in Washington with a view to purchasing US Army supplies that were laying idle now the boys were back home.

This stuff was no good for students or blacks. Too drastic. Abbas scanned the grounds as he drove up to the house with Landis. Abbas had heard rumours that hiding in this manicured idyll were anti-personnel weapons, previously deployed in jungle warfare.

He had heard rumours that Nathan Chasen had equipped Mother Nature so She was his most lethal ally. Where one touch could trigger off a small land mine planted under some fragrant gardenias, whiplash the groin-high steel spikes nestling in another pretty shrubbery, snap shut the bear trap built to fit a full grown man but nothing bigger as he brushed against the leaves of the low hanging branches of a tree the season had faded until it looked as though it only existed in an ancient sepia-coloured photograph.

Abbas had heard all these rumours and he had heard the talk of intentional victims and also the other kind. He had heard all of this but he had no evidence that any of it was true. There was always talk and rumours in the record industry, a business with a Holy Trinity of cash, hyperbole and lies that determined every move every person involved in it made.

Abbas thought apocryphal stories were fine for advertising campaigns but boring, offensive and pointless when the boys at the bar had their tongues loosened by the liquor and swapped titillating gossip, their favourite leisure activity, their spiritual energy. It was pathetic.

In every rockbiz executive, Abbas thought, there's a shrill fish-wife waiting to get drunk and get out. He had no time for their idle chatter. He found the truth much more stimulating. He never revealed what he knew because that was immediate devaluation of something that could be invaluable if unveiled at the right moment.

ILLUSTRATIONS JILL MUMFORD

He looked across at Irving Landis and they smiled like life-long friends.

"I've never actually seen Nathan's place before," Landis said.

"Really Irving, you surprise me."

"Both too tied up with the business, I guess."

"I guess, Irving."

Handlers called the Alsatians off as they got out of the car. Abbas nodded in recognition to the two men restraining the dogs. Landis began to tremble like blancmange having a nervous breakdown. The dogs caught the smell of his fear and began barking and baring their teeth at him.

"Don't run away and don't feel guilty," Abbas said. "Do either of them while you're here, Irving, and you'll be dog meat."

Vydor stood in the open front doorway. They went up the steps, Abbas nodding at Vydor, more surly and without the enforced civility that he always felt obliged to treat the dog handlers with, Landis following him while looking over his shoulder for reassurance the men had not lost their grip on the hounds.

Inside, Landis began to stare around like a slack-jawed tourist, the terror of claws and teeth tearing into his flesh disappearing as soon as he could no longer see them.

Drew was leaning against the wall. He was chewing a matchstick, wearing only a pair of white swimming trunks — white looked good on the beach with his colour hide, he thought — and he had been waiting for them.

"Hello, Drew," Abbas said.

Drew grunted, looking at Landis looking at the house.

"Oh, man," Landis breathed. "Deuce would go crazy in a place like this . . ."

"You should have seen the place over in Hollywood Mr and Mrs Chasen had," reflected Vydor. "I needed the biggest staff of my life for that one."

□ *Overpage*

Platinum LOGIC

The future of MOM Records rests with their junkie star Deuce Berner, whose new "concept" album is to be recorded in Japan. But even getting Berner to the plane in one piece proves to be a problem . . .

□ *From previous page*

Landis didn't hear him. "You should have seen the parties that would make Hefner's crowd look like they'd taken vows of celibacy . . . ah, the parties, the parties!"

"Irving?"

"Yeah?"

"I can appreciate your state of well being, Irving," Abbas said. "You've negotiated an excellent deal for your boy and now here you are invited to Nathan's home. But I want you to shut your mouth now, Irving, because Nathan is waiting to discuss MOM business with you and merely the fact that he is *waiting* is infinitely more important than what these furnishings do for your fantasies."

Landis' inane grin withered and he had to swallow hard because his throat felt paralysed with shock. His lips twisted with the angry petulance he had displayed earlier but now his face flushed red with humiliation. He didn't want to say anything to Abbas that could damage the MOM deal. He didn't want Chasen to walk into the room and his first sight of the manager he had invited here as a guest was the guy bawling out one of his most senior departmental Directors as if he was some bovine broad from the typing pool or something.

"Now, look here," Landis said with strained calm. "I-"

"Shut your mouth, Irving, and not another word, okay?"

Landis glared at him, his mouth set in a grim, tight line.

"Thank you, Irving," Abbas smiled pleasantly. "I mean that."

Drew pushed himself away from the wall languidly, relishing the feeling of back muscles toned and hardened by obsessive physical exercise not smothered with clothing for once. He looked at Landis. Nah, he decided, this one ain't gonna give out rough stuff. Too pampered, too gutless and too bad. He had been really wishing for something to start.

"Nathan's at the pool," he said. "Let's go, huh?"

They went down a long, narrow flight of cold steps towards the smell of chloride. In the middle of the shimmering, iridescent water of an olympic-size indoor swimming pool, Nathan Chasen lay on an inflatable raft. He dangled his feet and hands in the water, stretching his spindly body luxuriously. The water was cold. Nathan always kept the heating turned off. He hated soothing, luke-warm things when he was speeding.

"There he is," Abbas told Landis. "You haven't changed your mind about our offer, I hope?"

Landis shook his head.

"Then tell Nathan."

Landis stared at Abbas for a moment and then took a few tentative steps towards the edge of the pool.

"Nathan!" he shouted. "Nathan! It's Irving Landis, Nathan! Hey, Nathan!"

Nathan Chasen lay perfectly still, his shaded eyes gazing up into nothing.

"He can't hear you, Irving," Abbas said. "You'll have to go in. There's a selection of bathing costumes in those changing huts on the far side. Drew will show you."

"But I can't swim," Landis said weakly.

Abbas grinned. "The water's pretty shallow out there, Irving. You'll be perfectly all right."

Landis followed Drew round to the changing huts and within a couple of minutes he came back out wearing a pair of black swimming shorts that could have been made for him.

Abbas lit a cigarette as Landis dropped into the shallow end with a gasp of terror. Abbas inhaled deeply, watching the manager bouncing on the balls of his feet nervously, afraid to immerse his hands and arms in the waist-high water. He began to wade out towards Nathan Chasen, calling his name continuously. Chasen ignored him. When the water came up to his chest and he could no longer keep his arms out of the water, Landis turned to look at Abbas, panic and pleading in his eyes.

"Louder, Irving!" Abbas shouted.

Landis looked at Nathan Chasen. The raft seemed to be further away from him than it had been when he first dropped into the pool. He struggled towards it but now the deeper water constricted his movement. It lapped against his chin and he strained to stay on the tips of his toes to keep it out of his mouth.

The muscles of his legs screamed protest and he wanted to give up, he wanted Nathan to hear him and, most of all, he wanted it to be over. He tried to call Nathan's name but there was a tightness around his chest that made it impossible to speak.

He tilted back his head, seeing the high white ceiling through a film of tears. He gulped for air and water splashed into his open mouth and he swallowed it. It tasted of chemicals and made him retch.

Then he felt the cramps grip him. Every pore in his body seemed to be in an unbearable agony that he had never known existed. He tried to move his arms and legs but they wouldn't respond.

Then he was screaming with water all round him and he could no longer feel the bottom of the pool beneath him. He knew he was drowing and nothing could save him and he screamed.

"Shall I get him now?" Drew said.

"Not yet," Abbas said.

Landis threshed furiously at the water, screaming like a banshee when his head bobbed above the surface momentarily before he appeared to be dragged under again, abruptly choking off the blood-curdling howl. Then he didn't come back up again. There was no sound. The smooth surface of the water was perfectly still except for the small ripples made by Nathan Chasen's raft.

"Okay," Abbas said.

Drew dived in and swam with clean, powerful strokes to where they had last seen Irving Landis. He filled his lungs with air and jack-knifed.

When he came up he was swimming on his back, dragging the semi-conscious Landis to safety as if he was something precious and weightless. Drew heaved the limp body onto the side of the pool, climbed out himself and roughly kneaded Landis until his stomach was empty and there was no more chemical water to bring up.

Abbas smiled down at Landis as the manager coughed violently, exhausted and aching, struggling to get up off his hands and knees. "Don't worry, Irving," Abbas said. "Nathan heard you. Welcome back to MOM Records."

DEUCE BERNER sat cross-legged on the back seat of a limo leading a caravan of identical vehicles out to Kennedy Airport for the Tokyo Hilton.

The Rising Sun headband was tied tightly around his skull, almost hidden behind the oval-shaped, honeycomb-meshed wire Kendo mask he wore. His full-length, ceremonial, white silk wedding robe was emblazoned with fanciful fire-breathing dragons. His black leather trousers and motorbike boots had come from Lewis Leather, London. He had been unable to get his hands on a long, wooden Kendo fighting stick, so the weapon he held out in front of him was a baseball bat. Berner didn't move a muscle. He didn't make a sound. He didn't give any warning that he was going to start screaming.

"SEPPUKU!! SAMUARIIIIII!!"

After the driver had got the swerving limo under control, Abbas turned around to look at Berner. Once more, there were no signs of life.

Next to Abbas, Irving Landis laughed. He was glowing like a proud parent.

"Deuce is very excited about going to Japan. He's really into Yukio Mishima at the moment. Got me to buy him a whole bunch of books by the guy. Look." Landis opened the pigskin holdall between his feet. "See?"

The bag was full of hardback books. On the cover of one of them, an Oriental naked to the waist and wielding a huge sword bared his teeth and scowled up at Abbas.

"Very nice, Irving."

Abbas wasn't impressed. He considered the musician's desire to record his product in far away, fashionable locations was a gross indulgence by not only the artiste, but also the record company for tolerating the situation by picking up the tab.

Some publicity people maintained it was a good image to present when pre-selling product. Bullshit, Abbas thought. The public don't give a shit about where the stars go for their working holidays. In the early part of the '70s it had been Jamaica. A few years later Nassau in the Bahamas. In the last half of the decade, Berlin was a big favourite. Now that the '80s were here Japan was the one to get your creativity away to for a while. When it had first happened, the choice of foreign soil for recording studio toil had been determined by the most hip place to go for sun, drugs and exotic sex. More recently, the artiste needed to feel as though he was part of some human drama. Hence Berlin as rockbiz tourist resort and now, Japan. Nobody had started leaving sun, drugs and exotic sex on the side of their plate. They just wanted that little something extra.

The studio where Berner would record was near Hiroshima. As he was staying at the Tokyo Hilton along with his manager, musicians, producer, engineer and hangers-on, a private plane had been chartered to fly them to Hiroshima every evening to work on the album throughout the night.

Abbas was offended by this. That chartered plane would cost a fortune. Why couldn't they have found accommodation near the studio? The flight across country south-west to Hiroshima from Tokyo was hundreds of miles. It added a fortune to the already exhorbitant bill they were running up. A bloody fortune. Abbas knew, he had worked it out. He had also worked out the percentage of suckers likely to buy an album for where it was recorded. Not many. Not enough to make this extravagance a sound investment, the public wasn't quite *that* gullible.

More's the pity, Abbas thought ruefully.

Nathan should have cracked down on Berner going to Japan, Abbas thought. In fact, Abbas had mentioned it to him when they had finished pruning the MOM Records list of artists who had ceased to sell enough product to justify keeping them on the label. Chasen and Abbas had just given the list of acts they wanted out to Jack Silkin. Silkin studied the list of names and their contracts and had agreed with Abbas that those who couldn't be officially dropped could be embalmed — kept signed to MOM but in limbo where the label would not spend a penny to keep their careers alive, eventually being forced to curl up and die.

Silkin didn't try to argue with them, but it was obvious he wasn't happy. When he had gone, Nathan turned to Abbas.

"You and Jack are two different kind of lawyers. He sees the law as for the most part immobile with just a few loopholes for tax and shit. You see the law as a malleable something that's there to be moulded into whatever shape you want it to be. Silkin's law is about little, petty *perks*, yours is about *winning*. That's good, Abbas, that's a good way to be."

Abbas was flattered into a false sense of security. He started to discuss artistes recording their albums in surroundings more suitable for a vacation than work.

"I entirely agree with you," Nathan said. "It's a waste. Except for the special cases."

"Which special cases are they?" Abbas said.

"If the act is platinum status," Nathan said. "Or if the act can get transportation, a place to stay and studio time for cheaper than it would cost here. It *can* be done — a few acts have recorded albums in Nassau for cheaper than the same album would have cost at home because the studio time is so cheap the money saved on *that* still ain't swallowed up by all the other expenses. But, of course, the act has got to be *disciplined* to do that, to work in a studio on fantasy island when everybody else is out to play. Personally, I wouldn't trust any singing cretin to do a bit of work if The Grape Ape was on TV in the next room . . ."

"What about Berner? He's no platinum."

"No, but he's going to make us a lot of money. He *better*, we've got enough riding on *him*. I *want* him out of the country while he's recording this album — out there he's less likely to get busted. The cops know him too well over here and, with his trial coming up, if he gets busted *again* his bail gets revoked and he gets put away for a long time. And MOM Records still hasn't got a Deuce Berner album to release . . ."

"But he's going to be found not guilty. You've got the fix in."

"I've got the fix in for the trial he's got coming up. I've got the fix in with certain people. The people that matter. But that *don't* cover everybody. Listen, Berner's an *asshole*, he's liable to get busted by the dumbest cop in the country, even if they don't get looking for him, which they *might* do — or they might be *told* to do — because the last time Berner got bought out of trouble they know it was somebody doing the same job as them and they know how much he got out of it . . . we got to keep Berner out of trouble long enough for him to record a hit album for MOM Records."

Abbas made the mistake of pressing the point.

"You've said your piece," Nathan said. "But now it's time for you to shut your mouth, Abbas. Just see he gets that plane . . ."

"IT'LL BE a wonderful record, "Landis told Abbas. "Deuce says he wants it to sound like a post-Vietnam America meeting a Samurai warrior in the death throes of Seppuka, which is what they call their ritual suicide."

Sounds like a real toetapper, Abbas thought. "I'm sure it'll sell a million, Irving," he said aloud.

Landis looked surprised.

"It's a *serious* record, Ahmet. We don't care how it sells."

"We at MOM do," Abbas said. "We really do care an awful lot, Irving — nothing could be more serious than selling records . . . "

"Hey man!!" Berner shouted from the back of the limo. "What you think of my record, huh?"

"Well, you haven't made it yet, have you Deuce?" Abbas said.

"So?"

"Well I haven't *heard* it yet, Deuce, have I?"

Behind his Kendo mask, Berner sighed with exasperation.

"What I *mean* is; what do you think of my album? The *idea* behind the album? Shell-shocked Nam Vet in the court of Yukio! GI Cassidy and the Samurai Kid! The West is too soft and the East is too West!"

"Sounds great, Deuce!" Abbas smiled weakly.

"Just *great?*" Landis said incredulously. "Anything can be *great*. Deuce's album will be *very* great, even better!"

"I'm sure," Abbas was saying, watching Berner climb up on to the back seat, his head scraping against the roof of the limo. He hadn't been listening to any of it. Once he'd asked someone what they thought of his work, he lost interest — who cared what some nobody thought about the very great Deuce Berner, anyhow? Abbas was worried. What if the fool broke an arm, a leg, his *neck?* Could he still get him on the plane? If he got him into the studio, could he work?

Oh, shit, Abbas cursed. He felt like a small, spoiled child's feudal serf, just like all the other record label employees. He started hating Berner at that moment. He hated any of them that made him feel like that. He would make them regret it one day. He would be patient, he could afford to be, and then one day it would be time . . .

The limo was swerving slightly as the driver kept one eye on Berner standing on the back seat, screaming "I'm coming, Yukio!" he howled. "A private army of smooth-skinned young boys and a ritual suicide! That's the way to live! Total control over mind and body! CHAAAACH!!"

Berner karate-chopped the seat in front of him. He shrieked with pain and clutched his injured hand. Landis and Abbas leaned forward anxiously as Berner eased himself down into his seat, whimpering . . .

"Deuce! What have you done to yourself!"

"No, it *hurts,*" Berner said sullenly. "I'll probably get gangrene and have to have my arm amputated . . ."

He peered at his hand from behind his Kendo mask. He waved the hand in the air and looked at it again. It wasn't even bruised.

"He's okay," Irving Landis said. "He just wants some of his medicine."

Abbas had seen how much Berner loved his medicine.

"Can't I have some, Irving?" Berner whined. "Just a little. *Please*".

"No, I told you, Deuce. Wait until we're on the plane. You're a greedy boy."

"You don't care about me, do you, Irving? Why don't you admit it?" Sniffles of tears came from behind the Kendo mask. "I hate you, you pig. You've given me a stomach ache now . . ."

Landis sighed. "Okay, how about a few air sickness pills now and we'll see if we can find somewhere for you to take your medicine at the airport?"

Berner thought about it.

"Come on, Samurai," Landis urged pleasantly. "Honour, ritual, the manly virtues . . . come on, my little warrior . . ."

Berner was still thinking.

"Okay", he said eventually. "Gimme them pills."

Landis found a pack of air sickness pills in his bag and passed a few back to Berner.

"He's a good boy, really, "Landis whispered to Abbas. "I hope you like the album, Ahmet. He got the idea when he saw *The Deer Hunter* while he was wearing his Kendo fighting mask.

"And, of course, he loves the food."

They rode in silence. Just before they got to Kennedy, Abbas heard strange, wounded gasps coming from the back seat. He turned around to look at Berner.

I should have guessed, Abbas thought.

Berner's little black bag was by his side. He had melted down the air sickness pills with his lighter and a silver spoon. Then he had taken them intravenously.

When Berner pulled out the needle a tiny spurt of blood escaped from the vein.

"Irving, will you look at this please?" Abbas said, sounding strained. Landis looked at Berner.

"Deuce! You're getting blood all over your ceremonial wedding robe! You know how hard it is to get the stains out!"

Abbas stared at Landis incredulously. He wasn't the least bit surprised.

"Irving, does he have to do *that* right in the middle of the freeway?"

"My boy had a stomach ache. He has a delicate metabolism, Ahmet. Maybe you want him to die so MOM can put out a compilation album called 'The Immortal Deuce Berner'."

"No, Irving, I just don't like to see him taking them *here*."

"Where should he take them? You'd prefer boarding control, maybe?"

"Well, does he have to take them *that* way?"

"What should he do? *Eat* them? Look, you feel everything *more* with a needle. And he likes the way it feels when it goes in, it's a very sexual thing, he'd rather jack up water than nothing." Landis beamed. "Of course, he likes his medicine best of all."

"But intravenous drug abuse makes you a wreck."

"Listen to Sandra Dee," Landis jeered, "everybody knows about the drifts of snow you shovel up your snout every minute of the day, Abbas."

"But what happens if he gets a dirty needle? Or an air bubble?"

Landis pinched his cheek playfully. "MOM Records lose their biggest selling artiste, honey," Landis said. "So either keep my boy healthy and happy or start sweating."

Berner was trying to say something. They leaned over their seats to hear what it was but it just sounded like unintelligible mumbling.

"He's groaning, that's all," Abbas said.

"No, no," Landis insisted. "He's trying to tell us something. . ."

Finally Berner managed to get it out.

"I want."

He had nothing more to say and lay on his back stretched out across the seat. Still wearing his Kendo mask and with his ceremonial wedding robe open to reveal a torso the colour of anemic lettuce. Berner resembled a dead bee.

Abbas felt a little happier. All these artistes are the same . . . Whatever they've got, they soon start running out of it, Abbas thought. No wonder the public don't want *any* of them to hang around for ever.

Abbas would outlast all of them.

You, too, Chasen.

The limo came to a halt. They had arrived. Time to make music and move units. Berner couldn't move.

They flew to Japan.

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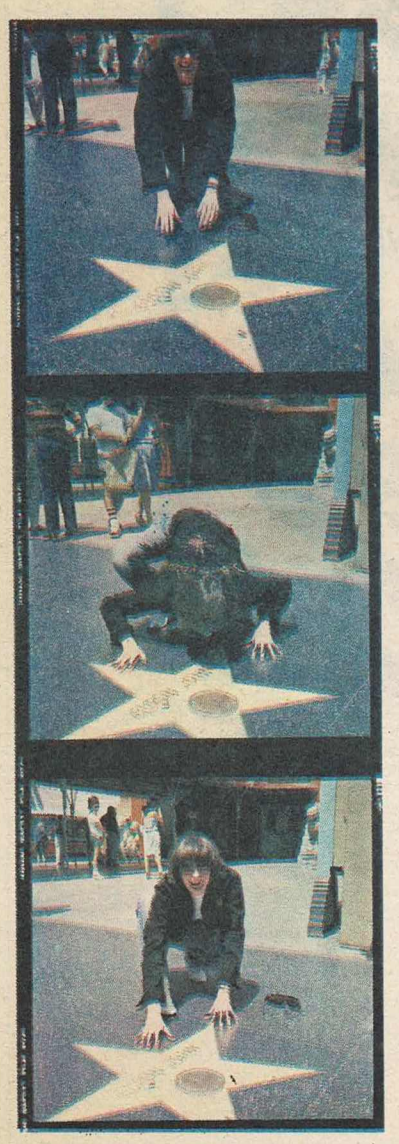

HOLLYWOOD SUNSET

Lynn Hanna discovers that happiness for Chrissie Hynde is not a hit LP in America, but a box of doughnuts, a pile of comics and a lovable Kink.
Colour photography by Joe Stevens.

WHEN THE PLANE tilts you can see beneath the blue to the beige and black floor of the American continent. The desert around Las Vegas fades to a fawn heat haze on a far horizon, changes through the sculpted mountain ranges on the edge of the Sierra Nevada to the intensely cultivated coastal plain of California.

It's hard to see Los Angeles itself with a view not conditioned by successive layes of fiction. A sign to Bakersfield on the freeway out of the airport brings back Steinbeck's share-croppers slowly starving amongst the lavish profusion of ripening fruit. Beside the smooth roads that snake through Beverley Hills are the low mansions set in tended lawns where Marlowe nearly met his match with the rich and icy beauties guarding blemished pasts from blackmail with murder ...

It's a city with a fantastic air of unreality, where everything exudes impermanence. Palm trees grow against the laws of nature amongst lush hardwoods and splendid pines. Spanish haciendas are built next to porticoed Palladian palaces which mix with mock-medieval and ultra modern architectural confections.

Los Angeles is a nouveau-riche paradise where fantasies are fulfilled regardless of the proprioties of taste or period; a 20th century consumer nirvana.

When I reach the hotel the turquoise swimming pool is set in green, synthetic grass.

Continues over

HOLLYWOOD SUNSET

From previous page

"CAN WE stop here?" Chrissie Hynde leans forward to the black chauffeur and speaks at the back of his glossy neck.

The Cadillac swings into the forecourt of a Winchell's doughnut store. Chrissie springs out without waiting for the door to be opened for her, returns with a big box of doughnuts, drinking hot coffee through a straw.

"I haven't done this in ten years. But I thought, why not?

"This is *sooo* American," she says in a voice that's part relish, part revulsion. "That's why they're so fat. They drive along with a box of these on the seat beside them. The kids are going, Mom, are we there yet? Mom, I want to go to the bathroom".

She mimics lanquid mid-West maternal complacence: "Not yet children. Have another doughnut."

Several blocks later along the road to Santa Monica Chrissie eyes the empty doughnut box with nauseous distaste.

"I feel like a fat plug. Those girls, they're so easily fooled." She mimes the tearful drawl of the half-hysterical Californians crushed up against the stage. "Chrissie, you're the greatest. And I'm going, I'm not. I'm NOT."

She imitates the crumpled snarl of the girl who rushed screaming at her car as she left the soundcheck the previous evening. *"Waarrh!* Now hold on there a min — *WAAARRHH!*' "

Chrissie Hynde cracks up laughing at the absurdity of it all.

"I FIGURE in a way I've played hookie for ten years. So I've got to pay for it now. I'm paying for it with detentions.

"At school you can always play truant if you've got a test tomorrow and if you don't want to study for it you can always say to yourself, well, look, I'm going to flunk it. You accept the fact that you're going to fail and fair enough. But I can't not show up for this thing tonight, because if I don't show up the thing doesn't go on. That's a real big responsibility. I've *got* to do it.

"It's kind of like being in the army doing all this. This is the rock and roll lifestyle, but I *hate* all that. Like I came into Santa Barbara yesterday and I thought, this is beautiful. I would have loved to have gone off and wandered round and sort of bummed around a little bit. But I've got to go to a soundcheck and work and then see people that are going to give me something and I don't even know what it is ..."

Someone's moving forward from the circle that's been slowly surrounding us like plump wolves around a campfire as we sit on the sunlit grass outside the Santa Monica Stadium, presents a parcel and retreats again. Chrissie unpacks a candle set in a hideous painted glass bowl.

"What am I going to do with this? You tell me."

She opens the accompanying card. "Nice to talk to you last night. I made this myself. Take good care of it, or else.

"He's probably a really nice kid," she says sadly.

And you're part of his dreams.

"What can I do about it," she shrugs helplessly.

"I was never notorious for being a real nice guy. And now, all of a sudden, if I tell someone, Fuck off, go away, it's because I'm playing at being a superstar. It wears you down after a while to be diplomatic all the time when it goes against your nature. I'm not a monster or anything, but ...

"Some guy kicked me in the ass the other day, and it really hurt. I kind of stepped off the stage, just to see what the band looked like and some wiseguy kicked me in the ass because he thought it looked cool to his friends. I was *incensed*. But I had to ignore it."

Do you have a love / hate relationship with rock and roll?

"Absolutely. It's too much exposure to wrap around sunglasses and black leather jackets, where it becomes really boring and predictable. I've always got bored with things pretty quickly. This has taken the edge off my sense of adventure.

"Everyone else is over the moon about it. All the guys, this is the time of their life, probably. But I get lonely. I just sit in my room, I don't watch television much. I want to go for a walk in the park but I don't have anyone to go with or I don't know how to get out of the indoor controlled environment. So you get more and more isolated. It's not a nine to five job and I'm grateful that I can do what I love doing. And I *do* love trying to write songs and singing and all that.

"But I'd like to think that we could finish the tour tonight and that we were going to knock off for a couple of weeks and then we were going back in the studio to record our third LP. We could do a few dates here and there.

"I'd like to think we could carry on like that instead of doing this massive world tour which takes us up to March. By the time we get an LP out, it's going to be a year and a half from this one. It's all wrong as far as I can see. Because I'm constantly aware that I've got to write songs and how many ideas can you come up with when you're in a hotel, you're in a coach, you're in a plane? It's such a restricted view of life. You want to go out and *live* a little, throw caution to the wind."

Caught in the cruel crux of selling rock product to the massive market of America, in a country where local discrepancies are such that The Pretenders play to a half-full hall in Florida and sell out four nights in Los Angeles in two hours, Chrissie Hynde is, as she says, at her lowest ebb.

From a rootless, beatnik existence where photographer Joe Stevens remembers her sleeping on the floor of his London flat, her hands covered in red rashes from a succession of cleaning jobs, Chrissie has progressed to cruising through Los Angeles in a long black limousine.

"I'm starting to see that whether you have possessions or whether you don't, it's how attached you are to them that matters. And so I shouldn't start getting too worried if I have a place to live or if I have a lot of jackets or boots, because I don't have to take them with me to the grave.

"Ultimately, my only real commitment would be to the band and trying to keep what we've built together. The record company can sue me, they can take all my money away, they can send someone out to break my arms, who knows what they can do. But they can't have *me*.

"I'm not as nervous as I used to be. At one time in my life I was pretty shy, shy in some respects and probably a bit self-reliant in others. I've got used to it because we've done hundreds of shows now. It's like when someone finds out there's something wrong with them and they have to get a series of injections. The first two weeks are really traumatic, then for the next four months they just walk in every day and get the shot. That's how I feel about it. It's just a poxy little rock and roll show. It's not the end of the world."

Since The Pretenders first success with 'Stop Your Sobbing' and then 'Brass In Pocket' which elevated them to Number One when they'd barely learnt how to play together, their second album has shot straight into the American charts at number ten. Whatever you think about The Pretenders' musical methods — and I loathe the anonymous HM grind of something like 'Bad Boys Get Spanked', the kind of song that sends the Californian audience into ecstasies — they've also made pop songs of a rare and subtle sensual splendour, like 'Up The Neck', 'Private Life', 'Lovers Of Today', 'Talk Of The Town, 'Message Of Love' ...

How did Chrissie feel when Grace Jones covered 'Private Life?'

"That was the greatest. To think that someone even thought it was a good enough song that they wanted to do it was kind of a real surprise. And then it was such a hip version! She really adapted it to her own style and I was delighted. I laughed when I heard it, I thought it was so good."

As we leave the Stadium after the soundcheck, there's already a blond, placcid queue curving round the building in anticipation of the night's performance.

"I say they're creeps," says Chrissie, "because they make me feel guilty. They're so enthusiastic about it all and I'm so sour-grapes. They make *me* feel like a creep.

WHEN THE CAR calls to collect Chrissie for the concert, The Kinks' Ray Davies is sitting in the back. Before the concert he hovers irresolutely around the dressing room — "I get more nervous than I do for my own gigs" — while Chrissie sketches make-up around her eyes with an expensive pencil, asking anyone who's present, "Does this look alright?" On her forearm there's a botched blue scar from a tattoo she ineffectually erased herself.

"My hair looks SHIT," she cries every time she catches sight of her reflection.

Nevertheless when she's dressed in leather trousers, frilled blouse and white waistcoat with pale lips, black-ringed eyes and bouffant hair, she looks like an androgynous '80s incarnation from The Pretenders spiritual era, the time when dress tipped over into the decadent dandyism of the mid-'60s.

As The Pretenders' opening tape starts up outside, Ray Davies makes for the door.

"I think that's a closet," warns Chrissie.

"I've been in the closet all my life," he replies with his inimitable lop-sided smile.

Just before she goes onstage, Chrissie pulls a tiny picture from her wallet, a photo-booth portrait of two teenage girls.

"That's me when I was 14. I still have the same style. The other girl had the first Kink's album in Ohio."

It's the sort of show where Ray Davies, Nils Lofgren and The Bureau join in a massed encore of 'Higher And Higher', where an audience untouched by the punk upheavel sit on each others shoulders waving peace signs at the stage; the sort of evening where The Stray Cats, Talking Heads' Jerry Harrison and a huge cast of lesser liggers appear backstage afterwards.

Chrissie Hynde leaves almost immediately.

"TOURING IS definitely the best part of it. It's fantastic. We have a good time, which is

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Chrissie and her good Hereford stock. Pic Pennie Smith.

very important for a band because when you're doing a very, very long tour, you've got to be able to relax and enjoy yourself, because you're doing the show 150 times in a fairly short space of time."

When I call on James Honeyman-Scott, Martin Chambers has just bounced in through the French windows, having been up early to indulge his favourite pastime of fishing. Both are eating breakfast cooked by James' Texan wife Peggy-Sue and tutting solicitously over Pete Farndon's recent excesses which called for a hasty search for a Los Angeles doctor before he went onstage the previous evening.

"Pete's suffering a bit at the moment, and I asked him the other day, What have you eaten? He said nothing. You can't do that. You lose your appetite and you've had it," says Martin Chambers sagely.

The male three-quarters of The Pretenders speak in Hereford accents that are at times strangely tinged with an American inflexion, drive fast cars and own expensive cameras. This afternoon they've been invited for an expedition on board a local yacht. All are accompanied on tour by their wives or girlfriends.

"We used to do all the partying," says James. "Up three or four nights in a row, drinking and drugging all the time, but it really takes it out of you. We've damaged ourselves once or twice in the past."

"It's a discipline which is good for you, saying I'll have one drink and go to bed," adds Martin.

Do they feel they've been affected by all this pop fuss?

"We're very aware of the fact that it's just a temporary situation. Onstage it's so good, it ain't real. And that's the attitude you have. It's just like a bit of fun and then back to normality."

"It affects the people who try and live it all the time. If you go out and try and live rock and roll 24 hours a day, I think you're going to be in trouble. I treat it as funny, because Martin and Pete are still old friends of mine from when we were working in factories in Hereford. It's funny when you see 5,000 people screaming for a Herefordian.

"You get all the celebrities ringing you up, from all walks of life. And you find yourself at a dinner table with top tennis players and Roger Water out of Pink Floyd, chatting amiably to Paul McCartney. You laugh at it. You take it all with a pinch of salt. If you start believing in it, which a lot of people do, you get extremely messed up. You have to stay the same person."

The Pretenders remain convinced of the value of touring as a means of commercial access across a world market — "We've still got Japan, Australia and Europe to do" — and they like to think in terms of being an international group.

"You've got to cater for certain requirements. You keep your integrity by staying where you are, but you do put a few little feelers out to do the cliched bits," says Martin.

"In England they still want you as a street person. In America they *do* want to worship you, to see you with a big house and a big car, 'cos they love success. They encourage it."

How do they see the sort of music they play?

"If the songs are commerical, that's great, because we do love playing pop songs. I think it's something to be proud of, being in a very good pop group."

Does Pete Farndon see The Pretenders fitting into the scheme of things in a traditional sort of way?

"Yeah, I suppose that's one of the reasons we do so well over here. There is a huge difference between the reaction over here and the reaction in England. But that doesn't surprise me when you consider how many different styles and tastes there are in England. Because the way American radio is, none of those new English bands could *possibly* make it over here, there's just no way and it's really sad. We try and make sure that the bands that support us are someone we really like, like UB 40, Ten Pole Tudor, and now we've got The Bureau with us. I know they're having a really hard time. The Americans just can't understand what they're trying to do."

"If you're talking about us being traditional, you've got to go back 15 years or more, we're all pushing 30 and I started playing bass at school when I was 14. Martin goes back to the '60s so does Chris. And so the style of playing and the influences have got to come from that era. If it does sound traditional, then that's why."

Does he see anything destructive in the audiences mindless elevation of them as idols?

"It is mindless, but when I was a kid, I remember seeing The Rolling Stones and The Yardbirds and Ike and Tina Turner in 1966 in Cardiff, when I was still at school, and I was hanging around backstage afterwards. I was the same when I was 13 or 14.

"The only thing that worries me about it is what can you do after this, because I've never done anything else? Once you've had your 15 minutes, it's see you later Jack, thanks a lot but there's a lot of people waiting to step into your shoes.

"If you were affected by that idolatry, it would be really hard to take it afterwards, when the whole thing had disappeared."

ON TUESDAY we take a taxi to Hollywood Boulevard, Chrissie for a break in tour boredom, Ray Davies, Joe to take photos and me, desperate to sightsee.

Outside the Chinese Theatre there are hundreds of hand and foot imprints implanted in the concrete beside Jane Russell's worn scrawl. In the hard Californian heat, softened by the smog that lies over Los Anglees, the slabs look like epitaphs in some forgotten exiles graveyard. Mentally they're intercut with scenes from a dizzy champagne newsreel, they physical fizz and sparkle of two women who turned incandescent on celluloid.

We visit Frederick's of Hollywood, a kitsch pink starlet's boudoir of a clothes shop, where rows of high heels stand beside racks of shiny leopard skin, floating feather boas and white fur wraps.

Drifting down the boulevard the haphazard selection of names set in stars on the sidewalk — Elton John, Peter Frampton, Elvis Presley — compounds a sense of the surreal. Ray stops to rave over Lee Strasberg's pavement plaque. A girl crossing the street flushes pink with pleasure when she recognises him.

"I've heard of most of these people," snorts Chrissie, temporarily appeased by a poster of *An American In Paris*.

"Are you Chirssie . . . ?"

It's a question that bestows self-consciousness, gives a guarded expression, a sense of over-exposure; caught in fragile one-way bond of admiration, defences down at the mercy of a strangers often wildly distorted perception.

In an English pub in the middle of Santa Monica, crammed full of more stuffed deers' heads, hunting trophies and British bric-a-brac than you'd find in the combined hotels of the Home Counties, Chrissie grudgingly says, "Yes."

"That girl was really cool. She just said she liked the record. She was really unimpressed," she says approvingly.

The happiest I see Chrissie Hynde is curled in the back of the air-conditioned Cadillac after a visit to a Santa Monica comic shop, pouring over a pile of crazy Robert Crumb illustrations.

It's my last afternoon in Los Angeles, where the streets are distinguished by the ingenuity of their advertising, where mortuaries are brandished on the back of benches, where the TV news comes to you courtesy of Outdoor Girl cosmetics; where pleasure is equated, no sweat, with ease.

On the car radio they start playing The Pretenders and the announcer begins to burble about the show tonight.

Chrissie explodes.

"FUCK OFF! Music all the time. What do they live for? What do they live for down here Joe?"

"A suntan," he says.

U

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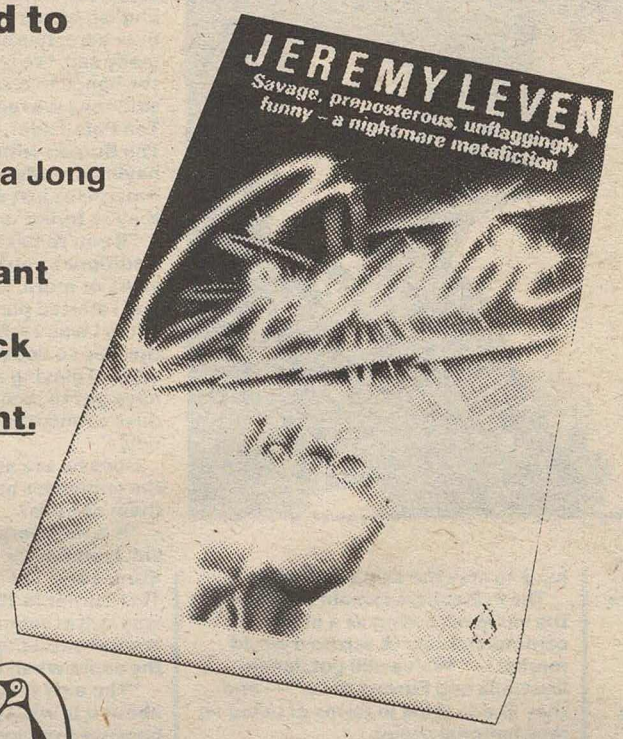

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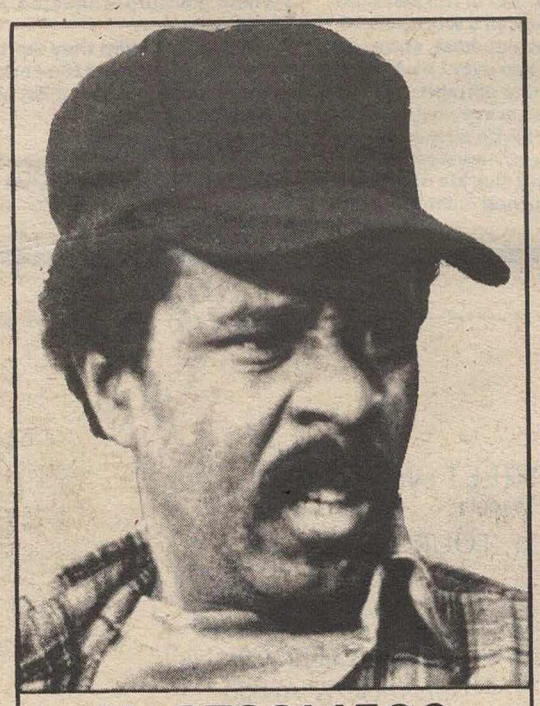

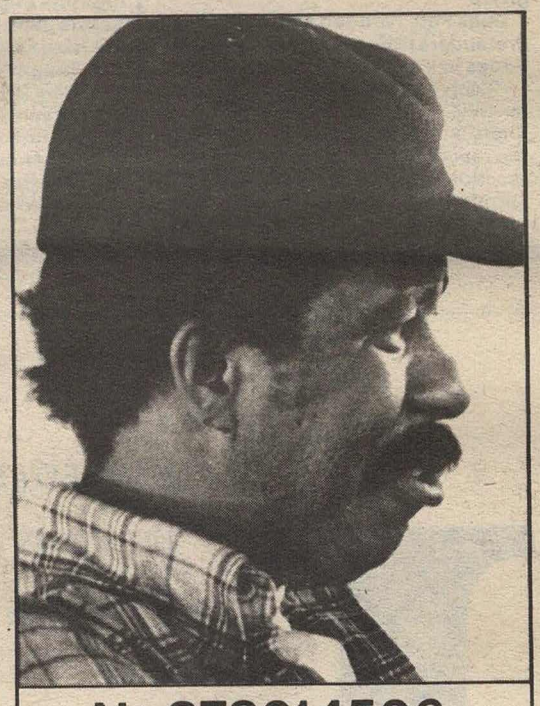

You know he's mad. You know he's bad. And now he's

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Escape To Victory

Directed by John Huston Starring Michael Caine, Sylvester Stallone, Max von Sydow (ITC)

INEVITABLE, I suppose, that the recent excesses of sh(I)ock-horror sci fi-sex-voyeur-voyager-etc visual entertainment should be superseded by its antithetical equivalence, by a sort of cinematic back-(down)-to-earth movement; sacks of corn oust the stacks of porn, as it were. *Boys' Own* movies are IN: official. *Escape To Victory* is the current market leader — it even out-spiels Spielberg and buddy Lucas — taking us out of the strife-torn turn of the '80s into an English speaking cinema nestling cosily sometime in the mid-'50s, where all is fare in love and especially in war . . .

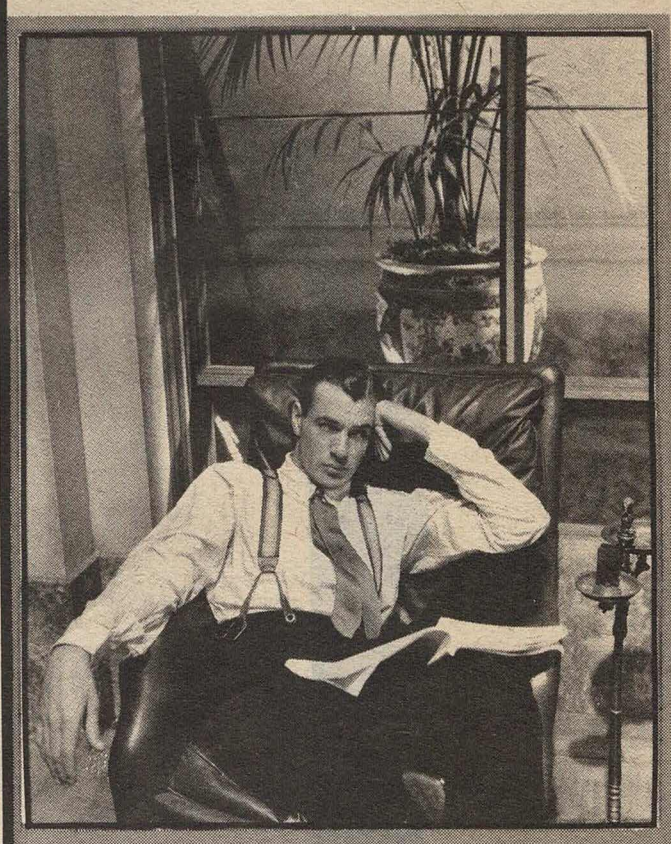
Escape To Victory is a horrendous YARN, totally without credibility and guaranteed of box office success. It marries a Roy of the Rovers style football dream come true to the hammy old WW2 P.O.W. camp escape genre and comes up something like trumps every step of the way, if you like this sort of thing: footballers tripping over their lines, actors tripping over their laces.

The cast sports a cameo conglomerate of Real (Famous) Footballers — Bobby Moore, Ossie Ardilles (whose script could be written in felt-tip marker on the back of a nylon stud), Pele and Mike Summerbee — who are captained by the very believable figure (paunch) of Michael Caine as the supposedly not-long-retired English international Terry Brady. It is Brady and a not-long-retired German international Colonel von Steiner (Max von Sydow) who come up with the unlikely idea of an Allied P.O.W. XI vs. Nazi Germany footer game. You get the gist: God, chaps, WAR is such a damned nuisance, if only we could all get together under the shadow of a good stadium somewhere . . .

Which is just what they do. The Nazis regard the inviolate game as a pushover propaganda exercise (all except the film's obligatory Hun With A Heart Of Gold, also von Steiner) and Our Lads regard it as Jolly Unsporting that the ref has been fixed. The grand finale is NAILBITING.

Escape To Victory bears no visible marks of John Huston's cinematic imagination, with any possible traces of the word *auteur* obliterated under the weight of *oater* ism. I found myself quite carried along with the cliches, but it's certainly nothing to plan an evening around. Wait for it to turn up some Sunday afternoon in the twenty-first century. The only real epiphany for me was Sylvester Stallone — someone whose talents I'd never caught before *Escape To Victory*. Jokes to the effect that here is an actor wooden enough to play the Trojan Horse are best regarded as the gospel truth.

Ian Penman



Picture Parade

THE POSE is somewhere between lazy and icy, a languid loll probably too immersed in narcissism to pose any kind of wolfish threat to passing or leading ladies. The braces, tie, hair, discreetly positioned palm tree . . . can it be anything else but one of this summer's post-Romantic young men, taking last summer's lead from Kid Creole and daydreaming salsa and Beat boho solipsism? Well, yes, for E. R. Richee's micro-cool photograph is of Hollywood heart-throb Gary Cooper and believe it or not (you're better with the former) it was taken 50 years ago — a half century! — in pre-Polaroid 1931. Phew, what a precursor!

Ian Penman

Alan Alda explains how to take the sting out of WASPs. *Pic: Peter Anderson.*

Let's murder Vivaldi

The Four Seasons

Directed by Alan Alda
Starring Alan Alda, Carol Burnett, Len Cariou, Sandy Dennis, Rita Moreno, Jack Weston. (CIC)

HAVE YOU noticed how 'Seasons' seems to be *de rigeur* in the conceptual viewing stakes at the moment? We've had *A Change Of Seasons* with Anthony Hopkins and Bo Derek, a series of TV documentaries entitled *The Four Seasons* and now Alan Alda's fashionable excursion through the bittersweet territory of middle American relationships pops up on the screens.

In trying to unravel the string of personal responses among a group of friends (Knots courtesy of R. D. Laing Inc.), Alda (who also wrote the script) leads three married couples and one outsider through a year's worth of leisure activity. Being professional stereotypes ('Architect', 'Dentist', 'Etc') they can, conveniently for Alda, afford several holidays a year — Spring in the Appalachians, Summer in the Virgin Islands, Autumn on a University campus for an extended Parents' Day and Winter in a picturesque skiing resort — thus relegating the more mundane aspect of working relationships to the second division.

The smug portrait of hunky dory happiness is slashed at the end of the first season, however, when one Nick (Len Cariou) confides to another Nick (Alan Alda — wassamatta, couldn't you think up any more names?) that he is leaving his wife of seven years, the brittle, buck-toothed, sensitive Anne (Sandy Dennis in her customary brittle, buck-toothed etc. role) — ostensibly because she spends her Sundays painting vegetables (no, *not* like the Red Queen's gardeners) but mainly because he has fallen for the leggy, blonde Ginny who's not only younger than Anne and more fun in bed but also keeps her brussel sprouts in the proper place.

Ginny, natch, is the catalyst for catastrophe and her overtly sexual presence causes a rearrangement of loyalties (the women siding with Anne) and the inevitable awakening of the green-eyed monster, mainly among the men. Communication breaks down, things get a mite repressed and uncomfortable and the Golden Age Of Friendship appears to be drawing to a close when, after a lot of soul-bearing, the crisis of a near-fatal accident saves the day and reunites the happy couples.

Familiar ground, perhaps; Paul Mazursky travelled a similar route in 1969 with *Bob And Carol And Ted and Alice* as did John Cassavetes in *Faces* and *Husbands* with a deal less humour, though that in itself is no reason to disapprove of the movie. The real problem here is that Alda's concept is too defined, his intentions too clearly articulated to raise *The Four Seasons* from the 'Nice 'n' Tidy' category. Like Shaffer's *Equus*, it's a contrived piece of pop psychology dressed up as 'adult entertainment' — too goddamned neat by half.

Artful and heartless, it employs audio-visual stimuli like a surgeon's scalpel, precisely and predictably: the cyclical notion suggested by the title, the cheap respectability gained through Vivaldi (cf. *Kramer vs Kramer*), the tasteful balance of mawkish sentimentality and cosmetic angst all add up to a film that is occasionally funny, often embarrassing and ultimately unconvincing.

It's a shame because the individual performances, especially Jack Weston's nervy, money-conscious dentist, are almost good enough to bust open Alda's pre-set moulds. If Alda wasn't so conscious of being a professional filmmaker he might well have spilt some guts — something *The Four Seasons* conspicuously lacks. And one man's metier is another man's passion.

As for me, I think I'll stick to *American Hot* in future.

Neil Norman

Touche, Duce

or "Nice place to visit but I wouldn't wanna Libya"

Lion Of The Desert

Directed by Moustapha Akkad
Starring Anthony Quinn, Oliver Reed, Raf Vallone, Rod Steiger (Enterprise Pictures)

A LITTLE before Rommel's activities in North Africa earned him the *Boys' Own*, ambiguously-heroic title 'The Desert Fox', Omar Mukhtar was being Lionised by his Bedouin compatriots for his resistance against the Italians in Libya.

With a keen palate for heroic encounters of the Arabian kind, producer/director Moustapha Akkad (his first film was *The Message*, his next, *Saladin)* has whipped up the historical facts with essence of partisan and topped them off with a couple of big cherries in the shape of Anthony Quinn as Mukhtar and Oliver Reed as his opponent, General Graziani.

For three years, Graziani fought Mukhtar's guerillas, pouring Mussolini's mechanised might into Libya in an attempt to gain control of a patch of bloodstained sand — an aim that was fulfilled with the capture and execution of Mukhtar. £12 million have subsequently been poured into 163 minutes of celluloid in an attempt to persuade us that 200,000 Bedouins did not die in vain and that Omar Mukhtar was indeed a martyr.

Most of the film is given over to a savage recreation of desert warfare to illustrate the differences between the 'natural' and the 'educated' military strategists and also between the clean death of a well-placed bullet and the squishy one beneath the churning tracks of a tank. In between the action scenes we are regaled with the kind of epigrammatic dialogue that typifies statuesque epics of this nature, eg: "Even in the smallest acts we make history"; "He's good. He is good. This old man is good"; and, most confusing of all, "Libya is our crown of thorns" — a statement that is visually underlined by images of bloodstained faces and barbed wire. Portentous symbolism is all very well but that kind of Judeo/Islam culture clash is absurdly anachronistic though, of course, essential in capturing the western market.

The casting is rather quaint, too. Apart from Quinn's loveable old warmongering patriarch - with - a - heart - of - gold, who is much given to cuddling cute Arab kids and fumbling with his spectacles, there's our Ollie all bull-necked and vicious, baulking the recession by squeezing two roles out of one (cf his KGB chief in *Condorman)*, assaulting defenceless wall maps with his riding crop and Generally hamming it up all over the place. Add to these Steiger's megalomaniac Mussolini (one of the few roles remaining to him these days), Andrew Kier as a village leader and an early victim of the fascists and John Gielgud as a creaky Bedouin chief who's sold out to the same gang (balanced, natch, by Raf Vallone's 'good' fascist) and the whole enterprise begins to make (non-)sense.

Irene Papas is wasted as a tear-stained Mother Courage while an entire repertory company of underdeveloped characters pop up briefly to be mown down before they can whip out their Korans or say "Donner und Blitzen!"; perhaps they were victims of cuts or 'belt-tightening' as we've come to know them. And Mr Akkad, weren't those horses brought down with trip wires? Tut tut, that's very naughty.

The conclusion is this: *Lion Of The Desert* is a sprawling panorama of War as Hell from which we can deduce that heroes fight back and Fascism is a Bad Thing. It had the blessing and assistance of the Libyan government during production. Got The Message? If you're starved of desert war epics by all means go and see it, but take a proper gander.

Neil Norman

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"Hey, Paul, it was really funny. We did this show somewhere in Essex, Braintree or something, and we'd done a couple of shows there before and afterwards we always went to this fish and chip shop for something to eat. After we finished eating, this chick in there serving said hey, I know you, you're that group. We thought, he he he, here we go, fame and all that. She said, hey where's the big one with the beret and the glasses? She thought we were Linx!"

WHO ARE LEVEL 42?
"I think if we haven't made that much of an impact on the popular music press it's because we just haven't set out to do that. We're not a band that needs any of that, we've just been concentrating on the music, on getting that right. We don't dress up or any of that, and we've no set patter.

Level Meeting Level 42: pleased to know themselves. L–R: Phil Goulding, Mike Lindup, Boon, Mark King. Pic: David Corio.

They come from the Isle of Wight and they play jazz funk and lots of people have suddenly bought their LP but who are LEVEL 42? Answers on a postcard from Shanklin please to PAUL MORLEY

"The trouble with a lot of groups that made that impact on the press and things is that they're 75 per cent image and 25 per cent music, and the press as it is with their prejudices can deal with that. Groups like Spandau Ballet, if they had some genuine musical credibility as well as all that new snobbery, if they had something other than all the talk, then I could take them seriously. But their music . . . the playing is terrible and the music has nothing new to offer melodically or rhythmically.

"Steady! Steady! We're not used to this controversy. Then again, I suppose a bit of controversy is what people want to read about. But look, Paul, we still hump around our own gear. Do you really see us as a band who have made it?"

No. Not really. I mean: lean back for a moment. Who are Level 42?

QUESTIONS OF our time. Make them up, make them matter, mind your language. Where's it all leading to? Just how much is jazz love-hurting the new pop generation? Just what is bland? Just who is the new best bass player in the world? Just how would Roxy Music have sounded if they'd been influenced by Charles Mingus, Milt Jackson and Miles Davis? Is it possible to make sense out of Level 42?

Who are Level 42, I think to myself as I make a move that matters across from Bond Street tube station to Polydor Records offices. Level 42 . . . heard the name a lot, got the discs, seen them hi in the disco charts and low in the m/stream charts, I've even met the rhythm section — a great r.section of our time: it's official — at a nightclub or two. But . . . who are Level 42?

"We're young, we're brilliant and we've got eight shillings in our pocket."

You've got it? Let's start.

Three members of Level 42 arrive at the Polydor office, and the news is good. Paul Morley is waiting to interview them! Better still!! Their debut LP has slid confidently up the charts to number 20. Oh trembles of glee and tumbles of joy. Backs are slapped, voices cheerfully raised, drinks poured and the new life toasted. "Now listen c'mon, there are great things ahead!" Level 42; they will be known, it can be told.

Parents are phoned: things that should be first, first! "Hey listen Dad, the LP's gone into the charts at number 20! That makes it a hit . . . yes the gigs are going fine . . . yes . . . ahm . . . yes . . . ahm . . ." Parents can't quite seem to connect with the group's euphoria. They think, but does anyone know who you are yet? "What do you mean what else is new! The LP has gone into the hit parade. That's great isn't it!" The phone calls die away.

Next!

Let's go out and celebrate! A debut LP at number 20 in the charts! But . . . hang on (to something warm and willing, boy or girl) . . . who are Level 42?

THE GOULD brothers, talkative Phil (drums, Pisces) and quiet Boon (guitar, saxophone, Pisces) are from the Isle of Wight and like the rest of the group are in their early 20s. Phil started playing drums before his 16th birthday, drummed in a folk-rock group, in bands at local holiday camps, studied music part-time at the Royal Academy of Music. His first love was heavy metal — Deep Purple — and then he turned into/onto jazz-funk through Billy Cobham, and found true jazz love through Miles Davis. Now . . . "My idea of musical perfection is Keith Jarrett."

Boon was a student fan of Gentle Giant and Genesis. He soon lost interest in that stiffness, and he too found jazz love. He didn't leave the Isle of Wight until he was 23, touring the Middle East and America with various types of bands before joining Level 42.

Thoughtful Mike Lindup (keyboards, vocals, Pisces) met Phil at the Royal Academy of Music where he was studying classical percussion and piano. Mud's 'Tiger Feet' is one of his favourite dancing records. "My mother used to be a folk singer and I grew up listening to all sorts of music. I got into people like Stevie Wonder and then when I met the rest of the group I got turned onto the jazz people like Miles Davis . . ."

Mark King (best bass player in the world, vocals, Libra) "was born in the Isle of Wight, left school at 16, got a milk round, did that for a year, came to London to work in a music shop, went to Australia with a band, got ripped off, came back, went to Italy with a band, got ripped off, came back, went to Australia with Boon, came back and formed Level 42. Succinct!"

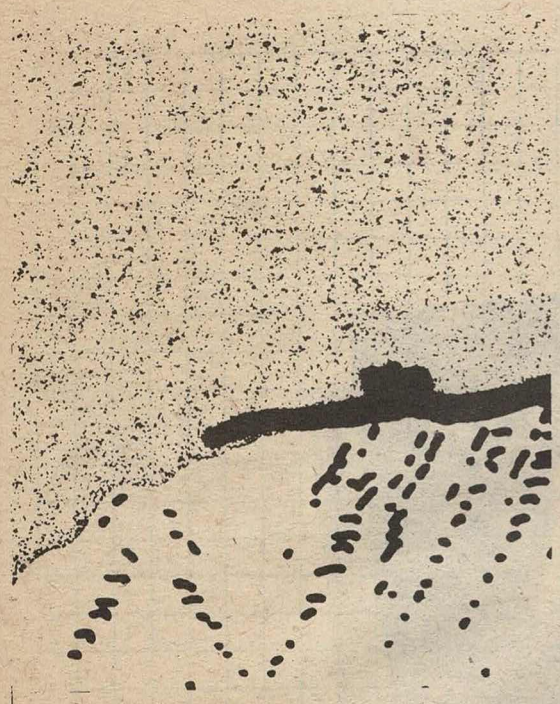
Do you now feel you're getting to know Level 42? Wait for the details. Level 42 are . . .

MARK KING is stocky, jokey, a little wild, and he likes to be at the centre of things. He typifies the candid 42 attitude. As we leave Polydor to search for a wine bar I say to him that the Level 42 LP is the kind of record — warming and trusting, constant and sorcerous, sensuous pop ECM — that tends to stick around the charts for all the winter months. "Oh I hope so." Crack! "Then I can buy a farm, a Ferrari and go back to live on the Isle."

King's evil, elegant, bass playing is a major attraction in Level's music: it is truly noble. The way he talks about his playing introduces us a little more into the refreshingly straightforward Level 42 way of discussing and defining their music. Level 42 know what to take seriously and what to treat lightly.

King's musical heroes are McLaughlin, Hendrix, Miles, Corea. He has the capability to play in the hardest Corea combo and not be overshadowed. He assaults his bass with an extraordinarily direct percussive power . . . he caresses his bass with reflective certainty. I ask him if he was a fan of Backdoor's Colin Hodgkinson — surely a soul brother.

"Yeah, I've got the first album . . . but you know, I saw him play at the Venue recently with Jan Hammer and he was a real disappointment. He'd really blanded out. God, let's face it, the crux of the matter — at the end of the day when all is said and done — you've got to get up there and DO it. The way I play, it's just how I want to play. I used to be a drummer, right, so obviously my approach to playing is a lot more rhythmic than melodic . . . with the thumb thing, playing the strings hard with the thumb, that was the way



of achieving everything I wanted to. I got the idea when I was working in the music shop and two American guys came in and played the basses with their thumbs. I thought — that's it!"

That's the story of the bass playing?

"Yeah. Wanna see my corns?"

The thumb on his right hand is raw and mangled. Blistering bass playing, you see.

Ask Mark about The Point of Level 42, and he will reply: "The point of Level 42 is it's another step. Playing music is very important to me, and I know it is to Phil and Mike and Boon and it can be a great way to develop yourself . . ."

Towards what?

"As far as I'm concerned, towards being the best bass player in the world."

Ask Mark King WHY: and why the commitment to Level 42 — who hardly make war like Dexys or ACR — and he'll get serious.

"Because we're doing it. We've been involved in this for a relatively long time and you really put yourself into it and you drag as much out of yourself as you can and you raise yourself as high as you possibly can. And then when somebody says why are you doing it, in a way you've almost forgotten why. It's very hard to put into words. Deep down you know damn well why you're doing it, but it's difficult to communicate that and there are so many double meanings involved. It's difficult to ensure that you don't give the wrong impression.

"I don't see how anyone cannot take us seriously as musicians. Musically we have to be taken seriously, because we can all obviously play. What gets our back up is that we're misunderstood on a human level. People think we're faceless, and so must be emotionless."

"We're human beings," Phil will tell me. "We're people playing together, essentially that's all it is, but we're going for the big one."

The big one?

"Everybody has their chance in life to do things for themselves. This is ours. Music. That's our idealism."

Define that idealism.

"Without being too presumptuous, I'd like to define it as optimism. That's the main thing. We're not musicians who avoid the world around us, we're part of that world, we see what's going on, we see what's going wrong and we don't hope to change anything, we don't think that people can do that, but that doesn't mean that we can't say what we feel through our music — and that is that there is a glimmer of hope, it's not all bleak and dismal."

Mark: "I was saying the other night, we were listening to some music in the car, and it struck me that there is so much really great music in the world and there are so many great things about the world anyway, why the hell has there got to be some shit who wants to fuck it up? There are so many great things worth being here for and having and working for."

Boon: "There are also a lot of depressing things. Like Preston."

Phil: "Chick Corea once said a good thing about this optimism thing, and the effect we want to have on people. He said if you do something really great, like an artist can sometimes represent the great things in life because he can detach himself, and if you can get enough agreement on that then you can raise people's hopes and spirits, you can raise their standards. If you just have people bleating about how bad things are then that can only bring bad because once you have agreement on that then people use that as their standard and obviously standards go down. If all we're going to do is raise slightly people's standards with a bit of optimism then that is something. That's worth something."

THE QUESTION who are Level 42 needed to be asked because the group have eluded being categorised or raved over by syco-fan writers. They're not an obvious Brit-funk success like the Linx lads or the Light Of The World tribe. They haven't a manifesto or a manager or an act or a look that could hook them up to the white British funk all over the 12-inch world.

Level 42 have no post-punk political position, no philosophical reason based in the rock context for wanting to perfect a clear coasting dance music inspired by Miles, McLaughlin, Wonder and Benson. They just get on with it. "We have rather come in the back way!"

The charmers! Level 42 never read the music press, and this probably helps a lot. Level 42 just naturally play a soul music, just luckily with virtuosity. Only the once was there a brush with any obvious fashion. "We got together and we just mucked around and we borrowed equipment and we didn't think about what music it was we were playing, what it was called. It just was. Then this guy Andy who owns an independent label called Leap came down and heard us and put out the 'Love Meeting Love' single.

"The first time we ever heard anything of the much lamented jazz funk Brit-funk movement was those two days in the rehearsal studio when Andy came down. Light Of The World were down there as well — we'd never heard of them before — and we had 'Love Meeting Love' out and that got into some charts and we were taken under the wing of a whole new movement of British music that we never knew existed.

"It's really strange how it all happened so quickly. But it wasn't planned at all. We played our music and they were the sort of people who seemed to like it."

This Brit-funk thing remains a total mystery to me.

Mark: "It's still a mystery to me. No, scrub that one!"

Phil: "There was a fair degree of elitism involved but I think it was a good thing on the whole. WE just happened to be in the right place at the right time. We caught the wave of the movement at its most healthiest point. If we'd come along say six months later I don't think we'd have had the same progress."

LEVEL 42, amidst all this VOLUPTUOUS confusion — perhaps because three of them are Island boys — are naturals. Their open hearts and home spinning has set them up tough and ready. In some ways they're beginners — but sounding so sophisticated that in other ways they're an enigma.

Level 42, though, are a new age group — there with ABC and Rip Rig & Panic. Flexible, able, mobile, discerning, determined, too slippy to get a grip on. They're the clean smiling face of new British music, the consummate British response to the smoother part of Miles Davis' grand manner. Level 42's popularity is a sign of the times: barriers are being broken, ground is being made, rock snobbery quickly dismantled.

Level 42 don't care whether they belong with anyone or anything. They just want to play their music. Yet their places as faces at the centre of the new love action will soon be more obvious. Phil and Mark have worked with M and are playing rhythm on the new music Ross Middleton is recording with saxman Gary Barnacle (Clash, Kim Wilde, Stray Cats, Ruts, etc, etc).

Level 42 and their position will never be an easy thing to explain.

Now that Level 42 are known, we sit around a table at a wine bar in London's South Molton Street and drink many bottles of Chablis. We get to the heart of the matter! Level 42 may not be despondent but are they bland?

"That's ridiculous," shouts Mike, out of character. "Maybe the rock and roll people would say that, but then rock music is bland. I mean, what is bland? The production of the LP is smooth but that's the way we wanted it to be. We go for quality. People says it's bland just on the sound but I wish they'd understand just how hard the music actually is. My interpretation of blandness is something that you hear that sounds familiar, something that you've played a thousand times before. It might sound rough and ready but it will still be bland."

Level 42 may be clever, but are they just show-offs?

Mark: "It's not just a matter of, oh he can play a million notes a minute, isn't he brilliant — it's not a matter of the technique involved. It's the emotion level that is important."

Phil: "Keith Jarrett once said that what I do doesn't change what I am. The fact that he has that ability and that technique doesn't alter the fact of who he is and the fact of who he is is what makes the music so powerful. He's got the technique — that's that. But coupled with that is his ambition and forceful philosophy and *that's* what makes the music so powerful. Technique is just a means to an end."

Mike: "I think the object of a musician is to have no barriers, so that he can play immediately what comes into his head. I'm just learning and I'm enjoying learning and it's this development and discovery that I'm looking forward to."

Phil: "Playing with M taught me how to make music for an effect, not just making noise for no point. The great musicians don't play for the sake of it. It's for a reason."

Who are Level 42?

"Well," says Mark as we finish off the wine and we're not allowed any more, "the end of a perfect day! Actually it's not — Le Beat Route tonight, we've got to celebrate!"

Level 42 are the blessed ones. Level 42 are (going to be) WORLD famous. As I make a move that matters towards home the question becomes — just how far can they go?

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PRINT

MORE BOOKS ABOUT GLAMOUR AND COMMUNISM

BY

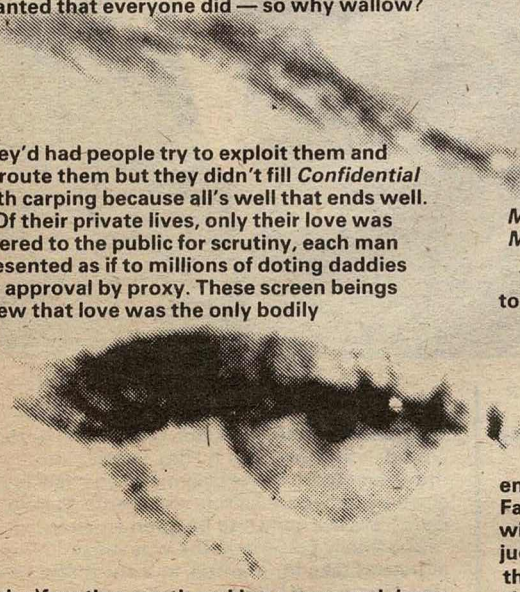
JULIE BURCHILL

Marilyn Monroe

Jayne Mansfield

THE GIFT that made the American screen goddesses so special — apart from beauty, which at certain stages of evolution — Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner — almost definitely reached as far as beauty can burn without combusting — and the reason why they've travelled / translated / trended so well, why they're so deep-rooted yet refreshing to every generation, was the gift of the buttoned lip. They've stayed almost immortal because they took certain things for granted.

They had headaches and corns and miscarriages but they didn't bother mentioning them because they took it for granted that everyone did — so why wallow?



They'd had people try to exploit them and re-route them but they didn't fill *Confidential* with carping because all's well that ends well.

Of their private lives, only their love was offered to the public for scrutiny, each man presented as if to millions of doting daddies for approval by proxy. These screen beings knew that love was the only bodily (dys)function worth making a song and dance about — it was universal and it was rare and it was always new, even the twenty-seventh time.

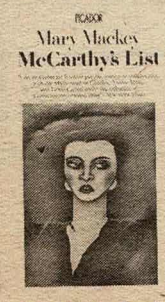
Contemporary critics would have you think such women were plastic, distant, arrogant. On the contrary — they came up from dirt poor dives and thought it draggy bad taste to inflict their random roots on the paying public. The public wanted the end product, not the miniscule mishaps smeared all over the tabloids and talk-shows. In short, idols such as Grace Kelly, Hayworth and Gardner acted a lot like the raunchier side of British Royalty; they hit the papers when they married, but between bridegrooms they more or less pretended that everything was coming up rose gardens.

This may not have been realistic, but it was optimistic and ultimately healthier and classier than the shennanigans of today's small-time starlets. I wonder what the *Sun* would feed us if they cut the acres of tearful bit-part players playing peek-a-boo with paparazzi at airports. The massacres in El Salvador and Chile, the torture in Argentina and South Africa? *The things that we need to know and stop?* Wouldn't it make a change? Wouldn't it make a great change if newspapers restored *news* and relegated fandom to fan magazines?

In the same way, wouldn't it be nice if *books* stopped being personal problem pages? In contrast to her mysterious, glamorous ancestor, the screen siren, the contemporary Archetype Americanne, from the lovely Debbie Harried to the lousy Bette Middling, spills her guts right down your ear trumpet at the first poss op. And none of them is a greater offender than the contemporary American woman writer. The pen is whinier than the chat-show!

The heroine of Mary Mackey's *McCarthy's List* (Picador) was born at 8.15 a.m., August 6, 1946, which was — wait for it — the precise moment that the American atomic bomb burnt Hiroshima. Wow, what a metaphor! Wow, how cheap. Mackey has previously published four volumes of poetry and this book really stinks of those hilarious prim little poems *Rolling Stone* sticks in its record review section. You know the ones! No capitals!

"I love it," says Diane Keaton of *McCarthy's List* — of course you do, Dozy! As you have built a flimsy modern career on the Woody-wormy foundations of parroting a third-rate neurotic's over-reactions to the soft cell around him, so Mary Mackey treads a well-worn route that numerous Earth Shoes laid out for her in the late '70s, and that's been winding on in ever-decreasing circles since. You know the kind of bearded non-book I mean; it's always called *Only Garps Get The Fear Of Motorcycle Maintenance Blues* and the author's message is always just one long passive flat joke — it's crazy world, it takes all sorts and life's rich tapestry tote-bag is elastic enough to carry murderers, the Mafia and Fascist madmen (in the case of this *List*) without the bummer they call a value judgement.



The Face Of Ava Gardner

This kind of American author is a sad thing to be; they sense how politically powerless the American individual is, and they know that their America is creating quite a little abbatoir out of a large part of lovely Latin America there, so they just seal themselves into a surreal little world where wacky problems are easily solved and wacky voyages easily travelled. They'd all love to have their hair cut off once and for all and write *Catcher In The Rye,* but Salinger's book has a wisdom that comes only from involvement in the real troubles of the world. He was in the Second World War, you know, and he above all people knew that there was room for only one naif like Holden, no more goofing off in the rye after My Lai. Why'd you think he said bye bye?

The Bleeding Heart (Sphere) sets itself in Britain, so you know this isn't no ordinary American void-bore. Marilyn French is swell at writing a storm of quite shattering sex-politics but oh! her greedy heart. A pamphlet crammed with this book's rhetoric — angry, outward-looking, impatient — would be a peach, but it's padded out with 300 pages of podgy fiction. The heroine, Dolores, is an utter div, and as for the physical side of things — well, the way she tells it makes you want to run screaming for your chastity belt, honestly. Ample sample; *"Her warmth and his melted into heat."* Yuk! Can you believe that from Marilyn French? It's more like Fanny Craddock — "Next melt the butter into the heat and warm . . ."

The celebrated Americanne hack Joan woman. There's a time and a place to tell your troubles — but it's an *ear,* it's not here. To Didion weighs in with a collection of nervous breakdowns — *The White Album* (Penguin) the latest of which she is pictured having on the back of the book. She writes seven-page essays on what *hell* it is being "on the road" to promote one's new book, on what *torture* it is to write screenplays for Hollywood Philistines and how horrible it is to get a migraine. I really cannot believe the gall of the write whole books about such hang-nails!

And what writing! Didion's prose is painfully ponderous, every word looking right, left then right again before crossing the page. Didion's full stops are not plain punctuation dots; they are small applause-leaders, every one. Each one smirks *"There.* What did you think of *that*? Wasn't that sentence really *something*?"

Let's be sweet, let's be brief; Joan Didion is the only person I've read who writes as though she's just been stuffed.

IT'S ALWAYS people who've never *done* anything who dissect every detail of their lives. Shelley Winters has done the lot and romps through *Shelley Also Known As Shirley* (Granada) with nerve and verve. No thesis on the trauma of dandruff for Shelley; instead there's love with Burt Lancaster, words with Howard Hughes, sex with Marlon, rooming with Marilyn, hoping all the way with J.F.K. and Martin Luther King. Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, Monty Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Sinatra and Brigitte Bardot come, glow and go, not a cue card between them and you. Shelley was never a dreamboat, but she captains this cruise beautifully.

Mrs Shirley Williams could also be known as Stupid. She's a failed Labour Party politician and one of the main carriers of the disease Socialitis Democratis (main symptom; your mind goes blank). You should keep an eye out for her because she'll be after the youth vote in a big way. This is the incredibly weak argument she often uses for voting SDP; Labour and Conservative are OLD parties — vote for vital young us! You'd think she was selling you a sliced loaf, for Foot's sake! Just about how trivial can you get? She's a Roman Catholic. I could just as sensibly say to her, Shirley, you are a Catholic, which is a very ancient religion. Why not try something new? Why not become, say, a MOONIE? You could stand as Moonie Member for Mayfair. You might stand a chance of getting back into the Mum of Parliaments then, Shirley, you old loser!

Her people-by-numbers book *Politics Is For People* (Penguin) — ridiculous title. No one ever *said* politics was for *ferrets* — makes widescreen the suspicion that the working class (polls show that the SDP steal more Tory than Labour votes) already had concerning these soft-gutted Labour has-beens' brand of liberal slop. The gist is just (and the sub-title should have been) *Even An Uneducated Scumbag Has A Vote These Days; So Give It To The Let's Have A Cheese And Wine Party.*

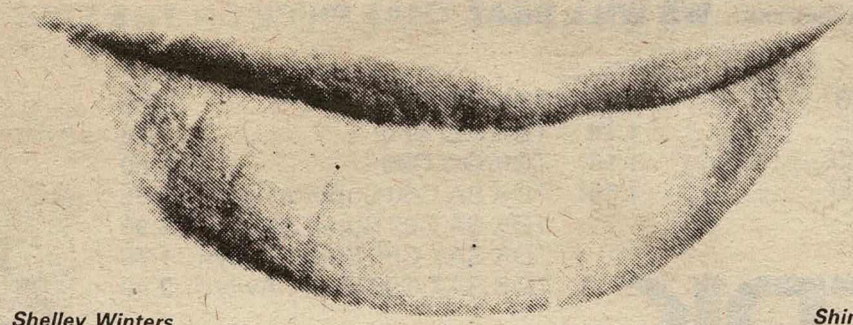
If something's on their manifesto, you can bet it's a mistake. Labour should pay a mind to this; a blind spot that they share with the Social Dunces is a misplaced belief that the advent of complete comprehensivisation of British schools will cure all the country's ills at the swipe of a ruler. Labour should not ignore the fact their party was at its best with the injection of brilliant War Cabinet working class grammar school boys — bravo Aneurin Bevan! Auriol Stevens should not drone on about the thriving of *Clever Children In Comprehensive Schools* (Pelican). I just know that truancy is a second nature to those who attend them, juvenile crime's rife and there's a lot of people sitting around waiting to be offered jobs as newsreaders. Even worse, there's an e en more volubl e mass of *graduates* who were told by their comprehensive school that they were smart enough to go to some Polytechnic sitting about moaning about not being able to be architects — all because Britain believes in letting kids *do their own thing* rather than *channel* them, as do the schools in the (you knew I'd use these two little words somewhere, now) Soviet Union. Therefore they have negligible unemployment and social unrest (Muhammad Ali admires their act: "I didn't see no guns, no prostitutes and no homosexuals," he told the press gleefully on returning from the Motherland. Of course, some of you freaks might think that this is a condemnation!) and we have riots.

There are lots of smart young people out of work, who would most likely do your job or mine better than you or me if they got to get a go at it, but there is also a Moron Mountain. Comprehensive schools turn out a lot of morons. I was at one, *hated* it, and my friends — a group of staggeringly attractive and sensitive girls when we entered those big gates — came out of our particular life-enhancing, opportunity-creating comp FAT, with minds like LAKES OF LARD, on VALIUM at 16, half of them, and thinking that EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSES if they happened to get a job in some petty little office, typing some dull man's thoughts all day. Their thoughts were sharper than that when we were 11 years old! Not for long, though; our comprehensive school saw to that. My friends weren't levelled, they were RAZED. Good God, if I hadn't spent every schoolday soaking up the soaps I could have ended up the same.

I don't know the answer — of course it's wrong to throw a child on the factory-fodder heap at the age of eleven — I just know that comprehensives are no goal, no ideal to aim at and I'm tired of slumming social workers who are still insisting that it's so.

Of course, Auriol Stevens is a clever *Observer* Education Correspondent (I bet she didn't go to comprehensive school), not some naive Trot just out of the red brick who spouts the manifesto straight and thereby convinces no one. Auriol Stevens craftily slips in *this* little doubt about that comprehensive, *that* little compliment about this grammar school. But the message at the end of the debate is loud, clear and sloppy; these schools are *OK,* you know! Why not save your money? And buy that special car / holiday with it instead! Dumb! It's real illogical that people can buy travel, buy SEX and no trendy will dare challenge their right to buy. But buy health or knowledge and you're some kind of poncing pig.

You won't find no jokes in this book, but let me make one about the cover; it shows two nice non-racist children looking happy. Are these the only two clever children in comprehensive schools ever sighted? *(If so, where's that leave you, Julie? — Ed)*



Shelley Winters

Shirley Williams

■ *Continues over*

■ *From previous page*

I BET QUENTIN CRISP didn't go to a comprehensive school; come to think of it it might have done him a bit of good, knocked a bit of the stuffing out of him. As he reveals in *How To Become A Virgin* (Fontana), he's damnably out of touch and carpy in his old age. The oddest goddess of the lot . . . not so much of the brassy razzle dazzle a la Shelley — much nearer, oddly enough, the aimless introspection of Joan The Moan. You get every boring detail of the Crisp day (drinking Complan, changing agents) and

occasionally you get a bit of real pathetic word-wanking masquerading as a *bon mot*. *"Sex can never be a patch on being murdered."*

One wonders just what calibre of person Quentin Crisp sleeps with. Oscar Wilde used to say things like that — from him it was simply facile, but these days, what with everyone's second cousin and next door neighbour being murdered it seems, it's damned old-fashioned and insensitive — insensitivity bordering on evil. And towards the end of the book when he just whines on about America — where every old tart leaves its old heart — it's just one long boring Pan Am advert binge.

If Quentin Crisp has a definite opposite — and God help us, we all hope that we are — it must be Greta Garbo, who was silent, beautiful, beloved by millions and sorely missed. Film stars were more beautiful — Hayworth — and more adored — Marilyn — and more intelligent and stylish — Dietrich — and sexier — Lauren Bacall. But Garbo was unreadable, untouchable, a force of nature who seemed to hold the secret of immortality and inspired — silently, subliminally — her admirers — she was the first and perhaps the only female screen beauty whom women have loved more than men have — with the promise that they would know the same if only they stayed fixed to the screen. She was always single and never held down by a man or bored by borders; she, the Swedish Sphinx as Hollywood labelled her with its best try, was singular.

Greta Garbo is the favourite gal of the junior nation's favourite gal, gorgeous Kim Wilde, so just you swot up on Garbo if you're looking for an opening gambit. *The Divine Garbo* by Frederick Sands and Sven Broman (New English Library) has just come out in paperback; without the huge portraits of the Sidgwick and Jackson edition it's a little like a Silver Fizz without the gin. It concentrates too much on Garbo's life after leaving Hollywood; the last thing on earth worth analysing. It was simply a move of beautiful clear logic, logic so basic that it's foreign to us. She was 36 years old and she wanted to keep her immortal memory, her screen beauty, intact. So she went to live normally, to live a dogged, Spartan, anonymous life in New York.

Others — Marilyn, Veronica Lake, the Carols Lombard and Landis, Mansfield, Jean Harlow, Judy Holliday — had to die to keep young and beautiful. Garbo — and her cool European heiresses, Bardot and Bergman, Andress, Vitti, Loren and Moreau have moderated and learned from her method — simply took her beauty away from the camera's greedy glare. After seeing faces like Turner's and Taylor's crumble in living Technicolor, Garbo's brilliant career seems even more enviable. Be great; then be gone.

By now you'd really be in the mood for some serious Garbo-gazing. You should look in the library for a 1965 book, *Greta Garbo* (Dutton Vista Pictureback) which must be the Holy Grail of cinema books. With a text by Raymond Durgnat and photographs chosen by John Kobal, every turn of the page is a rash move, a rhapsody, a revelation.

Jean George Auriol: "Have you ever thought of the emotions let loose in the cinema's darkness, when the countenance of Greta Garbo assumes possession of the screen? What waves of love, jealousy, regrets, hatred, pity, renunciation, complaisance, immediately reverberate among, and cross-infect, the spectator?"

Female, 19, Negro, high school senior: "Sometimes after we had seen a Greta Garbo movie, my boy-friend would become so romantic that I had to send him home."

Cecilia Ager: "This tolerant goddess sees not only her own life but everybody else's, before it has been lived . . . her gestures have the same calculation, the same anxiety to treat people with perhaps too much care at the moment, because she knows what's going to happen to them in a year or two."

And the photographs — they are almost unbearable to look at. They are too *close*, too transported, especially those stills from *Flesh And The Devil* and the destroyed version of *Love*. Looking at them makes one think that Garbo was so singular because only she could reproduce *rapture* without ever edging into

Greta Garbo

the burlesque — Mae, Marilyn, Mansfield — or the melodramatic — Taylor, Gardner — or the sordid — any girl in an X Film. Indeed, the more caught up in the cyclone of physical love she was, the more saintly she seems. In love, Garbo always seems to be upon an altar.

She finally faked it, in the way most actresses take for granted, and she made sure that *Two-Faced Woman* was her last ever film. As an athletic American, with her head thrown back in laughter, Garbo at last looks brazen, self-conscious, at last aware of the camera. Courteous, wishing to avoid further embarrassment, the spell broken, Garbo retired.

She had wanted to be seen, not heard. What lemmings she makes the media-hungry petty-celebrities of today seem — so content with 15 minutes!

The silent film star understands. Mouthing off may get you noticed; but keeping quiet just might make you immortal.

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SINGLES·SINGLES·SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (1)

MADNESS: Shut Up (Stiff) . . . And when the banana daiquiris are all finished, Madness have the upper hand. What other group captures the feel and the fun of modern music's rush so well. Their singles are always right there on the pulse of the moment but still manage to stand the test of time. A hectic carnival, f'sure, but their music is as much sussed as it is sassy, has as much insight as it has frivolity. Madness are masters of a social type of social observation — problems, struggles and peculiarities are related in a friendly offhand way because the group realises that sadness and weakness is no revelation to anyone. Maybe RAR, Au Pairs and the Banshees could learn something here.

'Shut Up' is a wry spy on small-time criminal types, a step or two away from 'Absolutely' though not quite the balmy funk one has been lead to expect from album three. No matter, this is great with big chunks of frantic galloping excitement — a guitar plays a western theme of mock grandeur, lavish piano from Monsieur Barson and an ineffable MacPherson/Foreman song and lyric: *"I've got a wife and three kids, y'know/They'll tell you I'm straight, at least I think so/I'm as honest as the day is long, the longer the daylight the less I do wrong."*

Madness are still sorting through a rich heritage of folklore, British comedy and '60s bop 'n' soul and converting and circumventing the line(s) of history to make themselves the primetime pop movers of the era. Right now everything about 'Shut Up' sounds, smells and feels good and I know when I see the video it's going to look good as well.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (2)

THELMA HOUSTON: 96 Tears (RCA). Cultures are clashing, devices and idioms rub up against each other and amidst the resulting flashes and frictions fascination is nurtured. Thelma Houston is on a winner!

This ? and The Mysterions song is best known to my generation as the highlight of the Hot Rod's 'Live At The Marquee' EP. But Ms Houston totally reconstitutes the memory, looking for what can be done for the song rather than what it can do for her and gives it a smart (re)dressing.

The sound is a million miles away from the usual disco rotes and rituals, it creeps in lithely and builds up subtly rather than making one of those big brash aural face-slap entrances. The old Farfisa organ motif is cleaned up and sounds golden instead of 'tinny'; it's matched with gorgeous fatback drums, big bold basslines and a very weirdly spun out stinging string section which weaves its way in and around a clear but skillfully cut-up mix.

The Houston vocal performance turns it into a stirring anthem of pride and conviction, this season's companion piece to stormers like Candi Staton's 'Young Hearts' and Gloria Gaynor's 'I Will Survive'. The guitars deserve a special mention — just when it seemed like a good idea to melt them all down for scrap, along comes two players who take the crisp, compact Cropper-perfected '60s Stax style and vive it and jolt it up into the '80s. Tasty.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (3)

DEVO: Workin' In A Coalmine (Asylum). The Akron conceptualists come clean, learn to forget themselves and make a decent record. It's hard to go wrong with this Allen Toussaint classic and Devo give it the same sort of treatment and respect Soft Cell afford 'Tainted Love'. Basically they stick pretty much to the original but with liberal use of present day technology they manage to effect the song with a certain atmosphere of toil and grime.

Devo become kooky, tortured robots, a whole community of spudniks with their life on a conveyor belt and it suits them just fine. Their usual sticky tricks and semantics are used well — a myriad of fizzy synths coming up with an appealing variety of shapes and noises. This record also earns the second *NME* House Medal this week for doing something new with a guitar, thanks to the convoluted spider-fingered chord changes at the end of the second chorus.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (4)

BILLY OCEAN: Nights (Feel Like Getting Down) (GTO). It's a big catholic brotherhood in the Singles Of The Week house this week and there's certainly room for this masterful slick stormer. Come on in Billy and we won't mention those old end of term party favourites that mar your past.

This one was released six months ago and though it didn't do chart business, it was (ho ho) a floater and very popular at the disco. A clean shave, a fresh mouthwash, a new suit of clothes and a night on the town seem reasonable prerequisites to go with 'Nights'. The melody is slinky and stylish without being maudlin and gooey, and the lyrics are full of fire, life and optimism.

The sort of record that keeps you on your toes, eyes wide open, breath like a dragon and heart like a herd of stampeding rhinos.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (5)

BILLY FURY: Halfway To Paradise (Decca). The real Billy Fury story is a tragedy — somewhere in Britain he lies suffering, mostly unwanted and unknown to today's hucksters and hipsters. But 'Halfway To Paradise' turns up without warning or explanation this week and *that* is good news.

Fury's most celebrated moment is a massive sobbing heartache, a lion with a wounded paw, a man wracked with lovelorn agony. It's the sort of epic ballad seldom pulled off before or since — flamenco acoustics, superb stirring strings (contrasting the cellos and violins) leading up rainy avenues of cheating and deceiting. And Fury's big bold voice can turn on a dime — writhing and wrenching its way out of a sullen and sullied predicament, sounding like pre-Army Elvis at his best.

A companion complains that Decca have kept the record's original B-side rather than used this as a fitting opportunity to introduce the listener to Fury's 'Turn My Back On You', one of the greatest homegrown British rockabilly records. Still, I'm in no doubt, this is the greatest moment of any British male solo performer — *ever.*

BOB DYLAN: Lenny Bruce (CBS). Jesus Christ almighty this just has to be the woolliest and tritest lyric and vocal Bob Dylan has ever laid claim to. I've got a degree of respect for both Dylan and Bruce — they've genuinely contributed, liberated and enlightened during their time — but this just sounds like a death knell for two American legends. Dylan does his old 'Joey' trick — quick let's whitewash the issue and cry a gallon of crocodile tears before they vanish.

Lenny Bruce jacked up methedrine everyday, gouged so many holes in his body that he got gangrene, and ended up bloated and as dead as a dog in a shithouse in downtown LA. Whimpering like a granny at her own funeral, Dylan is forced to admit: *"Maybe he had some problems/Maybe some things he couldn't work out . . ."* Maybe, Bob, maybe. But he goes on: *". . . he sure was funny and he sure told the truth."* Oh well, that's fine then.

It's pure laziness on Dylan's part that he should come up with this bucket of gunge. Lenny Bruce died in the mid-'60s, so he's had long enough to think about his life and legend to know not to produce something as offensive as this song. Forget this record COMPLETELY and buy a copy of 'Highway 61 Revisited' or 'The Lenny Bruce Story' if you really want to find out about Bob Dylan and Lenny Bruce.

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS: Latin Music (Island). I never really count singles released off two month old LPs, especially when the LP is one you know well and are quite frankly a little sick of hearing. 'Fresh Fruit From Foreign Places' is simply not the LP it should be with August Darnell selling himself short far too many times, as you'll be aware of if you heard the clumsy 'I Am' single.

'Latin Music' is better — daft and deft, fluent and sexy and it's got a lazy jaunty sway which could help make the big crossover into the charts, especially if there's a video to go with it (you should see those girls!!).

Madness undoubtably fill much of the commercial territory that the Coconuts are aimed at in this country. Both groups have a big organisation but are commited to an ideal of care and attention — a pride and professionalism which over-rides any accusations of total hedonism or superficiality. However Darnell's mob are too fanciful and exotic for British tastes. That's because of what's known as The Stiff Upper Grip.

BLAM BLAM BLAM: There Is No Depression In New Zealand (Propellor). I'd say three ageing musicians ripping off The Radio Stars and five-year-old Brit punk cliches was a pretty depressing state of affairs, lads.

OUT COME THE CREEPS

MATCHBOX: Angels On A Sunday (Magnet). GODLEY AND CREME: Under Your Thumb (Polydor). Two yeucchy melodies, perfect soundtracks for car-coated, rally-cross Cortina-owning urban cowboys.

The stiff quiff heads pull into a side lane to let the boisterous young things fly past and come out with a Kenny Rogers' dum dum fantasy and a Nashville myth on their back. 'Angels On A Sunday' is such a damp squid that all the hep-cats round our way are using it to iron their peglegs rather than allowing it to turn into a useless puddle on the turntable.

Meanwhile the Flanders and Swann of the Campari set revisit the equally watery 'I'm Mandy Fly Me' for the inspiration to 'Under Your Thumb' — another silly woman gets herself topped, this time it's a train, not a plane, crash and (even better) it's a case of *suicide*, officer. It sounds like it was written on a drowsy afternoon when the chaps had nothing better to do — one ear to Rick Wakeman, one ear to Gary Numan and one eye on the cricket, one eye on the gutter press.

Zero artistic integrity, consummate commercial appeal.

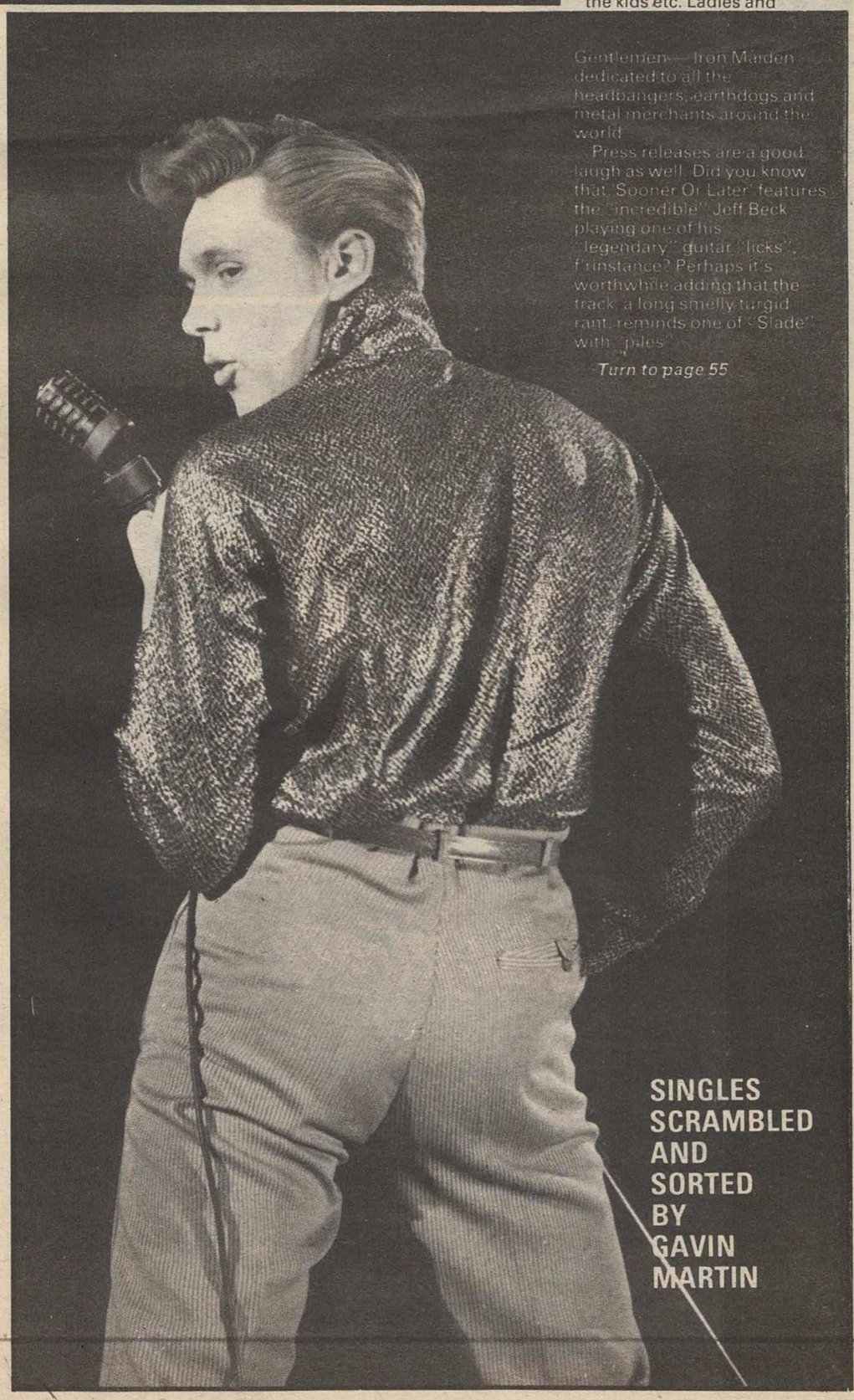
IRON MAIDEN: Maiden Japan (EMI). COZY POWELL: Sooner Or Later (Polydor). Can countless millions be wrong? Can you argue with so many decibels? Look — hundreds of empty beer cans, oily denims, mandies, tight leathers, greasy pastie suppers, more mandies, lewd jeers, big shiny motorbikes, demonic insignia. His eyes were sore now, his sighs long and lethargic and he began to fidget restlessly. This labyrinth of fortifications, what could it be guarding, what was the 'open sesame' to their illusion of savage debauchery?

Cold wheels on steel. A thunderous roar. A merciless untuned motor crushing a singer of high-grade flatulence and low-grade technique. That's the cue, that's the magic carpet. Hop aboard and you too can — live outside the law, look for devil woman and do battle with the future. And there they are emerging strong and brave over their competitors, being honest and staying committed blah blah . . . only did it for the kids etc. Ladies and Gentlemen — Iron Maiden dedicated to all the headbangers, earthdogs and metal merchants around the world.

Press releases are a good laugh as well. Did you know that 'Sooner Or Later' features the "incredible" Jeff Beck playing one of his "legendary" guitar "licks", f'instance? Perhaps it's worthwhile adding that the track, a long smelly turgid rant, reminds one of "Slade" with "piles".

Turn to page 55

MADNESS AND FURY IN PARADISE



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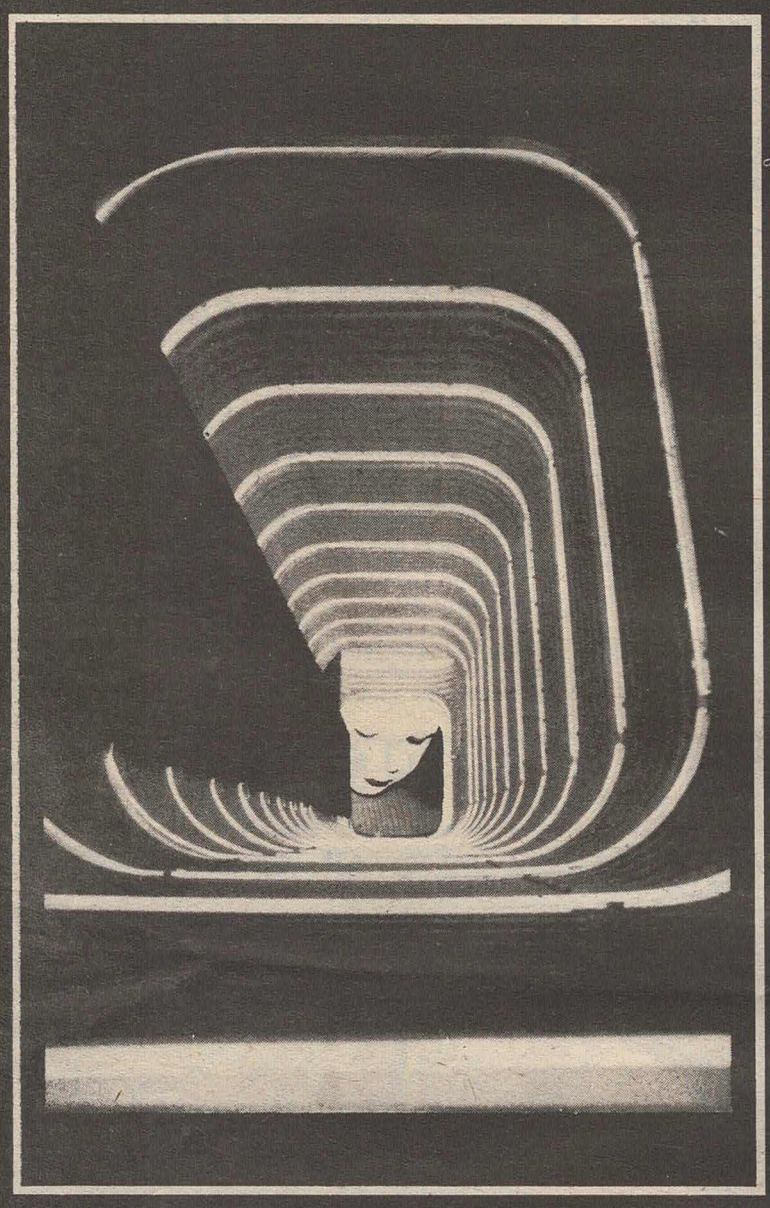

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Virgin

"BRING ON THE CARNIVAL PEOPLE!" barks the authoritative voice of a stage manageress, who is trying to instill a sense of urgency into the final dress rehearsal before a rare live *Top Of The Pops* broadcast, now only three hours away.

In the coffee bar outside the studio nobody responds. Well, going by the gaudy array of costumes, she could be calling anyone, be they the Dollar drum majorettes, the cosmopolitan-clothed Funkapolitan or even the assembled cast of the BBC's next prestige production *Nancy Astor,* what with their showy Victorian evening dress.

As it happens, she's paging the obvious: the train of mardi gras extras brought along to illustrate Modern Romance's ridiculous and opportunistic 'Everybody Salsa'. Evidently the producer's limited idea of "good television" overrules quality control.

Aware of *TOTP's* visual limitations, John Foxx — looking like a stylish cross between Rhett Butler and Beau Brummell — has assembled his own props. "Meet my drummer," he says, introducing the majestic bust he's carrying under his arm. His TV group is fleshed out by human sculptures Eddie Maelov, resplendent in Noel Coward lounge suit, and Sunshine Patterson, in elegant evening gown.

"He's here to remake *The Great Gatsby,*" John joshes Eddie.

"And Sunshine's, eh, late for *the wedding,*" Eddie kids his partner.

Meanwhile a bunch of office boys have strayed onto the set — oh my God it's OMITD after a colour supplement primer in American preppiness.

Sitting in the middle of this fanciful costume ball, this week's number one unit Soft Cell appear to be cinderellas — and that's despite singer Marc Almond's wristloads of bracelets and studs and the brassy gold necklaces dangled around his neck. Bemused by their chart bedfellows, Soft Cell scan this evening's roll call.

"John Foxx, Gary Numan, Teardrop Explodes, Orchestral Manoeuvres, us — it'll be dry ice a-go-go tonight," predicts Marc with a giggle and a groan.

Actually, Numan couldn't make it, but he has sent his video. So, apart from The Human League, who weren't invited although 'Love Action' had yoyoed up to number three, tonight's *TOTP* is a valuable survey of the ever evolving electro-disco beat — from pioneer John (Ultra) Foxx, through popularizers Numan and OMITD to former pupils Soft Cell.

Soft Cell have absorbed their lessons well. 'Tainted Love' — once a Northern disco hit for Marc Bolan's wife Gloria Jones — is one of the most assured and stunning syn-ful dance singles released this year. In its combination of steamline software simplicity and sensual throb it reinforces NY heroes Suicide's experiments in emotion-tugging electronics without repeating them directly, as they had done previously with the earlier 'Memorabilia'.

They've taken the whole thing a step further on the 12 inch version, which effortlessly merges with the B-side version of The Supremes' 'Where Did Our Love Go' via an extremely inventive, cool melodic burn down. Natural little touches like that contribute to 'Tainted Love's' transcendence of genre prejudices. They elevate it, and by implication the whole electro-bop, above the fickle clutches of the fad fiends and place it in the public arena where it belongs.

Nobody should be surprised, hurt or disappointed that Soft Cell are sitting pretty at the top of the BBC charts.

ALONE, LATIN tinged trumpet sounds through the corridors and seeps all askew and offkey into Soft Cell's dressing room. The duo make an odd couple — "It wasn't planned that way," they assure me.

Singer Marc Almond, from Southport, is small, effervescent and giggly; and musician David Ball, from Blackpool, is tall, laconic, almost morose and more conscientiously artisan than artist. Unsurprisingly Marc dominates the conversation.

"There," he sighs, "I've gone and hogged the interview again."

Marc plays frontman with relish — all Liberace gestures and varying voice pitches — while David is the natural straightman who is still wondering what all the fuss is about. What with the former's flutterings and the latter's refusal to participate in the creation of the Soft Cell myth, the duo were at first comfortably dismissed as vague and flighty futurists prepared to ride whatever bandwagon was available.

The first one to happen along was the 'Some Bizzare Album' compilation put together by East End futurist DJ and lovable pest Stevo. When it came out, the Some Bizzare boys were seen as poor relations to the more stylish publicists of the Spandau Ballet/Rusty Egan set. Stood up against Spandau svengali Steve Dagger, or even Blue Rondo's Chris Sullivan, Stevo appeared as little more than a court jester.

However, as Spandau and Blue Rondo's attempts to stay ahead have resulted in increasingly absurd fads, the unforced emergence of one time bizzaro groups Depeche Mode and Soft Cell sets the whole operation in a far better light. Compare, for instance, Spandau Ballet's degeneration from kitschy visionaries into hack funk plagiarists with Soft Cell's rise from the rather trashy aesthetes behind the Bizzare song 'Girl With The Patent Leather Face' to dance hall favourites and decide for yourselves who's created the New Soul Version. And suddenly it becomes apparent that Stevo was closer to the pulse than the rest.

"Stevo has been knocked an awful lot," states Marc. "He's been called all sorts of things. Paul Morley said, which was really untrue, that 'Some Bizzare' was a nice sort of home for all these little groups that nobody wanted. Well, nobody knew whether to want them or not then because they were unknown. I admire Stevo for going out to be untrendy, for turning down groups who were already well known and who were prepared to be on the album, accepting the Futurist tag and all."

Whatever, 'Some Bizzare Album' just wasn't very good. Groups like themselves and Depeche Mode have improved upon the original premise, and B-Movie promise to do the same. Otherwise 'Some Bizzare' was a plainly uninspired collection of groups grappling gamely with the blueprints of originals like Kraftwerk and Suicide. Being something of a purist, David is less tolerant than his partner of the electro boppers who've slavishly followed the patterns of the masters.

"All the originals get left behind," he mutters ruefully. "Kraftwerk should have got much higher in the charts. They're the innovators of this electronic dance music and they're so much better than all these shitty little things. . ."

Marc collapses into shrill, slightly embarrassed gigles, but David continues undeterred.

". . .that get into the charts. It's true," he asserts. "I'm just saying what I think, you know. It makes me sick to see all these stupid little kids with scarves tied around their heads playing what Kraftwerk were doing four years ago. It just irritates me."

David is painfully aware of the fact that detractors — like myself — once used to dismiss Soft Cell with similar disdain.

"I don't consider ourselves as part of that," he baldly states. "We don't emphasise that we're an electronic or synthesizer group. It's just an instrument that we use — it's versatile and we like it."

Soft Cell have gone beyond the stage of infatuation with all things mechanical. They've soaked up ideas and forms, which they've since subordinated to their own needs, as opposed to lapsing into the dumb, cliched worshipping of machinery. Because they don't wear their art like a badge they've sometimes been considered superficial dilettantes.

"We're not dilettante at all," responds Marc, reasonably. "If we were like that, we could have made easy, safe moves all along. But we wanted to put emotion into electronic music. We were sick of people saying that electronic music was to suck your cheeks into, or to pose against the Berlin wall to. On the other hand if we wanted to be pop stars, which in a way nauseates me, we could have been really obvious and shallow. We could've made 'Everybody Salsa', you know."

He pauses; a look of fear clouds his face: "There, now they'll never speak to me again."

SOFT CELL emerged from the twin backgrounds of Leeds Art College and Northern Soul. Though first and foremost soulboys, they didn't meet on the dancefloor but in a classroom at the aforementioned college where Marc was studying performance art on the same course, incidentally, as Indian rubber man Fad Gadget

THE NORTHERN BEAT GOES ON: A SOFT CELL CHOICE

Dance Dance Dance — The Casualeers
Turn the Beat Around — Vikki Sue Robinson
Get Ready — Temptations
Competition Ain't Nothing — Little Carl Carlton
Crackin' Up Over you — Tommy Hunt
1-2-3 — Len Barry
Run Baby Run — The Newbeats
Afternoon Of The Rhino — The Mike Post Coalition
You're Ready Now — Franki Valli
Thumb A Ride — Earl Wright Orchestra

and David was just "fiddling about with synthesizers".

Their performance training isn't immediately apparent from their *TOTP* 'Tained Love' show — David does the standing still quite well, while Marc twitches engagingly through a clumsy set of extravagant gestures barely in sync with the rods — but it was a valuable grounding.

"It instilled in us the need to be independent," recalls Marc, "because the course we were doing consisted of being put into a big studio with all these facilities and then being told: 'Right whatever you do, go ahead and do it. It's all up to you and you've got three years to make something out of it.'"

Marc performed, David produced the soundtrack. What they did then isn't relevant now, says David. Marc more helpfully expands:

"For me my performance art background is only important because it gave me the confidence to get out there on stage. It was just, like, excercising myself in getting up onstage and not caring if I make a fool of myself. After that, it's just a case of looking back on things you did three years ago and feeling a little red faced about them, if only because your ideas improve a lot in the meantime."

More telling is their apprenticeship in Northern teen disco — *NOT* the sophisticated clubs where the DJ plays a never ending stream of jazz funk imports from New York that nobody recognizes or indeed would bother taking home with them. Their roots are in a poppier dance, in the tunes that occasionally make the charts; 'Tainted Love' is their tribute to the teen dance.

"We both like Northern soul, '60s music and the 12 inch record," explains Marc. "We thought we would try to bring that '60s sound and style of song into the '80s, but the problem was of how to do a 12 inch of 'Tainted Love' without doing the boring, very standard thing of stripping it all down to the bass and drums and re-editing the sound, which is putting me off 12 inches in a way.

"Then we had the idea of doing an instrumental bit in the middle and going into another song at the end, almost like a medley tribute to where we come from, those songs that made an impression on us. It was originally just going to include a few bars of 'Where Did Our Love Go?' but we liked the way it turned out and included the whole song.

"And we even had a slight tongue in cheek drum break in the middle — that's the crashing of dustbin lids and syn drums."

Before talking to Soft Cell, it was easy to think that the radical leap in quality from the earlier 'Memorabilia's' Suicide-made-painless to the distinctive torch reading of 'Tainted Love' was more down to producer Mike Thorne than the duo. The wonderful segue, for instance, is a disco producer's trademark. However, it becomes apparent that it was the duo who went in with the ideas and Mike Thorne made them work. It wasn't the production of 'Memorabilia' that was at fault, but the song itself. The duo still quite like it, though they acknowledge the sound improvements of their hit.

"We had liked Mike Thorne's production of Wire," says Marc, "and anyway he is a less obvious choice of producer than Daniel Miller (the mute man who produced 'Memorabilia') for electronic music. we're very pleased the way things have turned with Mike and we're going to New York soon to record a new single and LP with him."

'Tainted Love' could mark the beginning of the end of their longstanding love afair with disco. Being a Friday night DJ at Leeds Warehouse, Marc Almond is fully aware of all its trends and innovations, its emotions and fluctuations. But these days its appeal is wearing thin — the music's either too distressingly uniform or too unconvincing in its fickleness.

"You can't go on forever on the dance floor," admits Mark ruefully. "There is still some great disco coming out, but it's coming to wear a little thin on me. I hate this new Latin music, though the real Latin music is great. I mean, how can people who have no roots in Puerto Rico bring out this kind of real personal music?

"I think it's really depressing," he sighs wistfully. "If that's going to be played at the disco then *I'm* staying at home. I hope the fad doesn't last, then the people who genuinely like it can stay with it and leave behind the people who just like wearing Spanish hats."

He pauses for breath, then continues the assault: "It's the same with funk as well. There's some good stuff, but most of it is horrible. The only funk that is different and exciting is James Chance And The Contortions."

Dave concurs, griping: "There's a lot of rehash, nothing new. . ."

. . .until Marc interrupts with loud handclaps and absurd chant (number 3?): *"Get on down to those dancing feet/Get on down to that Latin beat!"*

"If this is the new innovatory funk," he sneers, "then I'm sorry — where have *I been* for the past few years? The real new funk isn't Spandau Ballet's 'Chant Number One', it's people like Cabaret Voltaire. Some things on their 'Voice Of America' have a very James Brown feel."

Disillusioned with the dance floor, where do you turn to from here, Marc?

"To the bedroom, I think," he giggles. "It's getting to the stage where we've said what needs to be said about that, about going out and having fun. . .and then come the tears.

"Our writing is getting more personal, a bit deeper and a lot sadder. It's about reaching into the stuff and writing things that you have to feel about. Sad, so-called serious music can be entertaining, too. The Walker Brothers, for example made real emotional music that made you feel all funny inside, after which you felt happy."

SOFT CELL are one of the few units who have a genuine claim on the new cabaret, even if theirs is as much Batley Variety Club as the Berlin kind. Their entertainment is effusively emotional in the showbiz tradition, ridiculously expressive, mildly satirical/comical and hilariously self-indulgent.

"If nobody else is going to dance I certainly am, "boasts Marc.

And in the best tradition of Northern variety it's also a little grubby. For reasons known only to themselves, they've taken to having publicity shots done in sex shops with peculiar props. Offensive? Sexist? Not really, just daft.

David: "We like people to think that there is something shady or seedy in our backgrounds that nobody knows anything about."

Have you?

"We're not saying!"

"We're not interested in being clean and goody-goody," explains Marc. "We like writing songs about sex and trash. We did that conciously to get a dirtier image really. The LP will be called 'Nonstop Erotic Cabaret'."

"We got one song from a *News Of The World* headline 'Sex Dwarf Lures A 100 Disco Dollies To A Life Of Vice,' he laughs. "We felt it just had to be put down and immortalized."

To the people who have to sell them Soft Cell are depressingly difficult to pin down. Neither angstvoll nor mechanical, they match cool electronics with body-heated emotion.

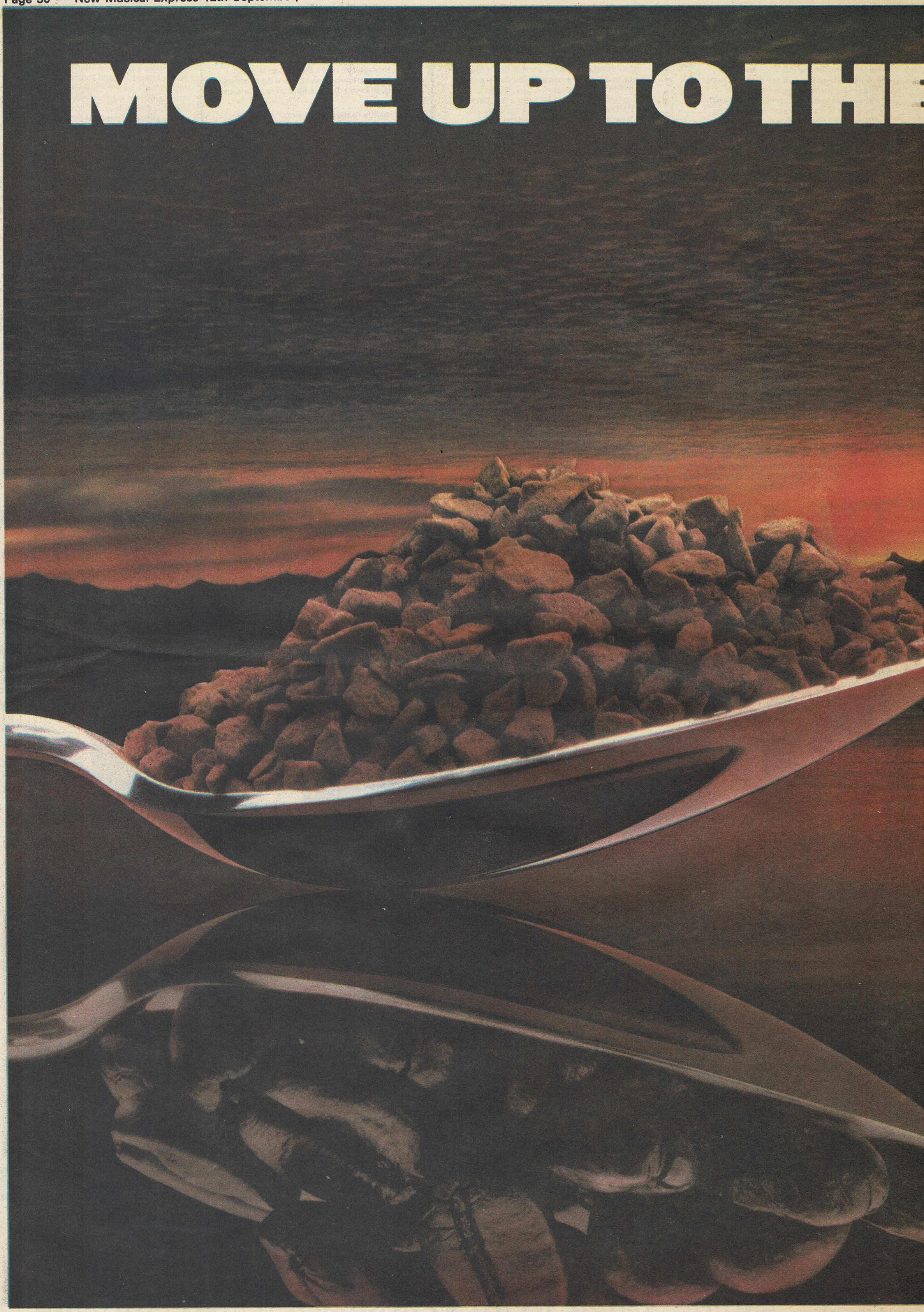
"People tell us that we're directionless," admits Marc. "Well, if I had a plan and knew what I would be doing in three years I wouldn't bother. It's more exciting to be directionless — this is the perfection that we're aiming towards. We want to be aware of everything — people's feelings, the media, trivia, deepness, everything! And if that's beign dilettante and directionless than *I am* dilettante and directionless and GLAD!"

SLEEPING PARTNERS

David & Mark

Chris Bohn investigates some strange happenings with Soft Cell and Top Of The Pops. Pennie Smith witnesses some weird scenes inside a hotel bedroom.

MOVE UP TO THE



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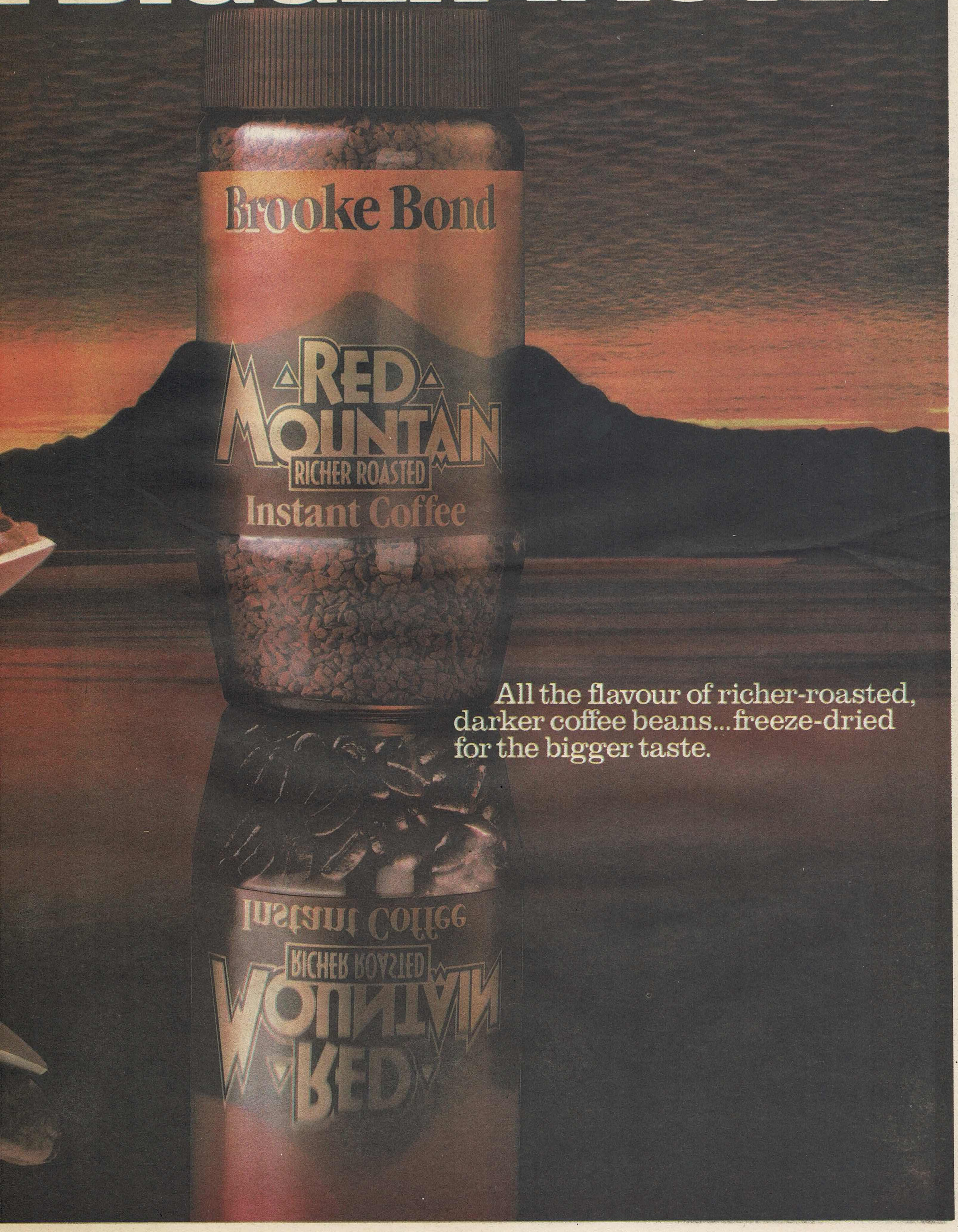
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Chrysalis Records & Tapes

Dervish dance in the temple

RIP RIG & PANIC
God (Uh Huh)

FINALLY. A group comes out with the sass, nerve, conceit and eagerness to let fly at those unhallowed barriers of jazz, rock, funk — any kinda wave you want — and make it WORK. Rip Rig & Panic stand in the temple, spit on their palms and turn over the tables — 'God' is an act of faith in tumult. The manifesto — as declared in the whirling blast of 'Constant Drudgery Is Harmful To SOUL, SPIRIT and HEALTH' — is *"Get up with it! Higher-Higher-Higher!"*

It's about time. This puerile whining about jazz being taboo'd by the necessity of fantastic technique is sour wrong headedness. It's not fast fingering that makes cats like Julius Hemphill, Arthur Blythe or Cecil Taylor great — it's the way they choose their notes, hit their sound, know what to pile in or leave out. It's about intuition and experience as well as knowledge. Bawl 'purist' all you like, but the value of dues-paying is in the music and no charlatan liberators are going to change that.

There's a need for reappraisal elsewhere, though: let's drop this dozy use of 'jazz' as some mythic touchstone of integrity, flipped in by writers when they hear some queer instrumental flourish or embraced by musicians keen for some left-field kudos. Jazz is a black music, but most new black players seem to hate the term.

Rip Rig & Panic aren't bothered by facile categories, anyways. 'Go Go Go (THIS IS IT)' was a neat pulse racer, but 'God' unleashes a demon the single only hinted at. Releasing four sides of 12" 45 is both brilliant and infuriating — the grooves unpeel the music so fast you're roughed right out of yourself, but you have to rush to change discs three times (tape it!).

So what's this noise all about? Try this: an ordered but unruly barking of saxophones and voices, overrun by a splintery barrage of pianos, moored by charge 'em rhythms meted out like exclamation marks. You're sent spinning round and round a harsh grained, cavernous mix like a wall of death rider.

Which all sounds very muddled and scrambled. But the palliative ace is the group's insistence on structure and coherence. None of the 15 tracks are allowed to collapse into useless squabbling or vacuous pyrotechnics; credit due here to drummer Bruce Smith, whose unerring grasp of funk into free rhythms is writ very large throughout.

It's a mutual excellence. Gareth Sager's maverick gifts are at last harnessed to their just effect. I'm sick of all these short-winded, quavering saxists bleating through far too much New Gothick music; Sager tightens his lip, chomps into his reed and hollers in a style King Curtis might give the nod to. Hear the declamatory mourning on the swamp hollow mystery of 'Try Box Out Of This Box'! The coughed up riffs and cheeky hysteria of 'Shadows Only There Because Of The Sun'! Smith and bassie Sean Oliver are immaculately nimble, massively appropriate; Neneh Cherry (guess it must be her famous dad The Don who blows a distant spiral on 'Need (De School You)') sings a little, delivering lines like *"Get your elbow out of the soup — you're sitting on a chicken"* with a girlie grin that makes Ari Up, also present, seem old and toothless.

Success is clinched by Mark Springer's keyboards. If he plays all the parts then he's a devilish practitioner and the vital lynchpin between Sager and Smith. Frenetic Tayloresque showcases like 'WILHELM Show Me The Diagram' give him no trouble, but he's aware enough melodically to dream up 'The Blue Blue Third', an interlude that might have been lifted straight from Jarrett's 'Koln Concert'.

Some of The Pop Group's old concerns are still here; but 'BEWARE (Our Leaders Love The Smell Of Napalm)' is protest seen through very wide eyes, while 'Knee Deep In Shit' trades a fantasy of bopscat for Mark Stewart's humourless yowling.

There are wild spirits at work here: tough music to be made, and Rip Rig & Panic have the chops and guts to do it. They've still to sort it out livewise, but 'God' bursts with an unfeigned excitement that *can't* miss. In eschewing the politics of hedonism (Chance) and the inward spiral of claustrophobia (Ulmer), I reckon these cats (not a term I bestow lightly) might just have cracked it.

Richard Cook

Get up with it. Rip Rig & Panic. *Pic: David Corio.*

VARIOUS
Hot You're Hot (Island Tapes)

WHEN you're hot you're hot . . . and this one positively sizzles with incandescent dance floor firepower, dipping and spinning from muggy Manhattan to funky Nassau and Harry J's to Japan via the heart of the Congo.

A cassette-only compilation of 12 of Island Records' finest musical moments, this sort of stuff *should have* already provided the perfect popular soundtrack to a stormy, sweltering summer.

Should have . . . just stop, look and listen to some of the ingredients! When you've got Grace, something Sugar-Coated, some Heads, something Plastic, a Wailer and a brace of Revolutionaries, the cake you cook could hardly fail to be anything but hot and spicy.

Should have . . . but for some reason, some inexplicable stoned lethargy in the Island marketing machine, the label have garnered ONLY ONE HIT, courtesy of the Tom Tom Club, from their arresting array of new dance talent. For the sheer quality, diversity and depth of their current cast — as showcased on this cassette — that is simply pathetic.

What is the point in assembling what is undoubtedly the summer's most stunning roster if you make nothing of it? Music belongs to the people? It is about time they proved it.

Maybe 'Hot You're Hot' will do just that, although cassette compilations hardly have a habit of turning up in the albums chart. That said — sermon over — this is a superbly-segued shaft of non-stop dance delight, an ultimate party tape or cruising cassette for summer '81.

It is certainly far too noisy, too impolite, for solo-Stowaway listening. Pump it out of a Panasonic Portable and ponder Tom Tom Club's 'Wordy Rappinghood'; slip to Sly 'n' Robbie's drastic revision of the Yarborough And Peoples' hit 'Don't Stop The Music'; dip, dip, dip to Bunny Wailer's 'Walk The Proud Land'; hop to Coati's 'Que Pasa'; swerve to Grace Jones' calypsofied 'Feel Up'; slide to Sly's 'Hot You're Hot'; shake to the percussive punch of Pablo's 'Bo Mbanda'; marvel at the Was's 'Out Come The Freaks' and wind up in love listening to The Paragons' pristine 'Make Up On The Beach'.

The only tracks that cut against the general grain of the compilation are the rejuvenated Robert Palmer's outdated 'Looking For Clues' and the two Jap-technopop picks — The Plastic's 'Copy' and Riuichi Sakamoto's 'Warhead' — both of which tend to destroy the essential harmony and dance sense of the tape. Not that they are worthless pieces of music; just that they seem well out of place here.

But the rest! Some of these Island acts have given me as much pleasure this summer as Ian Botham, Le Beat Route, a Bournemouth bank holiday, Blue Rondo and the passionate friend I stumbled drunkenly into one evening at the Club For Heroes . . .

Now let's see them sell some records! Play loud and enlist the neighbourhood. All together now: RAMSAMSAMARAMSAMAM - KUNIKUNIKUNIKUNI - RAMSAMSAM!

Adrian Thrills

Sticky tape dance sense

SCOTT WALKER
Fire Escape In The Sky: The Godlike Genius Of Scott Walker (Zoo)

COPE'S FOLLY, an ivory tower set in a landscape of colonnades and courtyards: somewhere within, the lonely ghost of Scott Engel Walker wanders through its dusty rooms and picks over his memories. An obsessive privacy detailed and played out through twelve strange songs. What can be made now of this musty portfolio, bound religiously in a bar green on grey sleeve? Murky, self pitying tales of an isolationist's cautionary brushes with the horrid real world? The forlorn musings of this Godlike genius — a worthless rapture, a wasted nobility?

I should declare my allegiance to this weighty legacy. It *was* an extraordinary attempt to project a bruisingly personal worldview from a stance that seemed to mock the traditional cabaret crooner; and the climactic 'Scott 4', which contributes three tracks here, is still a draining experience.

'Fire Escape In The Sky' starts and ends with the two most tortured songs Walker ever came up with. 'Such A Small Love' and 'Always Coming Back To You' (both from his first LP) are graphic shots of a man on the rack, bittersweetened by the lustrous elegance of the music. Therein lies the paradox which seemed to ultimately break Scott Walker: his lyrics displayed a poisoned sensitivity, an urgent but helpless concern, but they were tempered by an immaculate and often overlooked understanding of melody. Every song is bedecked with a tune tailored instinctively to (yes) greatness of utterance.

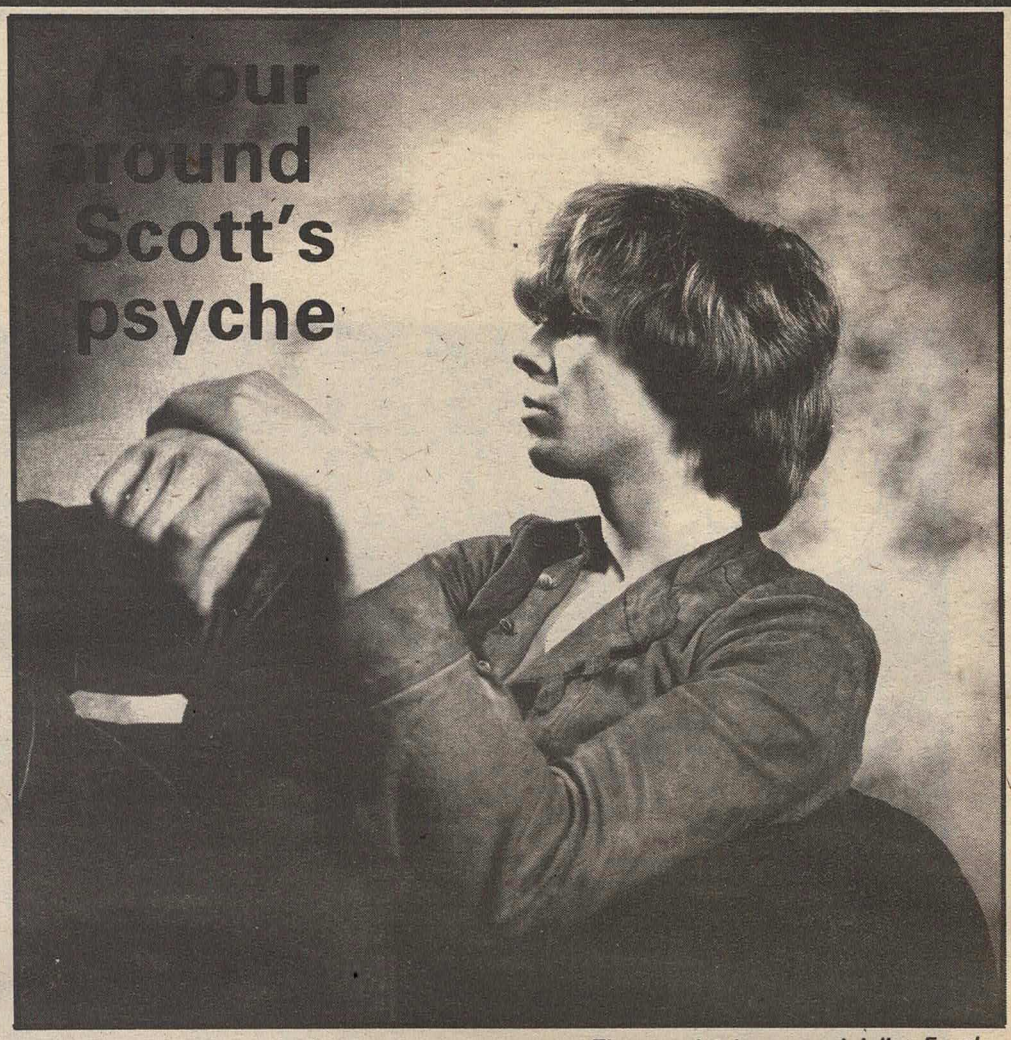
By 'Scott 4', the trick had been fully mastered. The supremely enigmatic 'Angels Of Ashes' and 'Boy Child' are riveting set-pieces — the latter especially, which has an intro of supernatural chill before the voice looms up like a galleon coming out of fog.

Age has curdled some of the tracks. Scott's huge tenor rings down a dozen years or more with the same resonance, but the grand-iloquence of the orchestrations creaks a little, the boomingly ornate production flaking with an antiquated veneer. Those four solo records — monumental! — had to stand years of neglect, and to pillage them now for a backward glance does threaten to blow over a reputation that is easily overblown.

As befits a fan's indulgence, Cope's selection has its idiosyncrasies. 'Girls From The Streets' tries to be raddled with cheap booze but ends up as angst in a rented tuxedo; 'Little Things', the sole inclusion from the later "Til The Band Comes In', is jarringly bouncy; and while 'The Seventh Seal' casts a hypnotic spell of foreboding it should surely have made way for the vital 'The Old Man's Back Again'. The icicle gleam of 'Winter Night' and parable in oils of 'The Bridge' are also much missed. Still, what remains makes a disturbing enough tour around the Engel psyche.

Taken purely as solitary small hours introspection, 'Fire Escape In The Sky' can stand alone. The only comparable genre piece is Sinatra's ancient Capitol LP 'Only The Lonely' (there's a clue!). Yet, finally, it appears almost as a curio: a doubtlessly affectionate but frozen homage from a new pop star to an older one, a clutter of faded mezzotints. An enticing, engrossing summary, but if you want to understand the impossible aspirations and the heroic failure as they truly were, there is really no alternative to searching out 'Scott' through 'Scott 4'. 'Fire Escape In The Sky': Scott Walker, a dropped stitch in time.

Richard Cook



The completely unposed Julian Engel.

RICHARD THOMPSON
Strict Tempo (Elixir)

'STRICT TEMPO' is the first release on Richard and Linda Thompson's own Elixir label. It's an instrumental LP, largely of traditional folk music, played by Richard on an array of multi-tracked instruments — electric and acoustic guitars, banjo, mandolin, mandocello, dobro, penny whistle, harmonium, dulcimer — with help from his old Fairports' comrade Dave Mattacks on drums.

A more modest affair than the Thompson's previous work, 'Strict Tempo' is a work of great craftsmanship and evident pleasure. Any fear that it might come across as an academic exercise is dispelled by the vitality and swing of the opening Irish reels, 'New Fangled Flogging Reel' and 'Kerry Reel'. The remainder of the first side is devoted to traditional music, mostly of Scottish or Irish origin, and mostly dance music — a folkie's feast of reels, airs, jigs, polkas and hornpipes.

My own favourites are the slower pieces — a plaintive 'Banish Misfortune' on acoustic guitar and 'Do It For My Sake', an 18th/early 19th century Irish tune played here on two mandolins and mandocello; one of those simple, haunting, heartbreaking ballads so typical of the Celtic tradition.

Side two is more varied, opening with a "string band" version of the Duke Ellington Orchestra's 1931 jazz swinger 'Rockin' In Rhythm' and taking in a Moroccan tune and a new Thompson composition as well as more of the traditional dances, notably a trilogy of lovely Scottish waltzes.

'Strict Tempo' is low-key, off-beat; a labour of love, an unlikely delight. Thompson's playing is faultless: taking care not to let his staggering versatility overshadow the

GREGORY ISAACS
More Gregory (Pre)
Best Of Gregory Isaacs Vol. 2 (GG)

THERE is no shortage of Gregory Isaacs albums at the moment, and the addition of another couple to the rack is no surfeit. As far as these ears are concerned, no reggae singer since Marley has displayed Isaacs' ability to move from songs of militant response to sufferation and tribulation to the extremes of lovey-dovey stuff without any incongruity or shift on the integrity-o-meter. Only Dennis Brown even comes close.

Whichever aspect of existence Isaacs may be dealing with at any given moment, he stays on the cool side of the fence. His voice is rarely raised — in fact, his voice is *never* raised in the way that Marley or Spear would raise theirs — but his singing hardens and softens to express all the varieties and shades of meaning that his music requires. Gregory Isaacs' voice is an instrument of extreme strength, subtlety and flexibility, simultaneously relaxing and inspiring.

'More Gregory' follows up his collection for Pre, 'The Lonely Lover' and it's mostly love songs of one sort or another, self-produced and backed up by the Roots Radix band — Flabba Holt, Style

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	Album	Cassette
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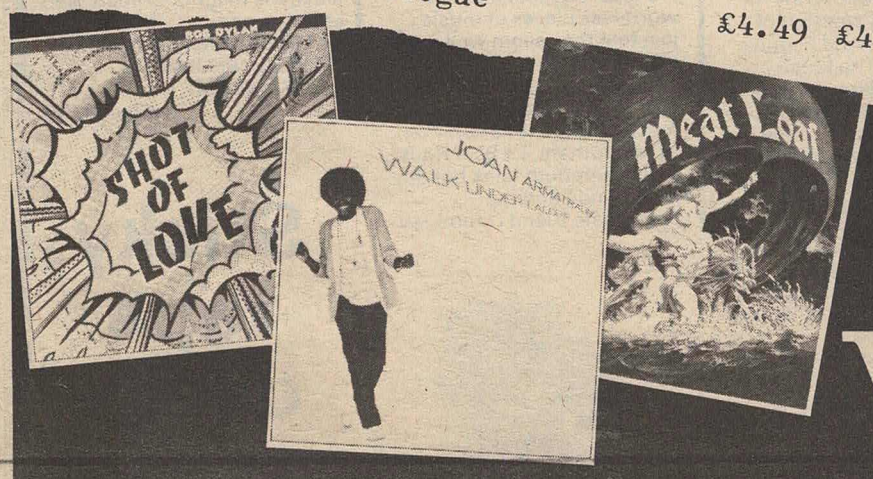

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Prices correct at time of going to press. Subject to availability, while stocks last.

WHSMITH

Scott and the rest of the crew whose work at Channel One crops up on so many Greensleeves albums — though Sly and Robbie crop up on three tracks. It includes 'Front Door', which cropped up as an import on Isaacs' African Museum label a few months ago, 'Confirm Reservation', a derivative of his epochal 'Wailing Rudy' from last year, 'Permanent Lover' (on which he sighs for *'a permanent lover I can control'* — huh!) and lot of other stuff that's gorgeously silky and undoubtedly charms birds off trees with monotonous regularity.

The GG 'Best Of' is altogether harder stuff concerned with more serious topics, though it's no less listenable. Backed by The Revolutionaries and dealing more with sufferation than romance, the mixture of plaintiveness and ferocity in Isaacs' voice on songs like 'Tumbling Tears', 'Foot Stool', 'A Riot' and 'Village Of The Under Privilege' is a serious thing indeed. It would be most satisfying if Gregory Isaacs got the same commercial push as, say, Black Uhuru, since he at least equals Michael Rose as a vocalist and songwriter, but while he dodges around between such a variety of labels it seems unlikely that it would be worth the while of any one of them to spend that much money.

Charles Shaar Murray

integrity of the music, he provides a caring and spirited rendition of popular forms we're in danger of consigning to isolated pubs, old 78s and dusty manuscripts. Hot hoots! The Jimmy Shand revival starts here!

('Strict Tempo' is available on mail order from Elixir Records, PO Box 472, London SW7 2BQ for £4.50, inclusive of P&P).

Graham Lock

Rebel, nimble, Fall: repeat

THE FALL
Early Years (Step-Forward Records)

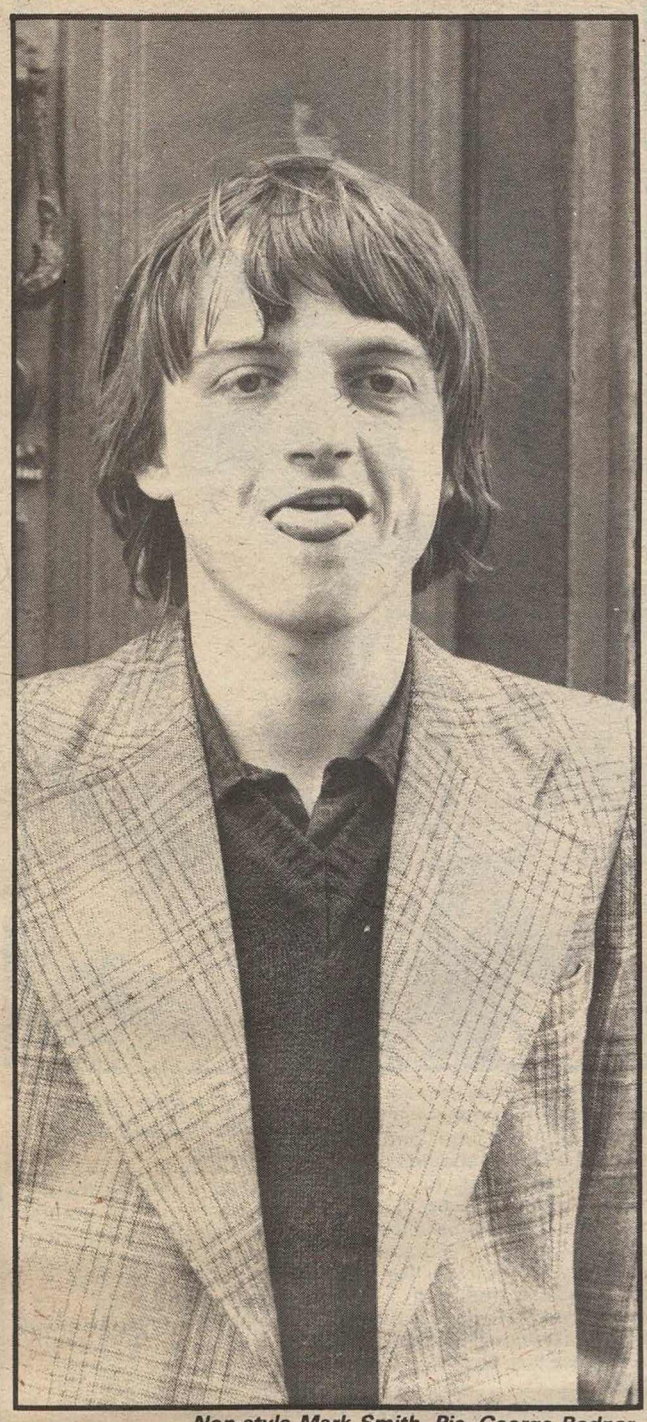
MOST of the material on this compilation will already be a treasured part of the dedicated Fall fan's record collection. (With subsequent live versions of the wonderful Rowche Rumble and Fiery Jack on Totales Turns).

I doubt that newcomers to the group would go out of their way for this L.P., and so, besides the avid collector, I can't see much demand for this slice of Fall history. Furthermore; I would not have thought that the Fall would really approve of a retrospective collection of this nature. (It's almost an admission of current redundancy.)

More worrying still, is that this album doesn't include any of the tracks from their first album 'Live at the Witch Trials'. And songs like 'Frightened', 'Rebellious Jukebox', 'Industrial Estate' are surely as much a part of the ture spirit of the early Fall as a lot of the songs on this collection.

Worthwhile, if only as a reminder of the excellent 'Repetition', 'It's the New Thing', 'Psykick Dancehall' . . . But tainted with the faint odour of cash-in.

Kirsty McNeill



Non-style Mark Smith. Pic. George Bodnar

CAYENNE
Roberto Who? (Groove)

THE DOWNFALL of so many of this present tide of jazz affected young bands is the inability to cross from the singles (disco and radio) audience, to the albums market that will make them the bankable proposition that recording and management companies are looking for. Cayenne's problem is the reverse. They appear to be natural long players, yet feel the need to prove themselves in the singles stakes.

Their South Americanish sound will by now have been filed under 'Salsa', and the plan must be to ride the current fad with the title track (a single release) and a couple of other uptempo failsafes. That is about the worst thing they could do, as not only do they seem ill at ease with this fast stuff, but there is much too much strong competition in that league (the elitist Blue Rhondo, the spirited if unco-ordinated Modern Romance and the entire Ze organization). What Cayenne do best is the late night/long drive stuff, which a lot of their peers either can't cope with or choose to ignore.

In Cayenne's handling of the slower tracks, there is an attitude seldom found over here. They have managed to keep it in collective and individual balance, by making the solos short and effective and the basic tracks simple. Thus they are interesting rather than dull, intricate but resisting the temptation to be poncey, and manage to get across the same kind of calm that was present in the early days of fusion when people like D. Byrd, G. Harris and H. Hancock were doing it.

It's a shame Cayenne didn't have the confidence to go with that all the way, as who is going to buy half an album? But hopefully they will get another chance and by then will have realized that they are good enough to do without the gimmicks.

Lloyd Bradley

ARETHA FRANKLIN
Love All The Hurt Away (Arista)

THERE are moments on this album, boy are there moments. Like when Aretha holds a note and lets it sail round your head and bring rich feelings and bare beauty to your peace of mind. Or when she imparts a series of notes that soar and soar. The voice boils over and pours out torrents of unimaginable passion.

But such moments are the aural equivalent of trying to catch snowflakes, they quickly melt away as the listener is forced to wade through fussy, over-elaborate arrangements and songs that in anybody else's hands would be dull and sloppy (check the George Benson passages on 'Love All The Truth Away' for proof).

Aretha is an artist afloat, without any bearings she's at a loss as to how best draw the most from her extraordinary talent. Instead of feeding off the close knit hot house of Atlantic acitivity in the 60s golden days she's scrambling about through contemporary trends looking for the mercurical matchmaking and the mighty magic of old.

But without the discipline, without the tautness and without the feeling I fear we will never hear the like again.

Gavin Martin

JMARTYN

● PLEASE FALL IN LOVE WITH ME

NEW SINGLE

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STEVIE WONDER
Down To Earth (Tamla Motown)
Up Tight (Tamla Motown)
THE TEMPTATIONS
Cloud Nine (Tamla Motown)
Masterpiece (Tamla Motown)
SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES
Tears Of A Clown (Tamla Motown)

AREN'T record companies lovely: with one hand Motown edit The Supremes' original Greatest Hits into a medley, and with the other they raise the torch of authenticity with a spate of reissued albums in their kitschy old '60's sleeves. The past can simultaneously be reduced to mincemeat and presented as magically, heartbreakingly intact.

"While still in his teens," runs the liner-note to 'Up Tight', "Stevie Wonder joined the ranks of other sightless great artists who have left their mark in the popular music world — Alec Templeton, George Shearing and Ray Charles." This masterpiece of drivel accompanies an album of mostly hard soul in the vein of the title track: joyous, shouting brass, sensuous, ecstatic vocals and bass and drum chops that could move mountains. The Four Tops did the vocal harmonies, and — apart from a version of Dylan's 'Blowin' In The Wind' that'd make a corpse blush — the album is stuffed with soulful gems like the opening 'Love A Go Go'. 'Teach Me Tonight' and 'Nothing's Too Good For My Baby'.

If 'Up Tight' is a treat, though, 'Down To Earth' is a trick. Packaged with a funky little pic of the young Stevie sitting in the street with his gob-iron in the toasted sandwich position, it consists principally of half-assed attempts to aim him at the Las Vegas lounges. I mean, 'Bang Bang'? 'A Place In The Sun'? Only a neat, swinging 'Be Cool, Be Calm (And Keep Yourself Together)' stand out from the morass.

The Temptations stare out from what looks like some unholy lysergic blancmange from the sleeve of 'Cloud Nine', one of their earlier Sly-ised psychedelic efforts from the Norman Whitfield era. Side one contains the title track plus an execrable arrangement of 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine' and nine or so minutes of 'Runaway Child Running Wild' complete with crying children wanting their momee, while the other side features no less than seven variations on their classic David Ruffin hits. When Ruffin quit as lead singer, the emphasis switched to big production stuff and Norman Whitfield made his name with that second-generation MoTown sound.

The absolute peak of all that stuff was 'Papa Was A Rolling Stone', but the most extreme was the 'Masterpiece' album: a huge bloated thing with a few incredible moments peaking up through a sea of Norman Whitfield heaviosity that has to be heard to be believed. Ultimately, it was pretty nice of Norman to allow The Temptations to appear on their own record.

Nothing much need be said about the Miracles' album except that it's prime Smokey, and absolutely perfect material for simultaneous dancing and swooning. Its antecedents are somewhat confusing, though: it was originally issued in the States in '67 as 'Make It Happen', and the title track didn't appear as a single until '70, which leaves me a touch confused about when this particular package first appeared under this particular sleeve.

Stevie Wonder

Still, trivia is trivia is trivia and — more important — soul is soul is soul. 'Up Tight' and 'Tears Of A Clown' should be mandatory purchases for anybody with an interest in mid-'60s soul and gaps in that particular area. Try the brace of Tempts albums if you like formative pomp-funk and avoid 'Down To Earth' like the plague. Last one off the dance floor please turn out the lights. . .

Charles Shaar Murray

THE ISLEY BROTHERS
This Old Heart Of Mine (Motown)

THEY pass so quickly, these twelve tracks of three minutes apiece from 1966: sweet kicks. There's no one alive who can resist The Isley's blend of smoothness and push, romanticism and passion, the bridge between vintage Motown's two most public outfits, The Supremes and The Four Tops.

The Isleys always got their vulnerable streak — not too mawkish — just right, and it's no surprise their rendition of 'Stop! In The Name Of Love' is every bit as plangent as that of The Supremes.

And Holland Dozier and Holland don't make a bad job of the whole album, writing just about everything and producing too. What a collection! 'This Old Heart Of Mine', 'Put Yourself In My Place', 'I Guess I'll Always Love You' . . . How can you begin to dissect the perfection of these hits when time stops but the pulse goes on? Listen to the way those voices, high and low, are put together and to the way bass, drums, brass, piano and not too much guitar melt into each other, yet move forward at a tough danceable rate . . .

The Bros took their silky vocal integrity well into the '70s with 'Harvest For The World' etc, but it's worth remembering that they could sing mean too (they did once have a young protege called Jimi Hendrix!). 'Take Some Time Out For Love' reveals their '50s roots in rock 'n' roll as well as gospel: there are some great, twisting shouting whoops and a way of chasing notes reminiscent of Little Richard. 'Baby Don't You Do It' is another roller incorporating a pristine funk drum pattern which hurts.

The only two disappointing tracks run along the routine devotional lines of 'Seek And You Shall Find'. That's carping, though, because this album would have been a masterpiece for 'I Hear A Symphony' alone. Its orchestral textures and arrangements sound deceptively relaxed but are so tight that it does something to your heart — eat your consoles Phil Spector and Brian Wilson. This is soul which steals your soul: in three minutes.

Paul Tickell

COMMODORES
Machine Gun (Motown)
Movin' On (Motown)

COMMODORES go on year long world tours, have got religion, write self-satisified ballads and symbolise today's Motown. The company which used to move hearts, feet and units, now seems unable to perform all three functions at once.

Eleven albums ago, though, you couldn't be quite so glib about Commodores. 'Machine Gun' from '74 still sounds as fresh as every debut should. The instrumental title track rides with 'Rapid Fire', both funk on the swift side, not making a virtue of delayed beats and learning from quick moving Philly arrangements.

There's a similar staccato busyness about 'The Bump', the gospel influenced 'I Feel Sanctified', and 'Young Girls Are My Weakness' in spite of its vocal drawling. Speedy brass and gimmicky keyboard loops operating as danceable sound effects are cleverly made to seem like work-outs, as if they were being played live on the disco floor rather than engineered in a studio.

It's the more orthodox soul which suffers. 'Assembly Line' is messy and laboured, and its ghetto politics don't ring true.

By their third offering 'Movin' On' the situation has changed: it's the funk which suffers. 'Hold On', 'Free' and 'Mary, Mary' have dull routine arrangements where individuality is sacrificed on behalf of smoothness.

By far the most interesting aspect of 'Movin' On' is the way in which 'Sweet Love' presages the ballad skills of the band in their mid-period when they could still distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality; you can already hear the string arrangements which were later perfected with 'Zoom' and 'Easy'. Pity they never perfected that first funk promise.

Paul Tickell

AT LAST, THE FIRST LIVE ALBUM!
T. Rex In Concert

T. REX IN CONCERT was recorded during the Electric Warrior Tour 1971/72 and features live performances of many of Bolan's greatest hits, including: RIDE A WHITE SWAN, HOT LOVE, GET IT ON, TELEGRAM SAM, METAL GURU etc.

Produced by Tony Visconti

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TOUR NEWS

CARL PERKINS RETURNING, DEAD DATE SWITCH, ULTRAVOX EXTRA

U2 with Comsats

U2 celebrate the chart success of their album 'Boy' and single 'Fire' by heading out on the road next month, supported on all but one of the dates by The Comsat Angels. The 18-date schedule doesn't include any London gigs, as they've already appeared at Hammersmith this summer, but venues where they can be seen are Norwich East Anglia University (October 1), Nottingham Rock City (2), Salford University (3), Glasgow Tiffany's (4), Sheffield Lyceum (8), Newcastle Mayfair (9), Liverpool Royal Court (10), Brighton Top Rank (12), Portsmouth Locarno (13), Cardiff Top Rank (14), Stoke Kings Hall (16), Bracknell Sports Centre (17), Bristol Locarno (18), Birmingham Locarno (19), Leeds Tiffany's (20) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (21). Tickets are all £3, except at Leicester (£2.50) and Nottingham (£3.50 and £3), and the Comsats aren't appearing at Sheffield. Island expect to release the new U2 album, provisionally titled 'Scarlet', in mid-October to tie in with the tour.

Santana play five

SANTANA return to the UK towards the end of next month to play five major concerts. They open at Birmingham Odeon on October 24, then move to London for a string of four successive nights at the Royal Albert Hall from October 26 to 29 inclusive. Tickets are on sale now, and the promoter is Mel Bush.

T. Dream: 13 dates

TANGERINE DREAM fly into Britain next month for a 13-date concert tour. Their visit boosts promotion of their latest album 'Exit', which is issued by Virgin this weekend, with a single culled from it — 'Choronzon'/'Network' — already on release. They play Oxford Apollo (October 15), Portsmouth Guildhall (16), Brighton Dome (17), Ipswich Gaumont (18), London Hammersmith Odeon (20), Birmingham Odeon (21), Manchester Apollo (23), Assembly Rooms (24), Edinburgh Usher Hall (26), Glasgow Apollo Hall (25), Edinburgh Guildhall (28). There will be no support act, with Preston Guildhall playing the entire show, and tickets are on sale now priced £3.50 and £3. The band, who recently played a freedom festival in Berlin before 120,000 people, are having talks with the GLC with a view to staging a free concert in London — in conjunction with the CND movement — at the end of their tour.

Randy: him and her

RANDY EDELMAN arrives in the UK next month to play a string of 11 major concerts — at Manchester Free Trade Hall (October 16), Slough Fulcrum Centre (17), Cheltenham Everyman Theatre (18), Croydon Fairfield Hall (20), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), St. Albans City Hall (23), Oakengates Town Hall (24), Birmingham Town Hall (28), Southport Theatre (30), Rochdale Gracie Fields Theatre (31) and London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (November 1). He won't be promoting any new material during his visit, but he has a compilation album titled 'Uptown Uptempo — The Best Of Randy Edelman' currently available on 20th Century (through RCA).

RANDY CRAWFORD, whose 'Secret Combination' album is still figuring strongly in the charts after a 15-week run, is to play another batch of London concerts — three nights at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, October 11–13. Tickets are priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50, and they're on sale now by personal application to the box-office; also available from Teledata (01-200 0200) and usual agencies. postal applications may be made to Kiltorch Ltd., P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW — postal orders only, and add 30p booking fee per ticket. Randy's show will include many of her old songs not performed on her last tour, plus new material now being recorded.

Joan re-schedules

JOAN ARMATRADING has now re-scheduled her British tour, originally planned for October, but postponed due to illness. The revised dates are Southampton Gaumont (December 1), Leicester De Montfort Hall (2), Edinburgh Usher Hall (3), Glasgow Apollo (4), Lancaster University (5), Manchester Apollo (7), Oxford Apollo (8), Birmingham Odeon (9 and 10), Brighton Centre (11) and London Hammersmith Odeon (12 and 13). A few venues on the original date sheet could not be re-set, because they are already fully booked for December, and ticket-holders in these towns should claim cash refunds. Otherwise, original tickets remain valid for the new dates, though Hammersmith tickets must be returned to the point of purchase to be revalidated. New purchasers may obtain tickets at all box-offices and usual agencies.

Styx London plus

STYX have added a second and final concert at London Wembley Arena on November 8, following the complete sell-out of their show there the previous night. This extra Sunday concert starts at 4.30pm, with tickets priced at £5.80 and £5.30 including booking fee — available by post from Kiltorch Ltd., P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW (enclose SAE); also from Teledata (01-200 0200) and usual agencies. A few tickets are still available for the band's other gig at Stafford Bingley Hall on November 6.

Lake splashes out

GREG LAKE and his new band, who made their live debut at the Reading Festival, go on the road next month to tie in with the September 25 release by Chrysalis of Lake's self-named solo album. He and the band — Gary Moore (guitar), Tommy Eyre (keyboards), Tristram Margetts (bass) and Ted McKenna (drums) — visit Aberystwyth University (October 9), Cardiff University (10), Dunstable Queensway Hall (12), Norwich East Anglia University (13), Liverpool Royal Court (15), Newcastle Mayfair (16), Glasgow University (17), Edinburgh Playhouse (18), Sheffield Lyceum (19), Canterbury Kent University (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Leicester Polytechnic (24), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (25), Exeter University (26), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (27), Crawley Leisure Centre (29) and London Hammersmith Odeon (30). More dates will be added to this schedule.

Jr. Walker's back

JR. WALKER & The Allstars — who were among the pioneers of the Tamla Motown stable, though their UK outlet is now through WEA — are touring here again, with dates at Maidstone West Malling Greenways (October 10), Camberley Lakeside Club (11), London Camden Dingwalls (12 and 13), Charnock Richard Parkhall Centre (14), Cleethorpes Peppers (16), Brighton Jenkinsons (17), Tolworth Centre (18), Sheffield Lyceum (21), Nottingham Rock City (22), Farnworth Blighty's (23 and 24), Chesterfield Aquarius (28) and the Newcastle Festival (29).

STOP PRESS

ZZ TOP play their first London concert in over a year at Hammersmith Odeon on October 29 (tickets on sale now at £4.50, £4 and £3.50), and they're also at Bradford Tiffany's the previous night (28).

☐ **CARL PERKINS** will be undertaking a British tour in mid-autumn, with the opening date scheduled for November 1. Details of his concerts and club gigs are currently being finalised and will be announced shortly.

☐ **THE BLUES BAND** go on the road to promote their new single 'Who's Right, Who's Wrong' and upcoming album 'Itchy Feet'. They visit Leeds University (October 7), Birmingham Odeon (8), Newcastle Polytechnic (9), Sunderland Polytechnic (10), Fife St. Andrew's University (11), Edinburgh Playhouse (12), Ayr Pavilion (13), Liverpool University (14), Durham University (15), Salford University (16), London Hammersmith Palais (19), Cardiff Top Rank (20), Guildford Civic Hall (22), Norwich East Anglia University (23), Nottingham Rock City (24), Bristol Locano (25) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (27).

☐ **MADNESS** have announced booking arrangements for their two London concerts on November 16 and 17 at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham-Court Road, which climax their British tour (reported last week). Tickets go on sale to personal applicants only at the Dominion box-office at 11am on Sunday, September 20 — priced £4, £3.50 and £3, and limited to four per person.

☐ **THE INMATES** headline a one-off at London Victoria The Venue on September 25, when they'll be featuring their new single 'Me And The Boys'/'Betty Lou', issued by WEA this week.

☐ **ULTRAVOX** have added another concert to their previously reported early-autumn outing, and it's now the opening date of the tour — at Sheffield City Hall on September 23 . . . and **JUDAS PRIEST** have also added a date to their upcoming tour schedule — at Hull City Hall on November 6.

☐ **KING CRIMSON** — whose re-formed line-up features Adrian Belew, Robert Fripp, Tony Levin and Bill Bruford — play London Victoria The Venue on October 8, before setting out on an extensive overseas jaunt. Their album 'Discipline' is issued by EG Records on September 25.

DOMINO DATE

FATS DOMINO comes to town with his full entourage to play London Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, October 31. It's the first visit by the R&B veteran for a year, and tickets are on sale now. Promoters are Straight Music in Association with Patrick Malynn.

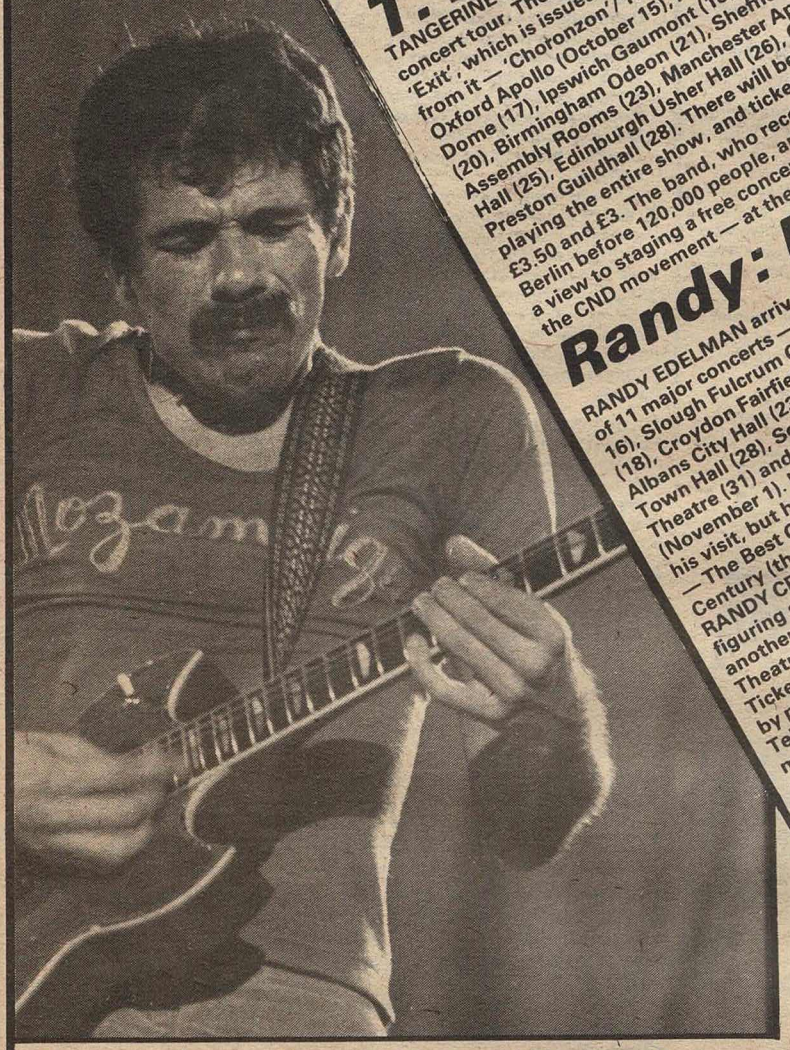
☐ **DONOVAN,** who was hailed as Britain's answers to Bob Dylan' back in the Sixties, goes back on the road next month backed by Danny Thompson (bass), John Stevens (drums) and Tony Roberts (reeds). He plays Bournemouth Winter Gardens (October 2), Bristol Hippodrome (4), London Royal Festival Hall (5), Croydon Fairfield Hall (7), Worthing Assembly Hall (9), Hatfield Forum (10), Southport Theatre (11), Reading Hexagon (13), Coventry Apollo (16), Manchester Palace (18), Glasgow Theatre Royal (25), Edinburgh Playhouse (26), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (28), Oxford New Theatre (29) and Chichester Festival Theatre (30).

☐ **THE GRATEFUL DEAD** have changed one of their London dates, announced last week. They now play at the Rainbow on Sunday, October 4, instead of Monday (5). The other three Rainbow shows — October 2, 3 and 6 — remain unchanged.

☐ **JOHN MILES** supports his current EMI album 'Miles High' by headlining his first London concert for many moons — it's at the Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion on Friday, October 16, and tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50 and £3. Miles also appears at Croydon Fairfield Hall on Tuesday, October 6, and here admission prices are £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. It's understood that further dates are being lined up for him, details to follow shortly.

☐ **THE FORCE** — the band formed by Deke Leonard and Sean Tyla, together with Mickey Groome (bass) and Paul Simmons (drums) — are undertaking a Welsh tour, including dates at Swansea Marina Nighspot (September 15), Llanelli Glen (16), Aberdare Boot Inn (18), Pontardawe Dynevor Arms (19), Pont Rhyd Dafen Blue Scar Club (21), Swansea Langland Bay Hotel (23), Maesteg White Wheat (24) and Abercrave Welfare Club (25).

☐ **ALEX HARVEY BAND** play three selected Northern dates next month: Grimsby Central Hall (October 17), Sheffield Polytechnic with Hot Gossip (20) and Bradford University (28).



CARLOS SANTANA (pic: Murray Close)

BONO of U2 (pic: David Corio)

Janis Ian due

☐ **JANIS IAN makes one of her rare visits to Britian for concerts at London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (October 28 and 29), Oxford New Theatre (30), Manchester Apollo (31), Edinburhgh Playhouse (November 1) and Birmingham Odeon (3). Prior to this, she tours Europe and Ireland, including a show at Belfast Grosvenor Hall on October 1.**

☐ **PRAYING MANTIS** and the **David Byron Band** headline the one-day 'East Anglian Rock 81' festival on Sunday, September 20 (noon-11pm), at the Mildenhall Speedway Track in Suffolk. Seven local bands are also taking part, there are ample parking and refreshment facilities, and admission is £3.

☐ **JERRY LEE LEWIS** is likely to guest in a few of The Rolling Stones' concerts during their autumn tour of the States, now that he's been discharged from hospital after his near-fatal illness. The Stones have also invited him to record an album with them.

☐ **THE THOMPSON TWINS,** illness problems now resolved, headline their own tour next month (at Southampton University (October 2), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (3), Leeds Warehouse (6), York University (7), Manchester Polytechnic (8), Bristol University (9), Reading University (10), London Strand Lyceum (11), Uxbridge Brunel University (12), Bath Tiffany's (13), Exeter University (14), Coventry General Wolfe (15), and Nottingham Rock City (16). And on September 25, they release a specially priced new single on T. Records titled 'Make Believe'.

☐ **THE DRIFTERS** are back for the umpteenth time, concentrating mainly on cabaret egagements. They play Manchester Golden Garter (September 28-October 3), Birmingham Night Out (5-10), Watford Bailey's (12-17), Charnock Richard Parkhall (21-22), London Enfield Starlite (23-24), Windsor Blazers (25-31), Farnworth Blighty's (November 19-21), Southport Theature (22), Chippenham Gold Diggers (25), Cleethorpes Peppers (27), Maidstone West Malling Greenways (28), Purfleet Circus Tavern (30-December 5) and Caerphilly Double Diamond (9-12).

☐ **HERE & NOW** play a couple of dates next week in preparation for an extensive October tour, details to follow shortly. They are Norwich Gala Ballroom (September 17) and Ipswich The Manor (18).

☐ **SHOWADDYWADDY's** longest-ever tour takes in Malvern Winter Gardens (this Friday), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (Saturday), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms (Sunday), Camberley Lakeside Club (September 18-19), Croydon Fairfield Hall (20), Poole Arts Centre (21), Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall (26), Harrogate Royal Hall (27), Derby Assembly Rooms (October 2), Liverpool Royal Court (3), Mansfield Leisure Centre (4), Slough Fulcrum (9), Chelmsford Odeon (10), Ipswich Gaumont (11), Coventry Theatre (12), Watford Bailey's (19-24), Aberystwyth Arts Centre (29), Rhondda Leisure Centre (30), Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre (31), Southampton Gaumont (November 1), Bristol Colston Hall (2), Oxford New (5), Manchester Golden Garter (9-14), Birmingham Night Out (23-28), Newcastle City Hall (December 3), Scarborough Futurist (4), Huddersfield Sports Centre (5), Wolverhampton Civic (6), Preston Guildhall (7), Leicester De Montfort (8) and Stoke Jollees (23-28).

☐ **CLINT EASTWOOD & General Saint** (September 25), **Talisman** (October 2) and **Delta 5** (9) are the opening attractions at a new Norwich venue, the Gala Entertainment Centre. It will operate every Friday, concentrating mainly on black music, and tickets are £3 and £2.50.

☐ **ALAN PRICE** is on tour this autumn, with dates at Birmingham Night Out (September 16-19), Billingham Forum (26), Margate Winter Gardens (October 1), Slough Fulcrum Centre (3), Camberley Lakeside Country Club (8-10), Hatfield Forum (11), Tolworth Recreation Centre (16), Sunderland Empire (21), Cleethorpes Peppers (23), London Lewisham Concert Hall (24), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (26), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (November 4) and Keele University (December 3). BBC Records release Price's self-penned single 'World's End' on September 25 — it's the theme for a new BBC-2 series of the same name, starting October 1.

☐ **NEIL INNES,** whose new BBC-2 series of *The Innes Book Of Records* begins at the end of this month, is on tour at Treforest Wales Polytechnic, Middlesbrough Teesside Poly (29), Southampton University (October 1), Bristol Poly (3), York University (7), Manchester UMIST (8), Doncaster Rotters (12), London University Union (16), Newcastle Poly (21), Hull University (22), Leeds University (23) and Sheffield University (24). Subsequent dates include Durham University (November 12), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (13), Glasgow Technical College (14), Oxford Poly (December 5), Keele University (9), Rickmansworth Watersmeet (10), Kingston Poly (12) and Stansmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (13), with more being added.

TOUR NEWS

☐ **UK PLAYERS** have added more dates to their tour, for which the five five gigs were reported last week. Promoting their new A&M single 'Girl', released next weekend, they visit Reading Top Rank (September 22), Norwich Penny's (24), Haywards Heath Taverners (25), Yeovil Three Chuffs (26), Oxford Blake's (29), Rhyl C.J.'s (October 1), London Victoria The Venue (2), Neath Talk Of The Abbey (3), Southend Zero Six (9), Braintree The Barn (10) and Isle of Wight Soul Weekender (11).

☐ **PANIC BUTTON** headline at London Hammersmith Claredon on Thursday, September 17, in a gig to promote an upcoming album on Carcrash Records titled 'Eurosplendour' — which features previously unissued material from Crisis, English Subtitles, The Pack, Red Beat and, of course, Panic Button.

NEWS FLASH

THE VAPORS have broken up, according to reports reaching us from darkest Guildford, whence they sprang. The split seems to have been caused by internal disharmony over the band's musical directions, coupled with recording tensions following the absorption of Liberty by EMI. During their spell with Liberty, they released two albums and five singles, including their international hit 'Turning Japanese'. The break-up evidently came last month at the end of Australian tour, but the future plans of the individual members are not yet known.

Q-TIPS BACK IN ACTION

Q-TIPS, who had to pull out of their "Bucket And Spade" summer tour due to illness and recording commitments, have now lined up a series of headlining autumn dates. They play Sheffield Polytechnic (September 30), Hull College (October 1), Newcastle Mayfair (2), Huddersfield Poly (3), Norwich East Anglia University (4), Bath University (5), Leeds Leeds Warehouse (7 and 8), Salford University (9), Bradford University (10), Kirklevington Country Club (11), Doncaster Rotters (12), Coventry Poly (15), Birmingham Aston University (16), Leicester University (17), Swansea University (20), Treforest Wales Poly (21), Cardiff University (23), St Albans City Hall (24) and London City University (26). The tour is preceded by two nights at London Victoria The Venue this Friday and Saturday (11–12).

☐ **THE JOHNNY MARS BLUES BAND** appears on London's Lambeth Walk The Angel on September 10, other gigs at the venue that weekend including shows by **Rock-Ola** (11), **The Chefs** and **Mood Elevators** (12) and **A Flock Of Seagulls** (13). Every night between 9 and 10 pm all bitter (including real ale) will be sold at 50p per pint.

☐ **THE BANKROBBERS**, from Belfast, are playing several London dates this month, these being: The Bridge House (September 11 and 12), 101 Club (14), Fulham Greyhound (15) and The Pits (17). The band also appear at The Station pub, Sutton Coldfield, on September 19.

☐ **PETER SKELLERN** undertakes an eight-date concert tour during November, taking in: Croydon Fairfield Halls (November 16), Brighton Dome (17), Oxford New Theatre (18), Birmingham Odeon (19), Southampton Gaumont (20), Edinburgh Usher Hall (22), Manchester Free Trade Hall (23) and London Dominion Theatre (25).

VIC MAILE has signed a worldwide recording deal with Bronze, and has his debut single — a revival of the Buddy Holly classic 'Not Fade Away' — is issued on September 18, with Maile singing and playing all the instruments. Best-known as a producer for over 15 years, he's worked with the likes of The Kinks, Jimi Hendrix, Hawkwind, The Who, Eddie & The Hot Rods, Kursaal Flyers, The Vibrators and Tom Robinson. More recently, he produced Motorhead's 'Ace Of Spades' and their current hit LP, as well as the two Girlschool albums.

RECORD NEWS

● **Nick Straker**, who scored chart hits last year with his single and album both titled 'A Walk In The Park', has formed his own band for recording and live work. He's working on his second CBS album, and will be playing dates to coincide with its autumn release. With Straker on vocals and keyboards, the line-up also features drummer Philip Towner (ex-New Musik), bassist Nigel Ross-Scott (ex- Gloria Mundi and Bruce Woolley) and Straker's original guitarist Andy Gierus.

● **Renaissance** — who've now slimmed down to trio size with a line-up of Annie Haslam, Jon Camp and Michael Dunford — mark their new deal with Illegal Records by releasing a new single on September 18 coupling 'Fairies' and 'Remember', their first material for two years. Both tracks are from their upcoming album 'Camera, Camera,' for October 2 release, and the group will be setting out on a major UK tour the same month.

● **Human Sexual Response** release their second album 'In A Roman Mood' next week. It contains ten original songs about sex, suicide and sacrifice (!), and will be available through the usual independent distributors.

● With the **Gary U.S. Bonds** 'Greatest Hits' album released by Ensign tomorrow (Friday), a week later than reported last week, a double A-side single is being culled from it to coincide with a string of UK concerts he'll be undertaking shortly. Titles are 'New Orleans' and 'Quarter To Three.'

● **Iron Maiden** have a live 12-inch EP issued by EMI next Monday — titled 'Maiden Japan', it was recorded in that country in May during their 14-nation world tour, and the four tracks featured are 'Running Free', 'Remember Tomorrow,' 'Killers' and 'Innocent Exile'. The band plan a few selected UK dates before Christmas, with a major tour to follow early next year.

● **Siouxsie Sioux** and **Budgie** of The Banshees are going into the studio to record some tracks together, and these will be released under the name of **The Creatures**.

● Release of **The Kinks'** new Arista album 'Give The People What They Want', originally planned for this week, has been put back to November 1. It's understood that Ray Davies wants to re-mix two or three of the tracks.

● **The Allman Brothers Band** return to the record scene on September 25 with a new Arista album titled 'Brothers Of The Road,' containing nine new tracks penned by Greg Allman and Dickie Betts, plus a revival of the Elvis Presley oldie 'I Beg Of You'. On the same day and label, **David Gates** offers his new LP 'Take Me Now'. And these two sets are preceded this week by the new **Aretha Franklin** album 'Love All The Hurt Way'.

● London cult band **Shea Ramah** have their first single 'And More With You'/'This Colour' issued on their own Five Dials label on September 19. And they'll be previewing it at London Fulham Greyhound this Saturday.

● 'Assemblage' is the title of a **Japan** compilation album, comprising ten of the band's best tracks from the period 1978-80. It's out on the Hansa label this weekend.

● **The Lambrettas** have a new single out this week on Rocket, featuring 'Decent Town' from their current album 'Ambience', coupled with 'Total Strangers'. The 12-inch version has the bonus of two extra tracks, live versions of 'Da-a-a-ance' and 'Young Girls'.

TOM TOM CLUB — the outfit featuring Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz from Talking Heads, Adrian Belew (now with the re-formed King Crimson) and Monte Browne (ex-T Connection) — release the follow-up to their Top Ten hit 'Wordy Rappinghood' next week. Titled 'Genius Of Love', it's also available as a 12-inch discomix. The group's album is due to be issued in early October, but is at present untitled.

● **Kirsty MacColl** follows her recent successful visit to the chip shop with a single titled 'See That Girl', a re-mixed version of a track on her 'Desperate Character' LP. It's issued by Polydor this weekend, as are 'Love Is The Reason' by **Bagatelle** and 'All American Hero' by Midlands-based band **Victorian Parents**.

● London R&B outfit **The Lightning Raiders** have been signed by Island, and they have their debut single 'Criminal World'/'Citizens' out this week on their own Revenge Records label. Their album 'Sweet Revenge' follows in October.

● The first EMI single by **Thomas Dolby** is out next week in both 7" and 12", titled 'Europa And The Pirate Twins.' Dolby — singer, writer, producer, keyboards and synthesiser player — is currently recording his debut album and is planning a one-man stage show "using computer generated music and video-montage techniques".

● 'Dancing Free'/'Do It For Love' is the new **Brothers Johnson** single, taken from their 'Winners' album and issued this weekend by A&M, in both 7" and 12". The latter contains a bonus track titled 'I'll Be Good To You'.

● **Marc Bolan's** 'You Scare Me To Death' — which features vocals recorded in 1966, plus recent backings added by Simon Napier-Bell — is issued this week by Cherry Red. The first 20,000 copies contain a flexidisc on which Bolan talks about his views on famous people. An album of unreleased Bolan material surfaces in October.

● **Ringo Starr** has signed a long-term contract with Neil Bogart's Boardwark Records. His first album for the label will be 'Stop And Smell The Roses', featuring songs written and produced by Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Harry Nilsson and Steve Stills.

● **Weapon Of Peace** have switched from Phonogram to Safari Records, and are just finishing work on a new album, with Bob Lamb (of UB40 fame) producing. It will be issued at the end of this month to coincide with a major UK tour.

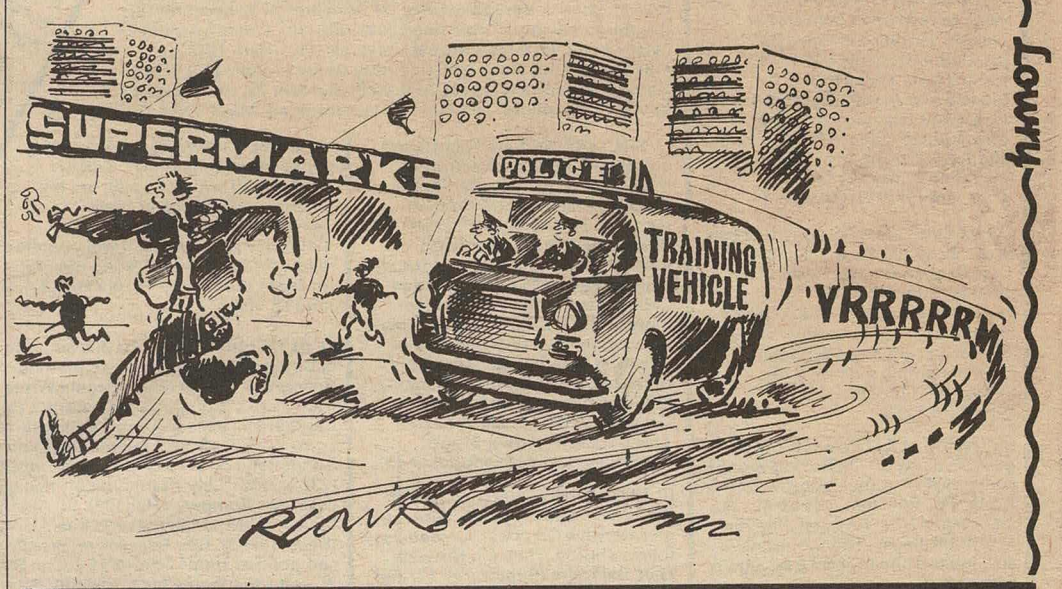
● Ex-Quartz vocalist **Taffy Taylor** has formed an eight-piece band, whose debut single 'Good Good Lovin' is due out next week on Birmingham indie label Reddingtons. The track features ELO's Bev Bevan guesting on drums.

● Hold everything, folks! **Barry Manilow** has a new album issued by Arista on September 25, and it's already looking good for Christmas honours — titled 'If I Should Love Again', it was produced by Manilow himself. A single taken from it, a revival of the Four Seasons hit 'Let's Hang On', is rushed out this weekend.

● **Cozy Powell's** 'Tilt' album, his first solo effort since October 1979, will be with us on September 12. From the album comes a single 'Sooner Or Later', which gets an August 28 release and boasts back-up chores by **Jeff Beck, Don Airey, Jack Bruce, David Sancious** and other notables.

DRAMATIS — now a fully-fledged outfit in their own right, after serving their apprenticeship as the Gary Numan Band — have a new single titled 'No-One Lives Forever' issued this week by Rocket, in both 7" and 12" formats. It's taken from their debut album 'For Future Reference', due out in October — and the B-side of the single features a selection of extracts from the LP. The band are currently arranging an autumn tour of colleges, details to follow shortly.

CEDRIC MYTON
& THE CONGOS
NEW SINGLE
CAN'T
TAKE IT AWAY
CO-FEET RECORDS
PRODUCED BY CEDRIC MYTON
7" CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY/ WHERE HE LEADS ME FEET 10
12" CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY/ CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY VERSION/
WHERE HE LEADS ME FEET 1210



Next week in NME

ALTERED IMAGES

Chris Bohn talks to Scotland's newest pop stars

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marquee

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Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

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Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 13th September (Adm £1.50)
THE SMART
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Monday 14th September (Adm £1.50)
PARACHUTES
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 15th September (Adm £1.50)
OK JIVE
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 16th Sept (Adm £1.50)
DUMB BLONDES
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Thursday 17th Sept (Adm £2.50)
GRAND PRIX
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Fri 11th Two bottles of champagne to best Latin style dresser £2.00
MODERN ROMANCE
Top 20 single "Everybody Salsa"
+ the Bankrobbers

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JANINE
+ PARIS

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Sun 13th £1.00
PARK AVENUE

Mon 14th £1
MADSHADOWS
+ Zeiting Da

Tuesday 15th £1.00
SCIZZORS + Saigon

Wed 16th Roy Weards £1.00
LAST POST
+ Demo tape playing 7.30

Thur 17th
SURPRISE BAND + Splash

FRIARS

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

Saturday September 12th

HAZEL O'CONNOR'S MEGAHYPE
+ BUMBLE & THE BEEZ

Tickets £3.50 from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, FL More Dunstable and Luton, DJ Holland Bletchley and Leighton Buzzard, Hi Vu Buckingham, Music Market Oxford. It's unlikely that any tickets will be available at door on night. Life membership 25p.
HOLD ON

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FRIDAY 11
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CRAZY CAVAN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS FROM FRANCE
DATURA
SUNDAY 13
BENEFIT FOR KENTISH TOWN WOMENS WORKSHOP
TRIBESMAN + TERRY NAAKOSHIE QUAYE 7-11.30pm
MONDAY 14
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TUESDAY 15
RUDI/THE QUESTIONS
WEDNESDAY 16 LATIN, SALSA JAZZ FUNK NIGHT
CAYENNE
THURSDAY 17 FROM U.S.A. ROCKABILLY MUSIC WITH **CHARLIE GRACIE**

THE Venue

160-162 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON SW1E 5LB
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Main Band on at 9.30 pm

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Thursday 10th September £2.00
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Tuesday 15th September £2.50
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Wednesday 16th September £4.00
COMIC STRIP
Featuring among others
ALEXI SAYLE
20th CENTURY CAYOTE
+ THE OUTER LIMITS

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NEW HORMONES BODY REPAIRS
with BITING TONGUES
FRIC RANDOM + LUDUS

COMING SOON

Friday 18th September £4.00
THE DESPERADOES
With Taj Mahal + Viv Stanshall
DJ LEO

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5.00 pm show (under 18s) £2.00
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NAKED LUNCH, BLANCMANGE +TRAWLERMEN

Tuesday 22nd September £3.00
NICO

Wednesday 23rd September £2.50
ALTERED IMAGES
+ Support

Thursday 24th September £2.50
THE MEMBERS

Friday 25th September £3.00
THE INMATES

Saturday 26th September £3.00
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TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544 — Open 8 pm — 2 am

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SIMPLE MINDS
+ Icehouse

Friday 25th September £3.00 adv
NAZARETH
+ Vic Vergat

Friday 2nd October £3.00 adv
U2
+ Comsat Angels

Saturday 10th October £3.00 adv
ODYSSEY

Thursday 22nd October £3.00 adv
JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALLSTARS

Saturday 24th October £3.00 adv
THE BLUES BAND

Friday 30th October £4.00 adv
GILLAN
+ Budgie + Nightwing

Friday 13th November £2.00 adv
9 BELOW ZERO

Friday 20th November £3.50 adv
THE STRANGLERS

Thursday 26th November £3.00 adv
LINX

Wednesday 16th December £3.50 adv
SLADE

Tickets from: Rick City Box Office, Selectradisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, Lincoln — In The Groove, Arnold — Rock It, Ilkeston, or by post from Rock City. Please enclose SAE.

Whisky a'GoGo

Tuesday 15th September
Special double bill featuring
13 AT MIDNIGHT
and
THE SLEEP
Open 9 pm-2 am
Adm. £2 before 10.30, £2.50
35 Wardour St., London W1

P.V.K. *presents*
BRIAN KNIGHT BAND
GIGS
New Merlins Cave — Margery St., WC1. Sat 12 Sept.
Pegasus — Stoke Newington, Wed 16 Sept.
Sunset Jazz — North End Crescent, W14, Fri 18 Sept.

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 9th September £1.00
THE VARIATIONS

Thursday 10th September £1.00
AFRAID OF MICE

Friday 11th September £1.25
LEVI DEXTER AND THE RIP-CHORDS

Saturday 12th September £1.25
THE PEOPLE

Sunday 13th September £1.00
KID CAIRO AND THE NATION

Monday 14th September £1.00
THE HIGSONS

Tuesday 15th September £1.00
STEVE HOOKERS SHAKERS

Wednesday 16th September £1.00
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THE TWINKLE BROTHERS

Kiltorch and CAPITAL RADIO present
Plus Support
Rainbow
THURS. 17th SEPT. 8pm
Tkts. £4 — from Rainbow box office, 232 Seven Sisters Rd., N4, 01 263 3148/9 & usual agents

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Old Bond St.

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NATIONAL DAY OF PAIN
Friday 18 September at 11 pm
LATE NIGHT WEEP-IN with the
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BOOK NOW! Tickets: £2.50
FIRST MAJOR CONCERT!

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SEPTEMBER DATES
THURS 10 — STARLIGHT
SAT 19 — ALHAMBRA (Brighton)
TUES 22 — CHATSWORTH (Hastings)
THURS 24 — STARLIGHT
SAT 26 — ALHAMBRA (Brighton)
Cassettes available at gigs

THE GREYHOUND

FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 10th September £1
From USA
RAVENNA + THE MAGNETICS + The Avengers

Friday 11th September £1.50
NO DICE + The Pencils

Saturday 12th September £1.50
SHEA RAMAH + Dan Russell Band

Sunday 13th September £1.50
DISCO

Monday 14th September £1.50
THE GORILLAS + Marshall Doktors

Tuesday 15th September £1.25
NAKED LUNCH + The Orange Cardigan

Wednesday 16th September £1.25
DOLLY MIXTURES + The Refreshers

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

BERLIN BLONDES
THURS SEPT 10 K-boards/guitar outfit who've got a tighter and more original grip on the 'FUTURIST' sound than most. Independent single currently placed high in the alternative charts.

FROM USA: REVINA & THE MAGNETICS
FRI SEPT 11 Californian rockabilly group lead by the ... er, fetching Ms. Revina who has a potent feel for the authentic REB sound & bobby sox ethic.

A BIGGER SPLASH
SAT SEPT 12 "Solid, danceable rock" said GO Mag "with some diverse influences ... Caribbean ... Calypso ... 60's Stax ... but no clear imitations ... good, gutsy, well performed"
PLUS **INTERNATIONAL RESCUE**
SUN 13: FX + JOKERAMA + ROOM FOR HUMANS
MON 14: The Silence + High Tide + Thirteen at Midnight
TUES 15: CALLING HEARTS + FURNITURE + THE 'A' BAND
WEDS, SEPT 16 **HIGSONS**
Play fractured funk - that's a honking brass over a muscular, dislocation beat which suggested "PALM TREES AND DANGLING CURTAIN RINGS" to NME. Honest! Recommended
THURS SEPT 17 **MODERN ENGLISH** PLUS DEATH RIDES A HORSE

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HIGSONS + The Thunderboys

Thursday 10th September £1.75
ZOUNDS + The Room

Friday 11th September £1.75
NIGHTDOCTOR + Uropa Lula

Saturday 12th September £1.75
FLYING PADOVANI'S + Restless

Sunday 13th September £1.50
BRIAN BRAIN + The Sleep

Monday 14th September £1.50
SQUARE ONE
+ Canyons + Matches + Before The Rains

Tuesday 15th September £1.50
SCORCH + Metropolis

Wednesday 16th September £1.50
JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERES
+ The Inevitable

THE BASEMENT BAR

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 10th September £1.50
SPIDER
+ Support

Friday 11th September £1.50
RED SHIFT
+ Idle Flowers

Saturday 12th September £1.50
THE DARK
+ The Charge

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Punk Special with live music from
THE SOLICITORS

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+ Support

Friday 18th September £1.50
ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE
+ Support

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900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
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Admission £1.00
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8pm — midnight
10.30pm Sunday

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NO DICE
+ Ukraine

Friday 11th Sept
JACKIE LYNTONS HAPPY DAYS
+ The Results

Saturday 12th Sept
THE GAS
+ The Heartbeats

Sunday 13th Sept
SNAX
(featuring Barry Masters, ex Hot Rods)

Monday 14th Sept
CUDDLY TOYS
+ Airstrip One

Tuesday 15th Sept
Psychedelic night
BUMPERS
+ Spiral Models

Wednesday 16th Sept
NEAL KAYS
Heavy Metal Soundhouse

Thursday 17th Sept
Psychedelic night
LE MAT
+ SCARLET PARTY

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(ex Manfred Mann, ex Red Beans & Rice)
+ Ronnie Golden

Saturday 12th September £1.50
THE COBRAS
(ex Dr. Feelgood, ex Yardbyrds)
+ Watching The Wolves

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THE CHEFS
+ Foreign Press

Tuesday 15th September £1.50
THE ONLOOKERS
+ The Apocalypse

Wednesday 16th September £1.50
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JUMP SQUAD

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SEPTEMBER 25	BRADFORD St. George's Hall	£3.50, £3
SEPTEMBER 26	NEWCASTLE City Hall	£3.50, £3
SEPTEMBER 27	EDINBURGH Odeon	£3.50, £3
SEPTEMBER 28	ABERDEEN Capitol	£3.50, £3
SEPTEMBER 29	GLASGOW Apollo	£3.50, £3
OCTOBER 1	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	£3.50, £3
OCTOBER 2	LIVERPOOL Empire	£4, £3.50, £3
OCTOBER 3	NOTTINGHAM Rock City	£3.50
OCTOBER 4	BRISTOL Colston Hall	£3.50, £3
OCTOBER 5	PORTSMOUTH Guildhall	£3.50, £3
OCTOBER 6	POOLE Wessex Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
OCTOBER 7	CARDIFF Sophia Gardens	£4, £3.50
OCTOBER 9	IPSWICH Gaumont	£3.50, £3
OCTOBER 10	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£4, £3.50, £3
OCTOBER 11	CROYDON Fairfield Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
OCTOBER 12	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	£3.50, £3
OCTOBER 13	HULL City Hall	£3.50, £3, £2.75
OCTOBER 14	MANCHESTER Apollo	£4, £3.50, £3
OCTOBER 15	MANCHESTER Apollo	£4, £3.50, £3
OCTOBER 17	COVENTRY Theatre	£3.50, £3
OCTOBER 18	OXFORD Theatre	£3.50, £3

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10 St John Hill. Tel. 01-223 8309

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HEARTBEATS
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THE MARINES
Saturday 12th September £1.50
THE DANCING DID
Sunday 13th September £1.00
THE STORY SO FAR
Monday 14th September £1.00
MOTHERS RUIN
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THE HIGSONS
Wednesday 16th September £1.00
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Sunday 13th £1.00
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HAPPY HOUR BETWEEN 9-10pm
Watney Special 50p pint

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SEPTEMBER
9, 13 Crusaders/B.B. King
13,14 Michael Schenker
15 Bobby Bare
17 Desperadoes
25 Simple Minds
28 Vic Damone
28 Hazel O'Connor

OCTOBER
2 Nazareth
2, 3, 4, 6 Grateful Dead
4 Dead Kennedys
5 Donovan
5-10 Andy Williams
6, 7 David Essex
10 Sad Cafe
11,12 Steve Hackett
15, 16, 17 Ultravox
16 John Miles
18 Sheena Easton
18 Jack Jones
19 Blues Band
20 Johnny Cash
20 Tangerine Dream
21, 22 Hawkwind
24,25 Saxon
26, 27, 28 Santana
27 Human League
28 Janis Ian
30 The Shadows
31 Fats Domino

NOVEMBER
1 Randy Edelman
1 John Martyn
2, 3 Dr Hook
7 Styx
12, 13 The Nolans
17 Stranglers
18 Chris De Burgh
20 Orchestral Manouvres in the Dark
21,22 Judas Priest
23 Rick Wakeman
25 Peter Skellern
25, 26 Thin Lizzy
30 Shakin' Stevens

DECEMBER
21, 22 Gillan
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz

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736 1413

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SUTTEL APPROACH
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45's
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Sunday 13th £1.00
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Monday 14th 75p
JOHN SPENCER BAND
Tuesday 15th 75p
MOTHERS RUIN
Wednesday 16th 75p
LOOSE SHOES
Thursday 17th £1.00
TALK LIKE THAT

OLD QUEENS HEAD
133 Stockwell Road, SW9. 737 4904

Thursday 10th
IDIOT DANCERS
Friday 11th
CALLING HEARTS
+ The Wahoos + The In-Sect
Saturday 12th
ANSWER
+Inner Force
Sunday 13th
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
+ The Crewsy Fixers
Monday 14th
TALK LIKE THAT
Tuesday 15th
DISCO
Wednesday 16th
Psychedelic
MILES OVER MATTER

MCP presents
THE MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP
plus THE STARFIGHTERS
ODEON THEATRE
HAMMERSMITH
SUN. 13th & MON. 14th SEPT. 8.00 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081/2
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Tel: 603 7006

Thursday 10th September
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Friday 11th September
CHRIS BARBERS JAZZ & BLUES BAND
Saturday 12th September
MIKE BERRY
+ ROCCOLA
Thursday 17th September
TRES (Salsa)
Friday 18th September
BRIAN KNIGHT BAND
Saturday 19th September
DIZ AND THE DOORMEN

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, NW6
Sunday 7.30pm - 10.30pm

Wednesday 9th September £1.50
MOTHERS RUIN
+ The Vampires
Thursday 10th September £1.50
THE METS
+ The Scratch
Friday 11th September £1.75
CUDDLY TOYS
+ Drastic Measure
Saturday 12th September £1.75
BLUE CATS
+ Coconut Dogs
Sunday 13th September £1.50
LONDON APACHES
+ The Difference
Monday 14th September £2.50
A BLUE ZOO
Party Nite, with mime, films & food
Tuesday 15th September £1.50
EXHIBIT A
+ Watching The Wolves

Bands who use live video
Lab
Pretencious Art
Forms
VTR
Image/Action
also artists video tapes
Sept 11th Adm £1.50
7.30 til Midnight
London musicians collective
42 Gloucester Ave., Nr Camden Town Tube
In their performances

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TALK LIKE THAT
Steve Hutchins invites you to
Fri 11th Sept: TWO BREWERS, 114 Clapham High St., SW4
Sat 12th Sept: TWO BREWERS, 114 Clapham High St., SW4
Mon 14th Sept: QUEENS HEAD, 133 Stockwell Rd., SW4
Wed 16th Sept: THE CARTOON, 179 London Rd., Croydon

BLACK MARKET
Thursday 10th
WELLINGTON, 102, Uxbridge Rd W12
Monday 14th
PEGASUS, 109 Green Lanes N16
Wednesday 16th
GREEN MAN, 196 Stratford High St
Thursday 17th
WELLINGTON, 102, Uxbridge Rd W12
Friday 18th
HARROW YOUTH CENTRE
ALL-NITER
189, Feston Rd W10
Saturday 19th
KINGS HEAD 4, Fulham High St SW6
NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE AT ALL GIGS! *Limited Pressing!*

MCP presents
Nazareth
PLUS SUPPORT
VIC VERGAT
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
Fri. 18th September 7.30 pm.
Tickets: £3.75, £3.50, £3.25
Available from Box Office Tel. No.: 320007
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
Wed. 23rd September 7.30 pm
Tickets: £3.75, £3.50, £3.25
Available from Box Office Tel. No.: 021 643 6101/2
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
Tuesday 29th September 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.75, £3.50, £3.25
Available from Box Office Tel. No.: 0742 735295/6
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Fri. 2nd October 8.00 pm
Tickets: £3.75, £3.50, £3.25
Available from B O Tel. No.: 748 4081/2 and usual agents

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EVERY MONDAY
9PM-3AM
LIVE MUSIC · VIDEO
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ADMISSION £2
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Live Reggae
AFRICAN STAR
+ GUILTY INNOCENCE
Tuesday 15th September
THE METEORS
+ Support

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371 BATH RD., CIPPENHAM, SLOUGH

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RED BEANS AND RICE
£1.00 members
£1.50 non members
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Sunday 20th September
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Plus No. 1 R'n'B DJ RON WATTS
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23 SKIDOO
FAMILY FODDER
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FRIDAY 11 SEPT. 7·30 £2
ACTION SPACE
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PRESENT
THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
DROWNING CRAZE
ANIMAL ANSWER
BAR
FRIDAY 18 SEPT. 7·30 £2
ACTION SPACE
CHENIES ST. W.C.1. OPPOSITE GOODGE ST. TUBE

Nationwide Gig Guide

Hazel O'Connor. Pic: Anton Corbijn

B.B. King. Pic: Al Johnson

AFTER a few weeks of relative peace and quiet on the gig circuit, except for the usual summer open-air extravaganzas, all hell will be breaking loose before the end of the month. As usual, the autumn tour campaign gets under way in late September, and is guaranteed to keep the Gig Guide office burning the midnight oil until just before Christmas.

Spearheading this year's attack is HAZEL O'CONNOR who, together with her band Megahype, begins a major outing at Salisbury (Thursday), Aylesbury (Saturday), Bradford (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday), tied in with the release of her new 'Cover Plus' album. Bumble & The Beez support on most dates.

Second of this week's openers is DAVID ESSEX, who returns to his first love — the concert platform — at Edinburgh (Saturday), Newcastle (Sunday), Sheffield (Monday), Coventry (Tuesday) and Leicester (Wednesday), with many more dates to come.

Most unusual event of the week is the teaming up of blues giant B.B. KING with THE CRUSADERS and the RPO (the year's most unexpected chart stars) in a series of concerts at London's Royal Festival Hall from today through to Sunday.

Other highlights: the MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP climax their UK schedule at London's Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday and Monday . . . 30-piece steel orchestra THE DESPERADOES team with veteran TAJ MAHAL and the irrepressible VIV STANSHALL in a package currently doing the rounds . . . and THE TWINKLE BROTHERS continue to sparkle this week at Nottingham (Thursday), Manchester (Friday) and Bristol (Sunday).

Thursday 10th

Delta 5: Leeds

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Rapid Fire**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bridwater Arts Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Brighton New Regent: **Blue Orchids**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **English Rogues**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **No Dice**
Chesterfield Star Club: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventey Dog & Trumpet: **The Editors**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Nicky Barclay Band**
Eastcote Clay Pigeon Hotel: **The Breakfast Band**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Holocaust**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Imprints**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **Dark Star**
Great Chesterford Stadium: **Chris Barber Band**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Michael Schenker Group**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Onlookers**
Leeds Poster Bar: **John's Radio**
Leeds The Warehouse: **Delta 5**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45s**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wreckless Eric**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Janine**
London Chelsea Football Nite Club: **Chester**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Combo Passe/The Suspects**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Berlin Blondes**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **'The Secret Policeman's Other Ball' with John Clease/Neil Innes/Pamela Stephenson/Jasper Carrott/Tim Brooke-Taylor etc. (nightly at 10.30 until Saturday).**
London Euston The Pits: **Crown Of Thorns/3X A Day**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ravenna & The Magnetics/The Avengers**
London Fulham King's Head: **Suttel Approach**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Spider**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **Academy One/The Mets**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Afraid Of Mice**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Johnny Mars Band**
London Marquee Club: **Siam**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett: **Hit And Run**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Human Beans**
London Plumstead Bag 'o'Nails: **The Escorts**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Royal Festival Hall: **B.B. King/The Crusaders/RPO**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Barnes Quintet**
London Southall White Hart: **Miles Over Matter**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Alive & Pickin'**
London Stratford Green Man: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Birthday Party/London Underground/King Trigger**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Zounds/The Room**
London W1 (Dean St) Gossips: **T Birds**
London W14 Sunset Jazz: **Juice On The Loose**
London W14 The Kensington: **The Blues**
Luton Coltars: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Desperadoes/Taj Mahal**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Heliopolis**
Manchester Henry's: **J. G. Spoils**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Elano B/Jah Lizard On The Hop**
Norwich White's: **Ruby Joe**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Lethal Dose/Calendar For Mice**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Palais: **The Twinkle Brothers**
Oldham Sholver Inn: **Rok Star's Solo-Tronix**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Standing Room Only**
Poole Chequers: **The Secret**
Rotherham Dalton Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Salisbury City Hall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Sheffield The Big Tree Hotel: **Heroes Of The Beach**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Sensible Shoes/Disease**
Stockport Brooklands Hotel: **Motivation**
Swansea The Rum Puncheon: **Andy Pandemonium**
Tonbridge The Harvesters: **The Drivers**

Friday 11th

Marvin Gaye: Aberdeen

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Marvin Gaye**
Bedford Hores & Groom Hotel: **Spider**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham (Selly Oak) The Station: **The Set**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Plugs / Bartletts**
Broseley (Salop) Duke of York: **Martin Carthy**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **BIM**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cumnock Logan International Club: **The Imprints**
Croydon Cartoon: **The London Apaches**
Dorking (Beare Green) White Hart: **English Rogues**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Dumb Blondes**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Glasgow Victorian Carriage: **APB**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Dark Star**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Rednite**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Future Daze / Silence**
Lauceston White Horse Inn: **The A. H. Band**
Leeds Poster Bar: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leicester Fosseway Hall: **The Notsensibles**
Lockerbie Golden Fleece: **V.H.F.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Deaf Aids / Empire**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Modern Romance**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Talk Like That**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Marines/F.X.**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **James Danton**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Revenna & The Marines**
London Edmonton Ballroom: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London Euston The Pits: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice/The Pencils**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Cuddly Toys/Drastic Measures**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **A Bigger Splash**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Remipeds**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Levi Dexter & The Ripchords**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Kings Cross St. James Church: **PSI**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Mainland**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The Drivers**
London Royal Festival Hall: **B.B. King/The Crusaders/RPO**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London SE18 The Ship: **DV8**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Human Beans**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Mr. Clean**
London Victoria The Venue: **Q-Tips/Reality**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Nightdoctor/Uropa Lula**
London W2 Porchester Hall: **Misty In Roots/The Senators/Isis**
Lodnond W.C.1 (Chenies St). Action Space: **23 Skidoo/Family Fodder/The Work**
Maidstone Oakwood Park: **Babelfish**
Manchester Russel Club: **The Twinkle Brothers**
Marple Liberal Club: **Permanent Wave/Helen Watson**
Northampton Billing Aquadrome: **Nation 3**
Norwich The Trumpet: **Ruby Joe**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Sunfly**
Reading The Target: **Die Laughing**
Rickmansworth Watersmeet: **Clientelle**
Rochdale (Whitworth) Rawstron Arms: **Shader**
Salisbury Cathedral Hotel: **The Secret**
Salsibury St. Edmunds Arts Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Artery/Vendino Pact/John Peel**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Shock Absorber**
Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Dave Walters**
Warminster Athaneum Arts Centre: **Peter Bellamy**
Woking The Cricketers: **The Cavalry**
Woodford Bridge White Hart: **Outrageous Flesh**

Saturday 12th

Rip Rig and Panic: London WC1

Andover Country Bumpkin (afternoon): **Coast To Coast**
Aylesbury Friars: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Bishops Stortford The Triad Centre: **Mouse & The Underdogs**
Bristol The Granary: **Spider**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Johnny Legend**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry Belgrave Theatre: **The Editors**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **720**
Croydon Cartoon: **Little Sisters**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Fairfield Folk Festival with Richard Digance / Mike & Peggy Seeger / Dave Swarbrick / Martin Carthy / Gary & Vera Aspey / Sue Harris / John Kirkpatrick / Old Swan Band / The Watersons / Harvey Andrews, etc. (continues on Sunday)**
Dumfries Nith Hotel: **The Imprints**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **David Essex**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Marvin Gaye**
Glasgow Leon's Waterfront: **APB**
Gloucester Jamaican Club: **Misty In Roots**
Handforth British Legion: **Permanent Wave / Helen Watson**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Imperial Eye Band**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Michael Schenker Group**
Keswick Briathwaite Institute: **Notsensibles / Third Party Distortion / B Troop, etc.**
Kirkconnel Rovers FC: **V.H.F.**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dale Hargreaves' Flamingos**
Leeds Poster Bar: **The Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Papers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers / Datura**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **National Gold**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Talk Like That**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Dancing Did / Things In Bags**
London Covent Graden Rock Garden: **A Bigger Splash**
London Euston The Pits: **The Cobras / Watching The Wolves**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Shea Ramah / Dan Russell Band**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Kissing The Pink**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The People**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Chefs / Mood Elevators**
London Marquee Club: **Doll By Doll / Manufactured Romance**
London NW1 The Cellar: **Leon Rosselson / Roy Bailey**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **English Rogues**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Salt**
London Royal Festival Hall: **B.B. King / The Crusaders / RPO**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London SE18 Prince Rupert: **Rednite**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Mr. Clean**
London Victoria The Venue: **Q-Tips/Reality**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Flying Padovanis / Restless**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Mike Berry / Rockola**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St.) Taboo Club: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Shader**
Meldreth Manor School: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Milton Keynes Stony Stratford Folk Festival: **Brandywine Bridge / Packie Byrne & Bonnie Shaljean / Robin Dransfield & Saffron Summerfield, etc.**
Northampton Black Lion: **The World Service**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Zeitung-Da!**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **The Coolerators**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Dumb Blondes**
Salisbury St. Edmunds Art Centre: **Old Swan Band**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Cimarons / Far Image / Paradise Steel Band**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Regal Theatre**
Shilbottle Farriers Arms: **Prophet**
Southampton Gamont Theatre: **The Desperadoes/Taj Mahal**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Fugitive**
Tamworth Gazeley F.C.: **The Armpit Jug Band**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Dark Star**
Watford Bailey's: **The Drifters**
Whitehaven Beachcomber Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: **Dead Giveaway**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Sunday 13th

Human Condition: London WC1

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Desperadoes/Taj Mahal**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bletchley White Hart: **Fallen Angels**
Box Hill Burford Bridge Hotel: **Stan Tracey Octet**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Princeville Club (lunchtime): **96 Tears**
Bristol St. Barnabus Hall: **The Twinkle Brothers**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff Westbourne Gardens: **The Walruses/Squald/Ashley Jones Jazzmen**
Chadwell Heath Electric Stadium: **Snax**
Crewe Brunswick Hotel: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Drivers**
East Kilbridge The Gemini: **The Imprints**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Natrus Roots**
Glasgow Rock Garden: **A.P.B.**
Glenrothers Rothes Arms: **The Family On Holiday**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Friends**
Leeds Fforde Green: **Dark Star**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool The Warehouse: **Madame**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45s**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tribesman**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Dog 2000/The Event Group**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Park Avenue**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Story So Far/Lino**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **FX/Room For Humans/Jokerama**
London Finchley Torrington: **Sore Throat**
London Fulham King's Head: **Johnny G**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sunfighter**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Models**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Michael Schenker Group**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The London Apaches/The Cobras**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Higsons/Natural Scientist**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Kid Cairo & The Nations**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Lambeth The Angel: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
London Old Kent Road The Greenman: **Spitzbrook**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Royal Festival Hall: **BB King/The Crusaders/RPO**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's (lunchtime)/Nightwork (evening)**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Brian Brain/The Sleep**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Polo Club**
London WC1 Collegiate Theatre: **The Human Condition**
Manchester (Altrincham) The Unicorn: **Motive Emotive**
Newcastle City Hall: **David Essex**
Newport (Isle of Wight) Medina Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Romany: **The World Service**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **The Connexion**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Oldham Tinkers**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Shader**
Slough (Cipperham) Alexandra's: **Red Beans & Rice**
South Shields Marsden Inn: **The Watersons**
Watford Pump House: **The Hampsters**
Woking The Cricketers: **Little Demons**

Monday 14th

The Higsons: London, Islington

Aberdeen Robert Gordon Institute: **APB**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Handsome Beasts**
Cardiff Westbourne Gardens: **The Walruses / Black Widow**
Colchester Mercury Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Godalming Shackleford Social Centre: **Old Swan Band**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Further Experiments**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Desperadoes / Taj Mahal**
London Battersea The Cricketers: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stage Invaders / Going Straight / Why Worry Orchestra**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Mad Shadows**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Mothers Ruin / The Bank Robbers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Silence / High Tide / Thirteen At Midnight**
London Euston The Pits: **The Chefs / The Foreign Press**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Hammersmith Gorillas**
London Fulham Kings Head: **John Spencer Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Michael Schenker Band**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Jump Squad / The Blackout**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **Coolerators**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Higsons**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Putney Half Moon: **Prelude**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Dame Edna Everage with the LSO**
London Southall White Hart: **The Onlookers**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talk Like That**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London Talk Of The Town: **Wall Street Crash (for three weeks)**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Mouse & The Underdogs**
London Victoria The Venue: **BIM / Remipeds / Venigmas**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Ravenna & The Magnetics**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Newark Psykick Dancehall: **Where The Life Is Alive**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Pantry / A Conversation**
Sheffield City Hall: **David Essex**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Geddes Axe / Tokyo / Vortex**
Slough Studio 1: **The Attendants**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Look Back In Anger / The Now / Teenage Kicks / Dream Sequence / International Rescue**
Southend Zero 6: **Samurai**
Stoke The Wagon: **720**
Watford Bailey's: **Shakatak**
Wells Croscombe Country Club: **Chester**

Tuesday 15th

Taj Mahal: London Soho

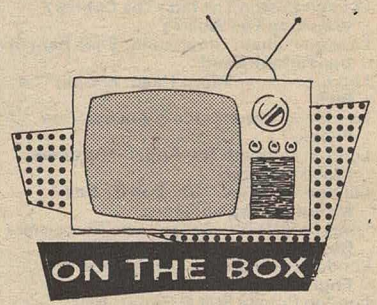
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Mind Tunnel / Neon Downwards**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Bumpers**
Coventry Theatre: **David Essex**
Croydon Cartoon: **Rama**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **Wizz Jones**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Permanent Wave / Helen Watson**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Victoria Showbar: **Rockabilly Rebs**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rudi/The Questions**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **English Rogues**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Higsons / The Models**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Calling Hearts / Furniture / The 'A' Band**
London Euston The Pits: **The Apocalypse / The Onlookers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Naked Lunch / The Orange Cardigan**
London Fulham King's Head: **Mother's Ruin**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **The Chaps**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Exhibit A / Watching The Wolves**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Marquee Club: **OK Jive**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Dame Edna Everage with the LSO**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stratford Green Man: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bagatelle**
London Westhampstead Moonlight Club: **Scortch / Metropolis**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Chris Barber Band**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Levi Dexter & The Ripchords**
London W.1 Gossips: **Zeitung-Da!**
Maidstone Ship Wine Bar: **Hotel UK**
Salisbury St. Edmunds Art Centre: **Black Roots**
Southampton Top Rank: **UK Players**
Southport Arts Centre: **About Time**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **720**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **The Albion Band**
Taunton Heatherton Grange: **Chester**

Wednesday 16th

Birkenhead Sir James: **Shader**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Amyl Dukes**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chipping Norton The Theatre: **The Albion Band**
Croydon Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Desperadoes / Taj Mahal / Viv Stanshall**
Eastleigh Concorde Club: **Chris Barber Band**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **National Gold**
Harrow Rockborough: **The Hamsters**
Horsham The Hornbrook: **The Eclipse**
Leeds Pack Horse: **Xero**
Leeds The Eagle: **Fault**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **David Essex**
London Acton King's Head: **Broadway Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Cayenne**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rye & The Quarter Boys / Loose Talk**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Higsons**
London Euston The Pits: **Tranzista/Jump Squad**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dolly Mixture / The Refreshers**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Downbeats**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Tich Turner's Escalators**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Lee Fardon / Dave Lyon & The Idlers**

Alexei Sayle: London Victoria

London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Red Norvo / Tal Farlow Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Brian Knight Blues Band**
London Stratford Green Man: **Black Market**
London SE18 The Ship: **Forces Sweethearts**
London Victoria The Venue: **'The Comic Strip' with Alexei Sayle / 20th Century Cayote / The Outer Limits**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes / The Inevitable**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London W.1 Gossips: **The Silence / Future Daze**
Manchester (Ashton) The Shades: **The Politicians**
Margate Ship Inn: **Hotel UK**
Plymouth The Anchorage: **Chester**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Crazy Cavan / The Rhythm Rockers / The Jets / Free Bird**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **UK Players**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Wigan The Pier: **Spider**



Thursday 10th September

THE DEEP (Peter Yates, 1977). Cash-in on success of cinema translation Spielberg achieved with *Jaws* — both films being taken from Peter Benchley 'novels' — which sank just about without trace and certainly without grace on the cinema circuit. Here used by ITV as a tease before THE TELEVISION PREMIERE of aforementioned biggie. Nick Nolte points his chin at barracudas and Jacqueline Bisset is used to model wet T shirts. Even more dubious use of female-fixated underwater violation than *Jaws,* with none of that film's redeeming silliness. **(ITV).**

Friday 11th September

THE GRISSOM GANG (Robert Aldrich, 1971). More misdirected and indiscreet violence in Aldrich's very smelly vision of *No Orchids For Miss Blandish,* starring Kim Darby, who squeals a good deal. **(BBC 1).**

Saturday 12th September

SHE'LL HAVE TO GO (Robert Asher, 1962). Promising looking British comedy starring Bob Monkhouse (who's really funnier than we all think he is) Alfred Marks, Hattie Jacques and — wait for it, lovers of the incongruous — Anna Karina. Even Danny Baker hasn't heard of this one (so be prepared for some *new* gags in his next Singles column). **(BBC 2).**

MEET MR LUCIFER (Anthony Pelissier, 1953). Pertinent little Ealing critique of the television medium (Miss Evangongo — dead sit coms contacted, fee reasonable) with all the old regulars — Stanley Holloway, Ian Carmichael, Peggy Cummins and Humphrey Lestocq. **(BBC 2).**

THE PROWLER (Joseph Losey, 1951). Over theatrical and seedily suspenseful (if famous shirt salesman Van Heflin is your idea of seedy) variation on the *Postman Always Rings Twice / Double Indemnity* structure — but without the down-at-heel pulp intellectualism author James M Cain injected into the two aforementioned stories. **(BBC2).**

THE GAMBLER (Karel Reisz, 1975). James Caan as the loser and Lauren Hutton as the soft touch who tries to re direct his spiritual potential in a James Toback script that is, says Halliwells, 'sub-Freudian' and 'vaguely based on Dostoievsky.' Sounds hot. **(ITV).**

Sunday 13th September

AN ELEPHANT CALLED SLOWLY (James Hill, 1969). Virginia McKenna and elephants. Stay in bed until the Muppets meet Liberace later this afternoon. **(BBC1)**

THE ODESSA FILE (Ronald Neame, 1974). Go back to bed **(BBC1)**

THE MIGRANTS (Tom Gries, 1974). Rise for spot of breakfast over this tempting curiosity? An American TV movie taken from a Tennessee Williams story and featuring young hopeful Sissy Spacek as well as pre-*American Graffiti* Ron Howard. Let's start the Depression Chic look. . .**(BBC2)**

Monday, 14th September

CABARET (Bob Fosse, 1972). Engaging but hardly definitive look at the rise of National Socialism from a persuasive doctrine to a dogma of terror — intercut and intellectually muddled up with decadence in the Berlin cafe society of the thirties. Camera work and choreography steal the honours. **(BBC1)**

Tuesday 15th September

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP (Robert Wise, 1958). Clark Gable and Burt Lancaster bitch at one another in a submarine in a pedestrian underwater drama. Just where we began, in fact. **(BBC2)**

ALTERED STATES (Directed by Ken Russell). Russell by-passes the more subtle nuances that could have been wrung out of this tale of physiques gone ape and Jungian psychology a-go-go and goes for total overload with ridiculous relish. The music, sound effects, special effects and structures that knit them all together have more to do with cartoons than Cosmic Truth (although, come to think on it . . .) For all that, irresistible pop pretension. Reviewed 4.5.81 **(Warner Bros.)**

AMERICAN POP (Ralph Bakshi). Russell's film has much more of that animated improbability and intangibility than this full length cartoon tribute to American mores and American pop bores. One for Dark Star readers!!! Reviewed 22.8.81 **(Columbia).**

AMIN — THE RISE AND FALL (Sharad Patel). Deplorable, really. No excuse is good enough for turning yesterday's atrocities into big buck (in more venal senses than one) cheap shock shlock. When the selling point on the poster is half a million deaths you've got to wonder. Reviewed 5.9.81. **(Twin Continental).**

THE CANNONBALL RUN (Hal Needham). Burt Reynolds and Dom De Luise seem to think drunk driving and 36"-plus bust measurements are hilarious. Someone drop the bomb. Reviewed 25.7.81 **(20th Century Fox).**

CITY OF WOMEN (Federico Fellini). Federico Fellini seems to think that Federico Fellini and his muddled, running-scared, self-defeatingly 'satirical' view of modern female sexuality is fascinating. Someone top the wop. To be reviewed. **(Artifical Eye).**

"Look, Francine, for the last goddamn time, no more work in that Cabaret until after you've had the baby. I don't care what the tips are like, I don't like that place. It ain't straight. It's a fuckin' sleazepit is what it is. . ." Robert De Niro ad libs frantically, trying to find a reason why his photograph is being used in* On The Box *this week. Liza Minnelli looks on aghast.

HEAVEN'S GATE (Michael Cimino). The one we've all been bated for. Cimino's monstrously derided multi million dollar flop. Cut down from 24 hours to two, and they still laughed at it. Kris Krissto fufusoon and Issabelle 'Drippy As An Autumn Morn' Huppert kept their faces straight (AH HA HA HA!!! when have they ever done otherwise?) and Cimino apparently has faith that we perceptive wee British viewers will catch the epic nuances that the entire nation of America missed. He could have something; to be reviewed and re-edited. **(United Artists).**

LION OF THE DESERT (Moustapha Akka). Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers improvise their way through one of the many *Born Free* follow-ups; this one distinguished by bigger budget than usual. Oliver Reed puts in a fine cameo as Ronnie the Rhineoceros, and Anthony Quinn is excellent as a fading mirage. **(Enterprise).**

THE LEGEND OF THE LONE RANGER (William Fraker). Better known as The Legend of the Christopher Lloyd, a man years ahead of his time but saddled with cameo after curious or camp or grudging cameo. THIS MAN IS MIGHTY! Ye disbelievers shall feel the wrath of his genius when his time comes. Who's the Lone Ranger? A protestant who wakes up Sunday morning at Parkhead? Reviewed 8.8.81. **(CIC).**

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (Steven Spielberg). The new Hollywood more clearly divides into the psychological perverts (De Palma, Scorsese etc) and the preposterous preppies (Spielberg, Lucas) each year. I'm with the perverts, at least until Schrader and Scorsese team up on the Biblical epic they seem bound for. Meanwhile the preppies regress further into childhood and progress beyond the bounds of financial reason with little but magnified ripping yarns to show for it all. Reviewed 18.8.81. **(ITC).**

The man who won't get out of bed!
Nikita Mikhalkov's
award-winning Russian comedy
based on Ivan Goncharov's satirical novel

Oblomov (U)

SUBTITLES

Oleg Tabakov,
Elena Solovei,
Andrei Popov,
Youri Bogatyrev,

"Best tribute one can pay the perpetually inventive Oleg Tabakov is to say that he is Oblomov." SIGHT & SOUND

"... haunting, resourceful ... has a refreshing, unexpected manner and a radiance ... impressive." NEW YORK TIMES

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ROEG'S BAD TIMING 7.20 11.15 + **CARPENTER'S THE FOG** 5.45 9.30 1.25am
Saturday 12 September
ARCHIVE ROCK: RARE LIVE FOOTAGE OF **STONES, DYLAN, GENE VINCENT, ANIMALS + OGWT MOVIE CLIPS**
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11.30 ALL NIGHT
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& Waters'
PINK FLAMINGOES
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Saturday 12th Sept.
Friedkin's
THE EXORCIST (X)
& Russell's
THE DEVILS (X)
Sunday 13th Sept.
Dylan's
RENALDO AND CLARA (AA)
Thursday 17th Sept.
Wadleigh's
WOODSTOCK (X)

PHOENIX OPP EAST FINCHLEY STATION 01-883 2233

PHOENIX EAST FINCHLEY
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Tel 883 2233
Friday 11th Sept.
Friedkin's
THE EXORCIST (X)
& Russell's
THE DEVILS (X)
Saturday 12th Sept.
Carpenter's
ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13 (X)
& HALLOWEEN (X)

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From Warner Bros. A Warner Communications Company. Released by COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER Distributors
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Progs 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.30
Late Show Sat 11pm

2 SEAN CONNERY in **OUTLAND** AA
A Ladd Company Release Through Warner Bros. A Warner Communications Company. Released by Columbia EMI Warner Distributors Ltd
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Progs. WK 1.45, 3.55, 6.10, 8.30 Sun. 3.30, 5.40, 8.00
Late Show Fri & Sat 11.00

3 **ALTERED STATES** X
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Progs: Weekdays 1.10, 3.15, 5.45, 8.15. Sundays 3.15, 5.45, 8.10.
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 JOHN BOORMAN'S **EXCALIBUR** AA
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Progs: Weekdays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05; Sundays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05.
Late night shows Fri/Sat 11 pm.

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC 1 & 2 Shaftesbury Ave
Sep Perfs. ALL SEATS BKBLE
1: **OUTLAND (AA)** 70mm Dolby stereo
Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.10, 8.10 Late show Sat 11.10
2: **THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)**
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.15, 8.15
Late show Sat 11.15

ABC 1,2,3 (Queensway) Bayswater
1: **ALTERED STATES (X)**
Progs. 2.30, 5.10, 7.50 Sun: 5.15, 7.55
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
2: **THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)**
Progs. 2.30, 5.10, 7.50 Sun: 5.0, 7.40
Late show Fri & Sat 11.00
3: **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)**
Progs 2.0, 4.50, 7.45 Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Sat 11.15

ABC 1,2,3,4 Edgware Road
1: **ALTERED STATES (X)**
3.25, 6.0, 8.40 Sun: 6.0, 8.40
Progs 2.45, 5.15, 7.50 Sun: 5.15, 7.50
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
2: **EVERY WHICH WAY**
Wk & Sun 4.25, 8.45
ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN (AA)
2.15, 6.30 Sun: 6.30
Late show Sat 11.15
3: **OUTLAND (AA)**
3.20, 6.0, 8.40 Sun: 6.0, 8.40
Progs. 2.45, 5.20, 7.55 Sun: 5.20, 7.55
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
4: **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)**
3.0, 5.50, 8.45 Sun: 5.50, 8.45
Progs. 2.20, 5.05, 7.55 Sun: 5.05, 7.55
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15

ABC 1,2,3,4,5 Fulham Road
Seats Bkble Last Sept. L'cnd Bar
Doors open 15 mins prior
1: **Steven Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)**
Wk. & Sun: 2.35, 5.35, 9.10
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
2: **THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)**
Wk. & Sun: 2.35, 5.35, 9.10
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
3: **TIME BANDITS (A)**
Wk. & Sun: 2.40, 5.40, 9.15
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
4: **OUTLAND (AA)**
Wk. & Sun: 2.35, 5.35, 9.10
Sep Progs. Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
5: **CALIGULA (X)**
Wk. & Sun: 2.05, 5.20, 8.50
Sep progs Wk & Sun 1.45, 5.0, 8.30

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RAIDERS of the LOST ARK A

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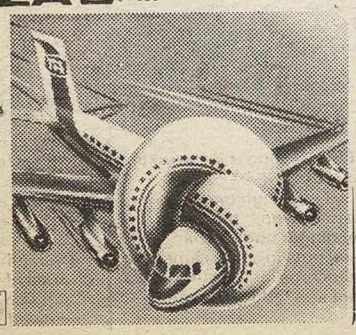
PLAZA 2 OFF PICCADILLY
You will feel the power.
Live the adventure.
Experience the fantastic.
CLASH OF THE TITANS A

PLAZA 3 OFF PICCADILLY CIRCUS
AIRPLANE! A



The plane's going to Chicago.
The pilot's going to New York.
The passengers are going to pieces!

PLAZA 4 OFF PICCADILLY CIRCUS
ALAN BATES
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ISABELLE ADJANI
ANTHONY HIGGINS
QUARTET X
A FILM BY JAMES IVORY

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classic 1 2 3
HAYMARKET 839 1527
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1 Bill Murray, Warren Oats
STRIPES AA
Progs 1.30 (not Sun) 3.20, 5.50, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 JOHN BOORMAN'S
EXCALIBUR AA
Progs 1.40 (Sun from 2.10) 4.40, 7.40
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 Full Stereophonic Sound
WALT DISNEY'S **FANTASIA** TECHNICOLOR U
Progs: 2.00, 4.45, 7.35
Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

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CHELSEA 352 5096 Kings Road
Last performances bookable

1 Bill Murray, Warren Oats
STRIPES AA
Progs 2.20, 6.05, 8.50

2 Ken Russell's
ALTERED STATES X
Progs 2.45, 5.50, 8.25

3 *1981 Royal Film Performance*
CHARIOTS OF FIRE
in Dolby stereo A
Progs 2.45, 5.50, 8.25

4 BLAKE EDWARDS' **S.O.B.** AA
Progs 2.30, 5.30, 8.40

classic LEICESTER SQ.
(Charing Cross Rd.) 930 6915

THE CANNONBALL RUN A
Progs: 1.00 (not Sun), 3.20, 5.40, 8.00

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classic 1 2 3 4 5
OXFORD ST. 636 0310
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1 James Bond is back
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Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

2 Ken Russell's
ALTERED STATES X
Progs 12.50, 3.10, 5.40, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 **TIME BANDITS** A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 1.10, 3.30, 5.55, 8.20
Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 Bill Murray, Warren Oats
STRIPES A
Progs 1.00, 3.25, 5.55, 8.25
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

5 *2nd great year*
AIRPLANE! A
+ LEONARD ROSSITER 'WATERLOO BRIDGE HANDICAP' (A)
Progs: 12.45, 2.45, 4.45, 6.45, 8.45

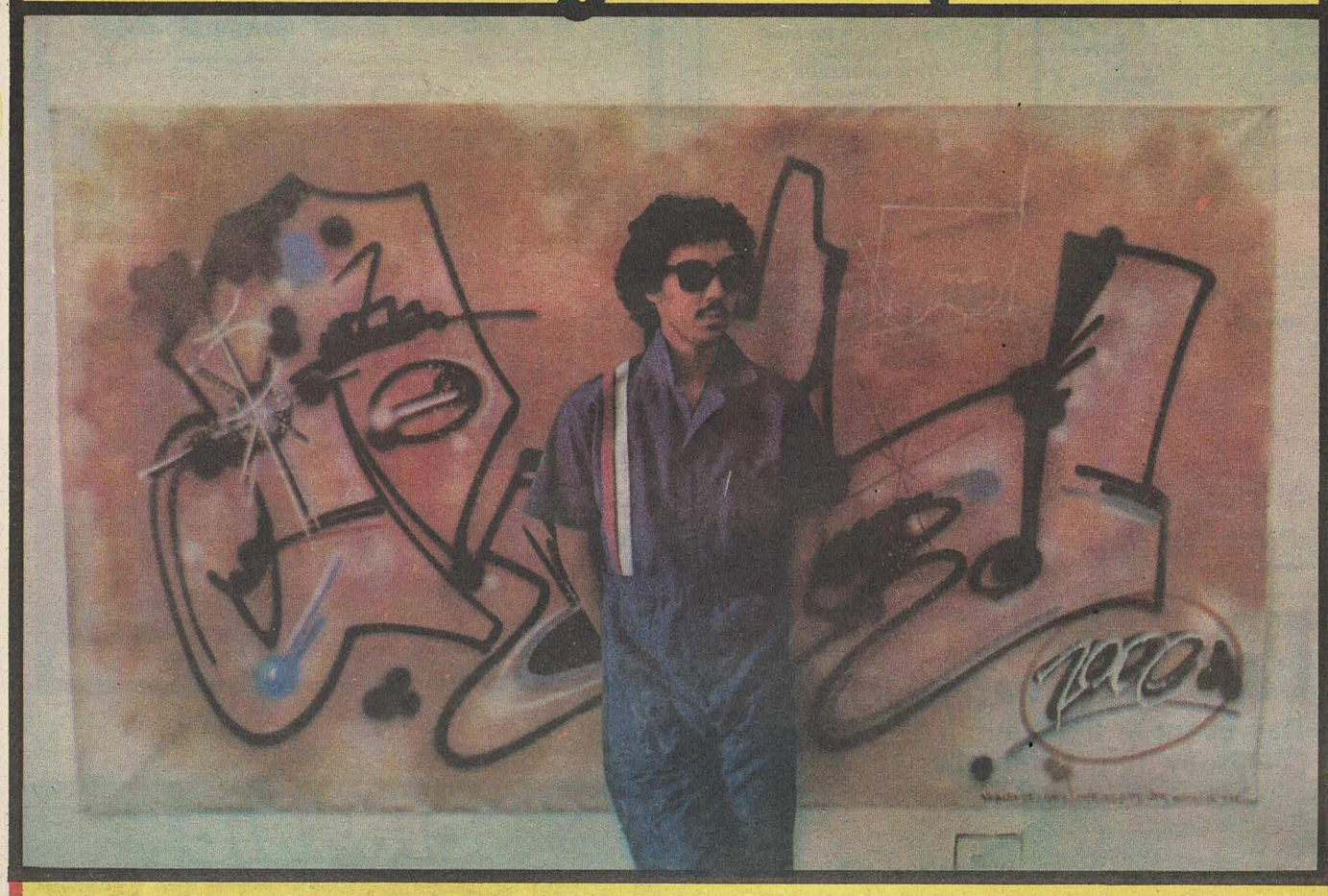
The NEW classic 1 2 3
TOTTENHAM CT. RD.
(Tottenham Court Rd. Tube) 636 6148

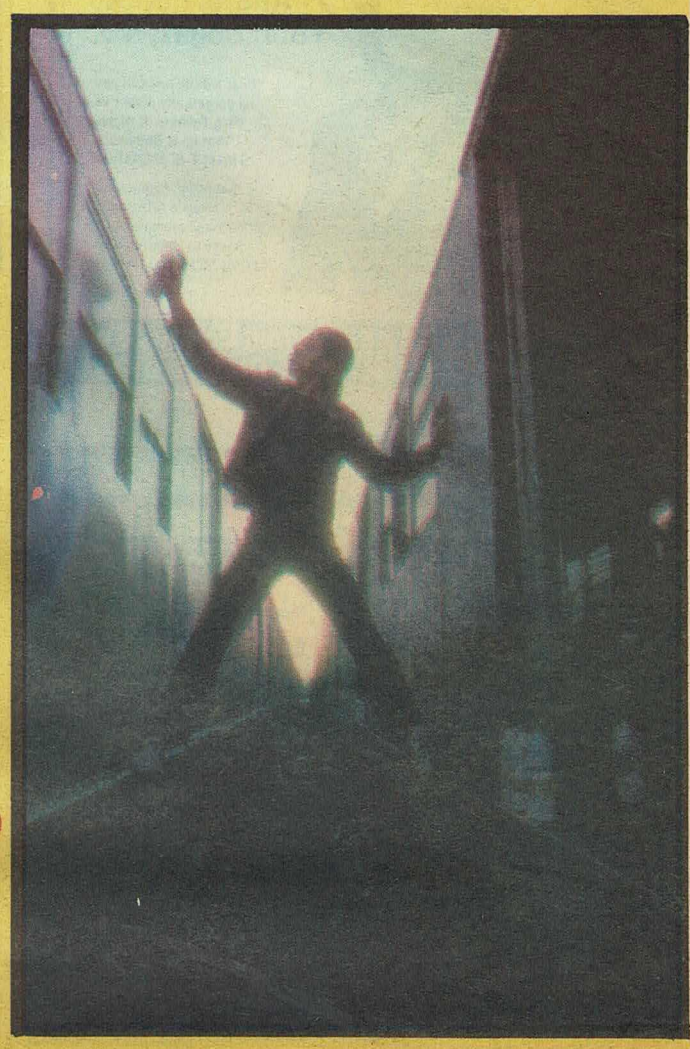
1 DUSTIN HOFFMAN
KRAMER vs KRAMER A
Sun + Wk 5.05, 9.05
Late Show Sat 11pm
JAZZ SINGER A
in Dolby Stereo
Sun + Wk 2.55, 7.00
Late Show Fri 11pm

2 BLAKE EDWARDS' **S.O.B.** AA
Progs: 1.40 (not Sun) 3.55, 6.10, 8.30.
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 Jack Nicholson
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE X
Progs 1.10 (not Sun) 3.15, 5.40, 8.05
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

SUBWAY GRAFFITI





CHRIS SALEWICZ LOOKS AT THE WILD STYLE OF VISUAL RAP

IT CALLS UP such fanciful imagery, this subway graffiti business: the flash-functional '80s immediacy of the aerosol paint spray-can maximised as the artist's tool that provides the cave paintings in the New York subway system's nether world primordial gloom.

What would Jung have had to say about such archetypal dealings?

Or what would Freud have made of all these paint-veined trains rumbling into labyrinths of tunnels?

Yet maybe there's something in such musing: Futura 2000, one of the very *leading* talents to emerge in this outsiders' art movement, traces his entry into graffiti writing to a cathartic mid-teens identity crisis when the people he thought to be his parents revealed to him that he was adopted. Futura believes there are many graffiti artists who have had their home life capitulate in some way to the extreme big city pressures felt by their parents.

"I was an only child. I didn't know how to work these problems out," he explains. "So I crawled into the subway where there were no restrictions, and no censorship. It just becomes your place to play in: you get into this tunnel and there's this giant room filled with trains.

"Graffiti was just a train moving by, and I got onto it as an expression of myself."

Futura cites the need to take up artistic pseudonyms as evidence of the identity confusion experienced by many graffiti writers. "To some extent, *all* graffiti artists have split personalities: I can never really be Futura until I'm down in the tunnel, although I'm trying to be Futura right now."

IN FACT, when all this started a decade or so ago, it wasn't the current top-to-bottom, full-car canvases that were being created: it was just the spray-painting of trains with the artist's name — *hitting* trains, in the jive jargon of the art, with the writer's *tag:* the most territorial, elemental expression of his new identity, in a sawn-off signature filed down as fine and funky-cool as it could become.

In the graffiti beginning in 1969, there was TAKI 183, a mystery Greek kid out to stake the claim of his identity's ego by writing his name all over New York City — in what was to become an established aspect of the genre, the numerals after Taki's name signified the street from which he hailed.

Except that noone knew that then: Taki was establishing the style, and New Yorkers who spotted his name figured this TAKI 183 must refer to a whole bunch of people.

Because that year, on the then still virgin wall surfaces throughout New York City, wherever you looked — in Penn Station or Grand Central Station, in Yankee stadium, out at Kennedy Airport or on Coney Island — there was this soon near-mythological Greek's magic marker scrawl. These days no one seems to really know who Taki was: so widespread were his roamings within the city that folks figured he must have been a messenger boy or something similar.

Usually, though, the legendary graffiti figures have come out of New York's black or Spanish ghettoes, like the Writers Corner Hispanic bunch on 188th — naturally, they call themselves WC 188: in Central and South America there has long been a tradition of the populace taking it into their own hands to brighten up the neighbourhood with some creative paintbrushing — the privately run bus companies, for example, vye with each other to run the most visually stimulating vehicles.

During the graffiti peak of the mid-'70s, plenty of white kids started to take to the paint spray-can. One Zephyr was the most prolific, with Pistol 1 and LSD also strong contenders. This white influx freaked out the authorities, who could understand the involvement of minority ethnic groups, but these *nice white* teenagers? . .

"Just because those kids might live on the East Side," explains Futura, "in apartments that cost $1,000 a month to rent doesn't mean that their family life is necessarily all that together.

"So their graffiti writing becomes an expression of all this stuff that they've got bubbling up inside them."

BY THE beginning of the '70s, magic markers were used only by novice writers, those newcomers still practising hitting their tags on stairwells or the sides of darkened buildings, or perhaps on the insides of empty subway cars. The aerosol paint-can had already become the graffiti artist's tool. Adepts were emerging sufficiently experienced to have learnt and developed the techniques of the spray-can, the knowledge of what effects could come with different colour combinations, of what nozzles to use for which width paint lines.

By the mid-'70s there were literally thousands of writers, aged from just nine right up to their mid-20s, sneaking into

the subway sidings, some of them starting to use whole sides of cars for their comic book coloured creations.

Of course, part of the deal of the Graffiti Adventure was that your spray-cans should be ripped off rather than purchased legally.

"The whole thing's very competitive at every level," tells Futura in his ripe, springy speech. "You'd go into a store with a friend and try and steal more cans than he could."

Naturally, officialdom was out to kick your ass; it might come in the form of the mayor vowing to clean the subways of graffiti, or more usually in the shape of a transit cop swinging a night-stick, ever ready to rough up any Puerto Rican or black kids he spotted hanging around the stations carrying bags containing a variety of street-art equipment.

"For years," says Fab Five Freddie, who once decked out a subway car in a parodying assemblage of giant Warhol-like Campbell's soup cans, "when people would write about graffiti writers they'd call them graffiti animals, graffiti savages, graffiti pigs. But just recently when there's been a graffiti-related story they'd call them Graffiti Artists — even the people from the Transit Authority."

It's good PR for the Transit Authority to pay such token respect: they still possess, after all, The Buff, the car-cleaning machine that is like a symbol of Establishment uptightness.

The Buff is the deadly enemy of all graffiti writers, the reason why the finest complete car works often only last for a few days at the most. Then this Philistine machine weakly obeys its orders, generally too impotent to completely wipe clean the car and only succeeds in removing the richness of the colouring, leaving a faded, dirty simulacrum of the artist's original work.

The Buff is the reason the most dedicated graffiti artists hang out with cameras by the elevated bridges, where distance permits the paint-job to be revealed in its boldest glory rather than in the cramped confines of one of the underground stations, to capture on film their work in its fullest perfection before a night's labours, the usual length of time to paint the side of a car, disappears forever. A John Lennon memorial car was buffed with insensitive quickness.

Unhappy or unfulfilling home life aside, many of the graffiti artists have only taken up their clandestine artwork because of officialdom's lack of aesthetic appreciation. Kids will discover they have some artistic talent. Yet their schools fail to recognize or nurture this ability.

"So they say, okay, I'm going to take it to the trains," explains Futura. "And then they start to get some recognition, start to be someone."

NEW YORK subway graffiti is visual rap music.

Both street art forms are concerned with the destruction of existing systems: rap busies itself with the breakdown of music and its re-structuring: graffiti writing breaks down the greyness of the subways.

In the early days of rap, four or five years back, the rap outfits would take their sound systems down to the street corners or into Central Park and plug straight in to the city's street lighting junction box, treating the electricity company with the same lack of reverence the painters pay the Transit Authority.

Kurtis Blow was once a graffiti writer. Fab Five Freddie still is, and earnt a name-check on Blondie's 'Rapture' — Debbie Harry and Chris Stein are spoken of with respect and gratitude by graffiti writer elders for the patronage and assistance they've given those writers who've now graduated more to studio work, a tendency of the last two or three years.

The tall, swaying Freddie paints as one of Futura's spray-can side-kicks and also performs at rap conventions: currently Freddie is working on a feature film based around this graffiti-rap connection entitled *Wild Style* — ABC TV also are about to start production on a movie with the same theme.

A hero of either film could be the fabulously named J Walter Negro, who fronts rap group The Loose Joints.

Back in the early '70s, J Walter Negro was known as Ali. A mulatto, half-black and half American Indian, he hailed from the same part of Manhattan as Futura, the Upper West Side around 103rd Street, just below Harlem. Ali and Futura were a team, linking up on larger works as they and other writers developed on from simple tag-hitting, and trying to link up and organize the best talents into one outfit, the Soul Artists — known, of course, as SA.

"'73 was a good year for graffiti," Futura says. "Things noticeably started changing that year. . . The mid-'70s was when it started getting *real* crisp."

Ali didn't make it into that Golden Graffiti Age: in September, 1973, on Labour Day weekend, he and the then 18 year-old Futura were holed away in a train yard, "trying to get into some *big* stuff". They'd been down there all night, and with dawn drawing near already had altered the appearance of four trains.

Suddenly, Ali's spray-cans exploded: he was literally on fire, his hands and face burning terribly.

The accident was a dreadful mystery: the only explanation is that a stray spark off some piece of metal-work may have ignited the highly inflammable aerosol spray.

Futura had to put out the flames and, with Ali all the while in horrible pain, sneak him out of the yard and off to hospital.

Ali had third degree burns on his face and hands. For sometime it wasn't certain that he'd live. Then it was thought that still he might lose his hands. After a time, with considerable painful medical patchwork, his body mended itself.

Eventually he could paint better than ever, except that the fearlessness with which he'd previously gone about his outlaw artwork had gone, perhaps forever. So he turned to music instead.

Futura was also badly affected by the incident: a year or so later he enlisted in the US Navy. He remained there, sailing the Pacific on an aircraft carrier, until 1978. During those three-and-a-half years, he says, he couldn't even think about painting.

Perhaps, though, this absence was one of those subconsciously self-imposed periods of gestation needed now and then by every artist: when he eventually returned to Manhattan and forced himself back into subway painting, he revealed the understanding he had developed of graffiti writing's capacity for near-epic abstract expression.

New York's *Village Voice* wrote of him: "Futura 2000, who took his name from a Ford, serves up a fade that resembles cosmic soup. Within this Day-Glo cauldron, triangles glide by — the edges carefully defined with the aid of masking tape — and clusters of circles that clearly suggest Kandinsky, perhaps because that's where Futura first encountered these shapes."

"Except," chuckles Futura lowly, "that article was the first time I'd ever heard of Kandinsky."

Ali's freak accident, incidentally, is not the only peril graffiti artists have to face: as you're spraying not only are you getting a spacey chemical high, but also you're fucking up your lungs.

"It's definitely going to make me lose about five years," shrugs Futura.

"I wear a respirator when I'm writing," says Fab Five Freddie.

FOLLOWING THE creative peak hit by graffiti writing in the mid-'70s, it lost impetus somewhere around 1978. By last year, though, it had regained its force, with writers linking up to create two or three car works.

"I was hanging out with Zephyr," Futura mentions another legendary graffiti name. "And before I knew it I was doing really great stuff, and there was a whole explosion."

Christmas is traditionally a big time for graffiti: whole cars overnight become covered in Xmas messages and other appropriately creative variants on traditional seasonal motifs. Last year's graffiti outburst appeared to hit another high point around the end of December, since when it has once again lapsed into a relatively dormant phase.

One of the reasons not much painting is currently going on, says Fred, is because, "the Transit Authority is out to grab someone to make an example of them.

"So a lot of writers have gone undercover for a while. But they're stocking up on paint: one guy I know's got 2,000 cans stashed away. They're getting ready to unleash it."

Both Freddie and Futura, along with such other "name" writers as Lee ("He renders amazing free-hand things," says Futura), Dondi, Abdul and Zephyr are getting much more these days into studio spray-canning, managing to make a limited living selling the work they produce.

One of the reasons for last year's upsurge in graffiti quality, thinks Futura, is "because all of a sudden people have started calling it art. So the graffiti artists themselves have started feeling a measure of self-respect.

"So a lot of people are really getting into it much more than they were before, getting a lot of new ideas, and meeting other graffiti artists.

"Everybody's ideas are rubbing off on each other, with a whole load of new styles being picked up on. Pretty soon there's going to be some real major work emerging."

Meanwhile, Futura is not working out of his 1st Street, Lower East Side, studio, but is in London. He has been brought over here by The Clash, and is working on record sleeves and poster designs for the group.

London readers interested in seeing examples of Futura's work should travel on the Metropolitan line between Ladbroke Grove and Westbourne Park, and peruse the Westway support beams.

Perhaps they might feel that London Transport itself could do with a little brightening up. . .

Examples of subway graffiti with a lifespan of only a few days before it's washed off. Far left Futura pictured in front of one of his works (photo by Joe Stevens); centre Dondi straddles the trains. All other pix by Martha Cooper.

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Simple Minds were determined and demanded to go on at nine o'clock, before the audience was too sedated. This was stipulated in their contract. Because they got their way both Doll By Doll and Modern Eon pulled out. Everyone was grateful, and The Higsons more or less finished off with a hugging show of bravado . . . fut fut fut fut fut . . . and it all just petered out . . . over and fut fut . . . the remaining hundreds limping out into Staffordshire fields.

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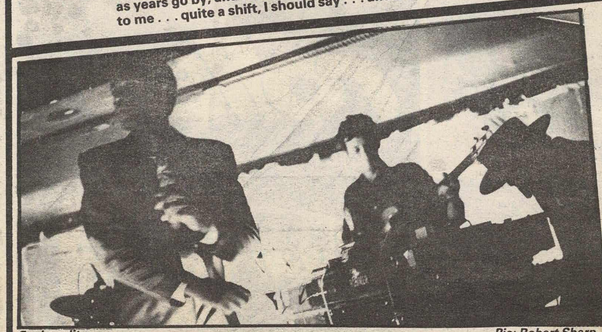

Funkapolitan *Pic: Robert Sharp*

Funkapolitan Cabaret Futura

Edinburgh Nite Club

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Which has precious little to do with the true essence of their chosen medium, now, has it? **Kirsty McNeill**

DARK PARADE

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IT WAS a promising evening. The cassette I'd heard of Afraid Of Mice was a subtle taster, reminding me of Peter Gabriel's more dynamic moments; rhythmically varied, they possessed a rich overlay of sound that augured well for performance.

Alas! The folly of an ever-hopeful mind. For while AOM played a respectable set the tension of their songs was dissipated by pointless theatrics and pompous thrashings which undermined the lyrics, or perhaps showed them up for the shallow cant they are. The stalwart rhythms too often seemed at odds with the cluttered arrangements, as if The Stranglers had joined forces with Buggles, and only their single, 'I'm On Fire', popped with excitement.

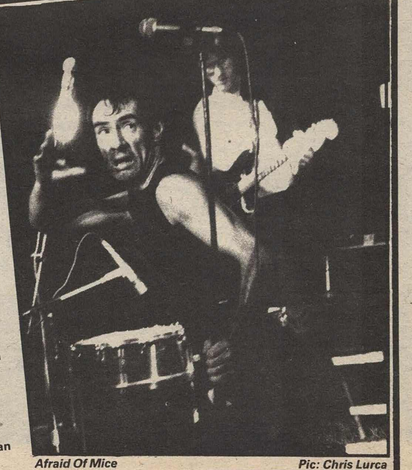
AOM were outclassed and outgunned by Scottish expatriates and one-time Cabaret Futura act, Everest The Hard Way, whose positive negative rock lurched into action like a division of Panzers. Working within a more confined musical space than AOM, Everest The Hard Way have honed their limited sound into a sharp cutting blade that still retains a rough dark edge. Theirs is a unique combination of paranoid aggression and thrust — a distinctly urban noise that owes nothing to 'street credibility' and leaves no space unfilled. Again, the rhythm is all-important: a calculated (though not contrived) roar of anger that underpins Stavros' wailing vocals and spare guitar that spits like fat in a fire.

Huang Chung, on the other hand, want everyone to fall in love with them: and in this they may be partially successful. The buccaneer mystique of leader Jack Hues had an undeniable effect on the younger members of the audience but, like the first band, whatever they have achieved on vinyl (and 'Hold Back The Tears' isn't a bad single) was bludgeoned senseless by their performance.

What we got was a spectacular sales pitch — all dry ice and flashing lights that must have utilised every colour of the spectrum. But it was a curiously directionless enterprise. Variegated rhythms competed with Hues' Donovan-like throwaway vocals while the sax-player filled in the gaps with sublime irrelevance.

Watching, and indeed listening to, this group you'd think 1977 had never happened — the only group ever to reconcile the commerical mysticism of the early '70s with punk were The Rich Kids, and look what happened to them — Hues sings something about America and 'voices in the air'; the group gets the only encore of the evening and perform 'Chinese Girls', which achieves the improbable by being both sexist *and* racist, and 'Journey Without Maps', is an accurate summation of their predicament. Huang Chung are driving blind.

Neil Norman



Afraid Of Mice *Pic: Chris Lurca*

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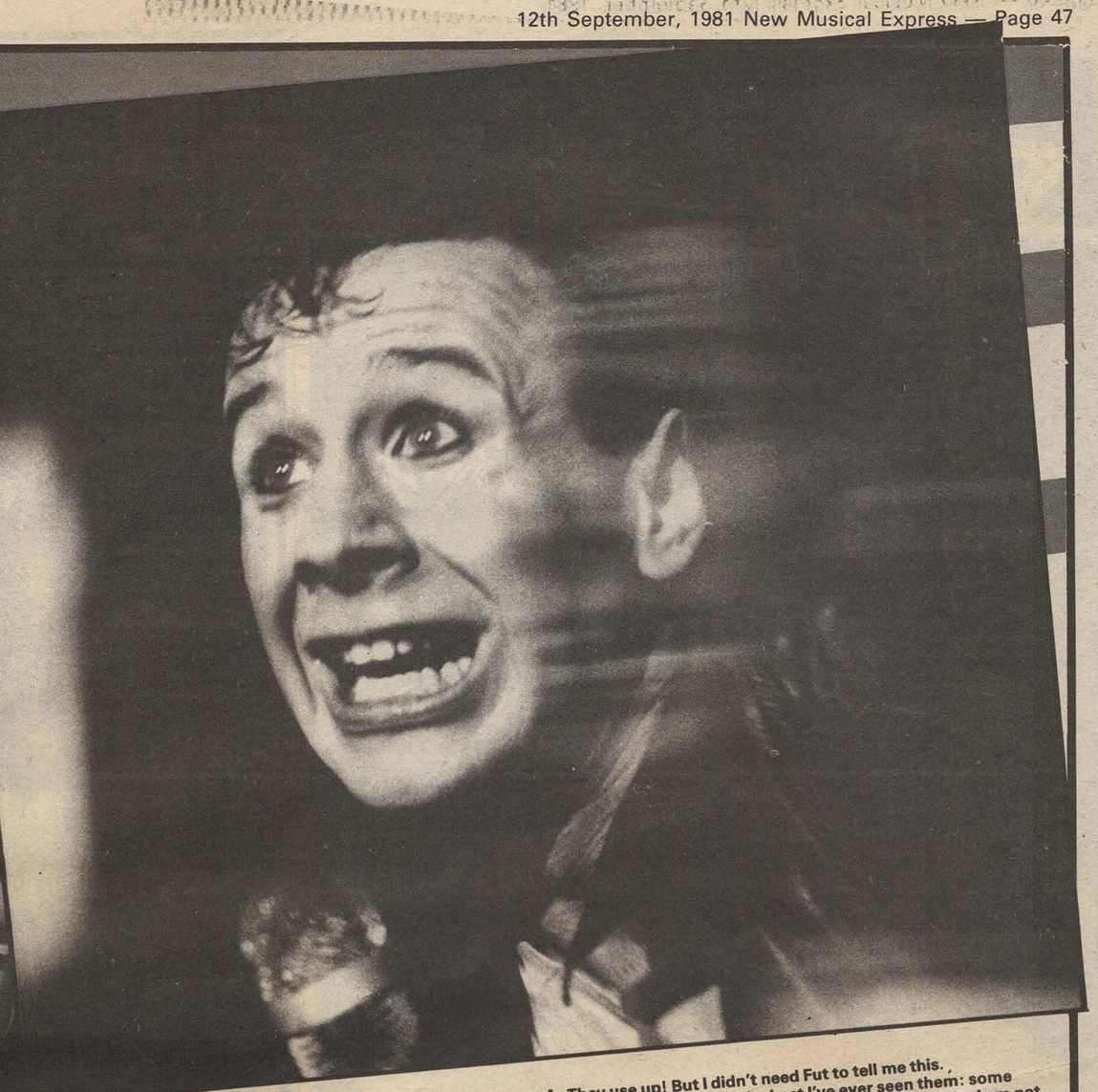

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IT WAS a promising evening. The cassette I'd heard of Afraid Of Mice was a subtle taster, reminding me of Peter Gabriel's more dynamic moments; rhythmically varied, they possessed a rich overlay of sound that augured well for performance.

Alas! The folly of an ever-hopeful mind. For while AOM played a respectable set the tension of their songs was dissipated by pointless theatrics and pompous thrashings which undermined the lyrics, or perhaps showed them up for the shallow cant they are. The stalwart rhythms too often seemed at odds with the cluttered arrangements, as if The Stranglers had joined forces with Buggles, and only their single, 'I'm On Fire', popped with excitement.

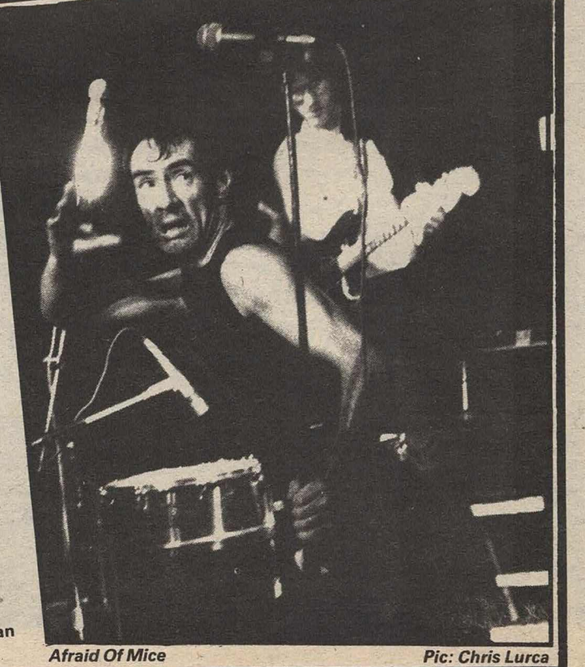
AOM were outclassed and outgunned by Scottish expatriates and one-time Cabaret Futura act, Everest The Hard Way, whose positive negative rock lurched into action like a division of Panzers. Working within a more confined musical space than AOM, Everest The Hard Way have honed their limited sound into a sharp cutting blade that still retains a rough dark edge. Theirs is a unique combination of paranoid aggression and thrust — a distinctly urban noise that owes nothing to 'street credibility' and leaves no space unfilled. Again, the rhythm is all-important: a calculated (though not contrived) roar of anger that underpins Stavros' wailing vocals and spare guitar that spits like fat in a fire.

Huang Chung, on the other hand, want everyone to fall in love with them: and in this they may be partially successful. The buccaneer mystique of leader Jack Hues had an undeniable effect on the younger members of the audience but, like the first band, whatever they have achieved on vinyl (and 'Hold Back The Tears' isn't a bad single) was bludgeoned senseless by their performance.

What we got was a spectacular sales pitch — all dry ice and flashing lights that must have utilised every colour of the spectrum. But it was a curiously directionless enterprise. Variegated rhythms competed with Hues' Donovan-like throwaway vocals while the sax-player filled in the gaps with sublime irrelevance.

Watching, and indeed listening to, this group you'd think 1977 had never happened — the only group ever to reconcile the commerical mysticism of the early '70s with punk were The Rich Kids, and look what happened to them — Hues sings something about America and 'voices in the air'; the group gets the only encore of the evening and perform 'Chinese Girls', which achieves the improbable by being both sexist *and* racist, and 'Journey Without Maps', is an accurate summation of their predicament. Huang Chung are driving blind.

Neil Norman



Afraid Of Mice *Pic: Chris Lurca*

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Michael Jackson *Pic: Ebet Roberts*

BEST FOOT FORWARD

The Jacksons

Madison Square Garden

THERE ARE twenty thousand people in this place, and a lot of them are young girls, and they are all holding their breath, waiting to let out a collective sigh and a collective scream for Michael Jackson, their heart-throb. It's silly, but I'm starting to feel a little excited too, just a little tingle. This Jacksonmania is catching.

The start of the show is ridiculous. A screen descends and we see a short film that depicts the Jacksons as idealised god-figures emerging from a fantastic sci-fi landscape. This is followed by younger brother Randy running around the stage with a flaming torch, and then the Jacksons appearing in the frozen posture of Greek statues.

But when the music starts all this overdone stageyness is quickly forgotten. The Jacksons look fine, sing sweet as wine, and put over a bit of state-of-the-art showbiz razzamatazz that is gorgeously sleek, colourful and distracting.

The show belongs to Michael. Your eyes go to him first, and not only because he's the one you're looking for. He has that "magnetism", a confidence and poise that is irresistible.

Each of Michael's dramatic pauses, leaps and cute little moves (standing with his shoulders thrown to one side, moving his hips up and down) are greeted again and again with squeals and screams from thousands of girls. It's crazy. It's great. This isn't the male-oriented hero worship of most arena rock, or even the sex-tease that goes on between Teddy Pendergrass and his devotees. This is a pretty, puppy-love affair. Girls are yelling and dancing, their boyfriends are smiling. It's a bit more knowing than the usual teen-idol sugar candy, since Michael is adult enough to fill the air with intimations of real sex and real fantasy. But it is basically innocent, romantic and fun to watch. Michael is a perfect seducer, beautiful, subtle and smooth.

There's a short medley of the early Motown hits, but that's the least of the show. Most of it is from the recent albums, all the hits, just what you'd expect. The Jacksons play to an audience with definite expectations, and to meet those expectations they have to be calculated, have everything worked out to the last detail. There's little room for spontaneous expression, only a slight chance for Michael or his brothers to reveal much of their personalities beyond the buoyant stage personas they've created.

But the Jacksons aren't out for revelation, they're out for entertainment. They turned my head with their sweet expertise, with the force of how damned good they are.

Richard Grabel

Altered Images
Modern English
The Event Group

Heaven

ALTERED IMAGES at Heaven draws a crowd large enough to stretch a queue almost to Charing Cross station. Semi-dead pop stars gathering dust around the bar, self-consciously unaware of recognition, merge into the background as squashed flies do on a car windscreen — merely an irritating detraction.

The evening's inevitable com-motion begins with Calling Hearts who I miss. Modern English play next, and, although 'Gathering Dust' was a strong single, their set is monotonous, with intense (volume not depth) synth dominating rather than accentuating the rest of the band, and no clear Division being recognized between influence and plagiarism.

The Event Group are a non-event. Did they play?

A pause ensues until after one, when Altered Images appear on stage. Clare hops around, simultaneously coy and confident, with a stage presence as strikingly attractive as Edwyn Juice's. Her voice fluctuates, soaring clearly then piercing sharply, floating ethereally, trilling, then shrilly jabbing. The songs are unremarkable; I don't remember any, other than the giddy 'Happy Birthday' . . . a desultory air and dreamy vocals. At all times, Clare is the focal point, preening, howling like a Banshee, saving the disposable mediocrity of the music from sinking into bland oblivion.

Altered Images come off at two, and the crowds flood inexorably to the bars to savour the last Heavenly hour, and discuss what to wear next week. The journalist skulks off home.

Leyla Sanai

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AN (AB)ORIGINAL

Soft White Underbelly

Venue

I CHECK out the occasional HM outfit, hoping that some newcomer will shake up the genre and prove that Motorhead aren't the only life on the planet Vulcan.

Soft White Underbelly duly dashed all hopes, even if there were some surprises along the way. The Venue was packed out with partisans young and old. The band obviously have a bit of an underground reputation, because their logo was everywhere in evidence: an upside down question mark with a minus sign through it. If that sounds a bit negative, you've got to remember that obscurantist logos have sold everything from oil to the Third Reich to Blue Oyster Cult and their brand of alchemical mystical bullshit.

SWU go for this occult area too, and although they might be tongue-in-cheek about it, sometimes approaching the ironical crudities of Stephen King's 'psychic' novels, the audience are deadly serious, especially the older fans.

Mind, the five men in the band are getting on a bit themselves. Some of them are bearded and be-whiskered, European in appearance — Dutch perhaps? Their sound, though, is American. On top of the rectilinear syncopations of the pounding white drums and the dinosaur bass loops, there are some pretty nifty riffs, more acid rock than heavy metal. It's this kind of deftness which disturbs Rob Halford of Judas Priest and moves him in interviews to dismiss Yankee outfits as less aggressive and tough than their British cousins.

However, SWU aren't that light, not with the keyboard player taking up axe and as many as three guitars going at the same time. Not only do the band trade instruments amongst themselves and get supplied with alternative models by the roadies, they also take turns at lead vocals. It always comes out as the same stiff blueshog voice, but this pathological insistence on democracy and workrate obviously makes them feel good. There isn't going to be a lone star in this band. Just as well, because none of them are great talents individually.

To their credit Soft White Underbelly did get better as they went along. The audience agreed, submitting, headbanging in slow motion: bowing and scraping, if you like. Maybe they were only copying their heroes who kept slapping each other metaphorically on the back between each number.

You'd think they'd choose a nobler name. Who wants to be reminded of slugs? Still, what kind of life do you expect on Vulcan? Turn right at Mars and keep going for 50 billion light years . . .

Alice Crowley

Soft White Underbelly Pic: Kevin Cummins

Birthday Party

Africa Centre

A STRANGE venue for a strange group. Crammed into a hall that is more used to hearing discussions on African culture, politics and poetry are a motley collection of after dark dancers, anticipating in no uncertain way the arrival of a group who have been compared at times with The Pop Group and The Cramps.

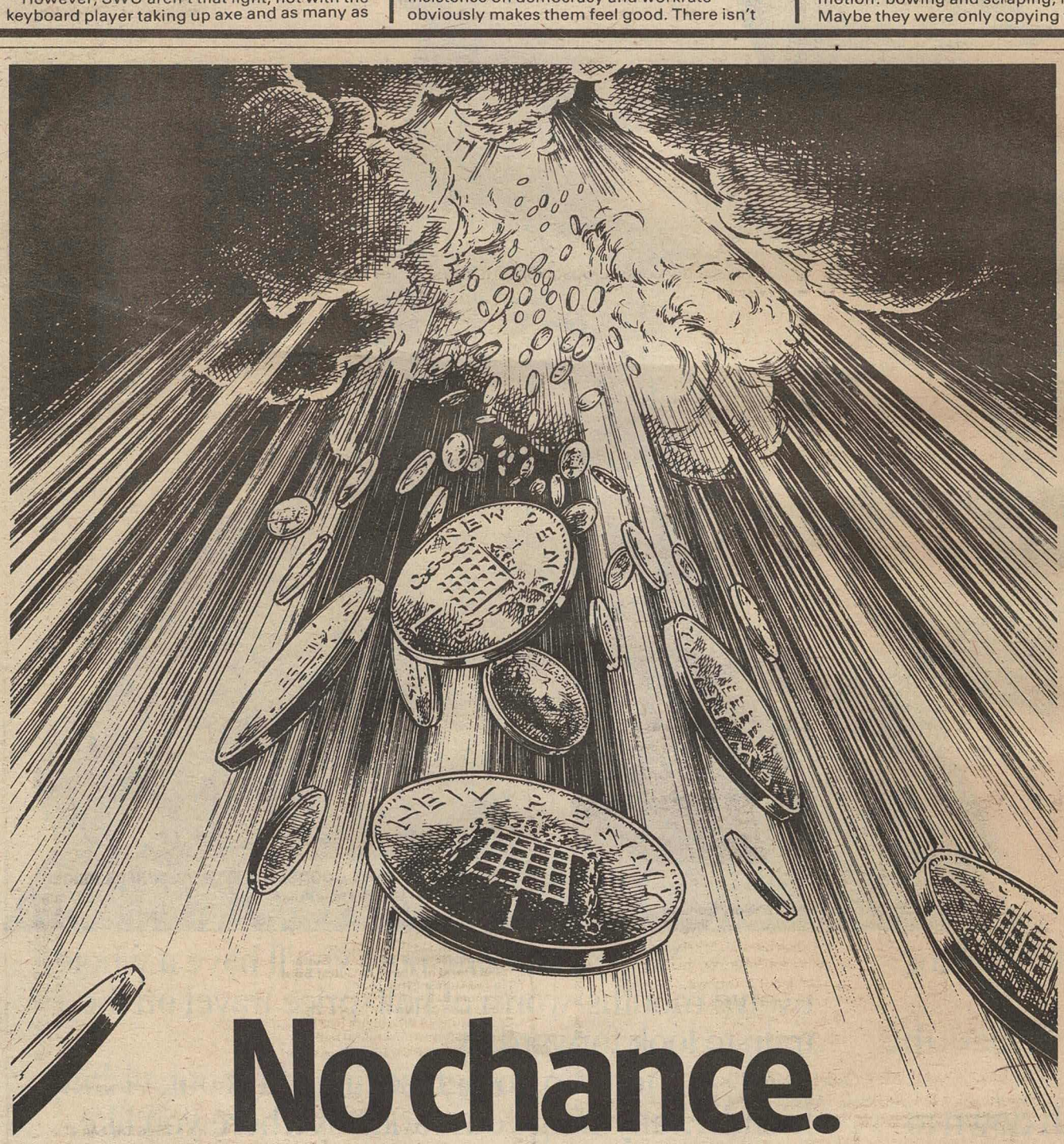
"Welcome to The Birthday Party. 45 minutes of sheer hell."

Nick Cave does indeed look like a skinny Lux Interior as he introduces the group, an odd assortment of dressed-down Australian reptiles decked out in checked shirts and the occasional stetson. Like The Saints, their appearance gives no clue to their sound, which bursts from the tiny stage like a primordial beast snapping and shedding the chains of convention — a nightmarish Gothic brew of Beefheartian wordplay and nerve-jangling guitars stirred into a bubbling rhythmic broth. Talkin' 'bout *tribal*, man!

Whatever reservations I have about their 'Prayers On Fire' LP are immediately dispelled by the dynamic performance of their mutated rock. There is wildness in the air; a feral psychosis that owes as much to the modern notion of paranoia as it does to a prehistoric, animal instinct of survival.

Cave's voice seems to come from somewhere else; it's hard to believe his slender frame can accommodate the relentless howl that screeches, screams and throbs its way around the sexual/surrealistic lyrics. Obsessions scuttle, slither and crawl through the songs like so many nasty little creatures — insects, fish, bugs and bats are predominant images — reinterpreting the 'normal' rock concerns of sex, sadism and sacrifice.

Yet despite the manic intensity of their performance, despite the apparent strangeness of their material, The Birthday Party are a lot of fun. Disconcerting at first, they *give* so totally in performance that questions



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Reggae Runnings

Wailing souls. Pic: Adrian Boot.

FOLLOWING closely the group's 'Fire House Rock' set for Junjo Lawes, JA vocal quartet **Wailing Souls** are duly represented on a further LP issued this week, entitled 'Wailing'.

Produced by Linval Thompson and featuring the Roots Radics musicians, this latest offering is a showcase of six songs plus their respective dubs, released on the Randy distributed Jah Guidance imprint and up on import via the US. Included on the album is the recent 'Who No Waan Come' single, as well as popular sound system play 'Rudy Say Him Bad', and equally good efforts with 'Mr Big More' and 'Penny I Love You'.

Latest pre-release title from the Souls is yet another Junjo production: 'Up Front' (Volcano).

Also new on US import is a nine track various artistes set produced by Germain and entitled 'Variety The Spice Of Life'. Released on Germain , Revolutionary Sounds, the LP is mostly in a lovers rock vein and include's **The Mighty Diamonds'** 'Heads Of Government', **Sugar Minott's** 'Sandy', **Joy White's** 'It's My House', plus contributions from **Cultural Roots, Dobby Dobson, Hugh Porter, The Tamlins** and **George Nooks.**

New 12" discomix releases include: jaystylee singer **Triston Palmer** invigorating familiar rhythm for 'You Don't Know' with Youth Promotion idren **Ashanti Waugh** berating 'People In The Ghetto Suffering' on its alternative side. From the same Trenchtown stable, DJ **Captain Simbad** provides a toast on both titles. Issued on Jabba Roots and produced by K Bartley; **The I Plee** backed by **Dirty Harry & The All Stars** with 'Can I Go On' c/w an adaptation of 'Ain't Too Proud To Beg' released on the Stereo courtesy of some thoughtful production by Stereo Fletcher; **Carlton Livingston** with 'Mr Dee Jay' plus a **U Brown** toast of the same, 'Rock A By Baby' and coupled with **Vincent Taylor,** Let Me Tell You' (A1); **Michael Administrators,** 'Summer Breeze' c/w **Hughie Administrators,** 'Your Lying' (Cha Cha CHAD 39); **Horace Andy,** 'Tribute To Bob Marley' c/w 'Great Superstar' (Top Ranking International); and **Meditations,** 'Justice' (Yah Congo).

Up on Jamaican pre-release 7": **Bobby & The Melodies,** 'Cheer Up' c/w **Roots Radix,** 'Fun Time' (Musical Ambassador); **Ras Karbi,** 'Jah Rastaman' (Rockstone); **The Cordells,** 'Budget' (Three DD's); **Sojourners,** 'Mix Up Mix Up' c/w **Brigadier Jerry,** 'Wicked Situation' (Ises International); **Joe Tex & Hugh Black,** 'Batman And Robin' (Belmont); **Mike Anthony,** 'Why War' c/w 'Y Dub' (Elements); **Ranking Toyan,** 'Better Your Life' (Legal Light Sounds); **Jah Stitch & Junior Walker All Stars,** 'Jail House Rock' (Justice International); **Tamlins,** 'True True True' (Spiderman); and **Carmetto & The Sistrens,** 'Black Woman' (Astors).

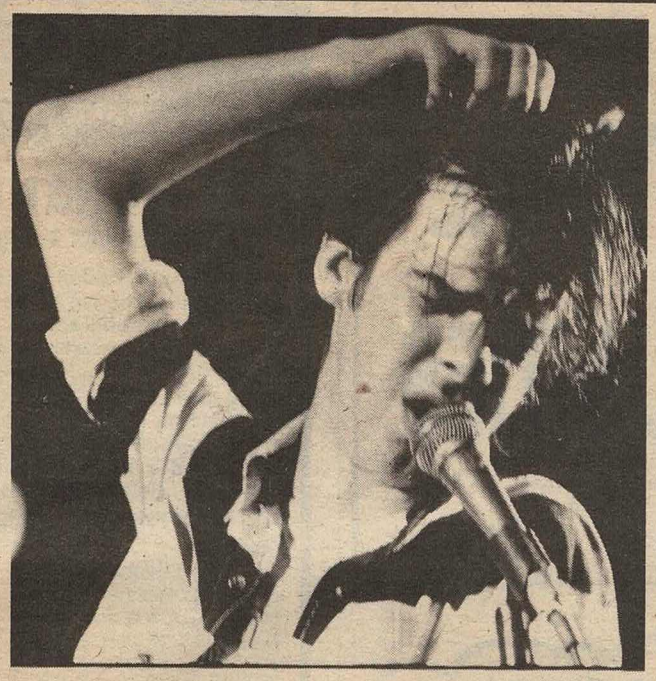
Penny Reel

T'ING

of approachability and involvement go flying out of the window. Their unrestrained enjoyment in playing, and the startling spectrum of their song imagery, creates a positively organic atmosphere — a steaming jungle in which you can laugh yourself silly or be scared to death. Forget the comparisons for a moment — you can find aural links between most groups if you try hard enough — The Birthday Party are genuine (ab)originals.

Watching them is a bit like standing too close to a firework; dangerous but compulsively attractive. Light blue touch paper and stand *near*.

Neil Norman



Nick Cave *Pic: Peter Anderson*

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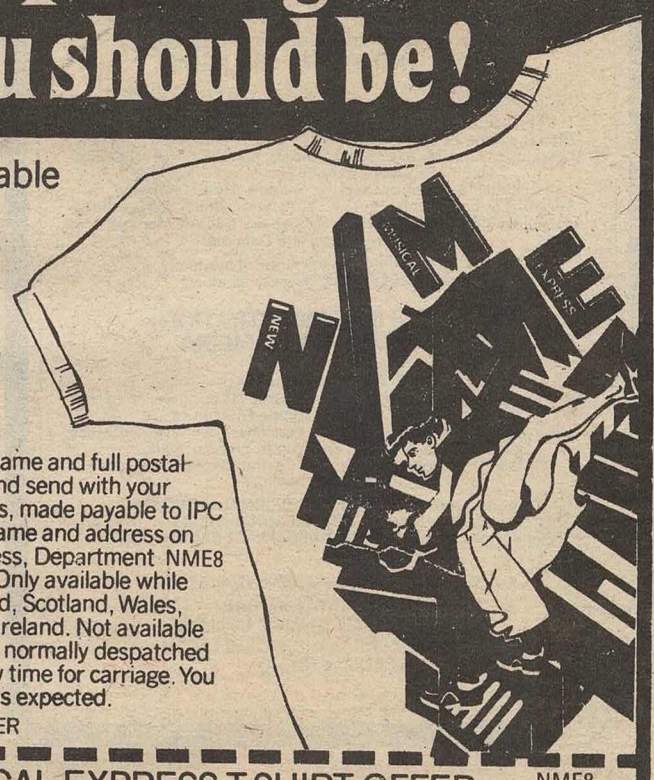

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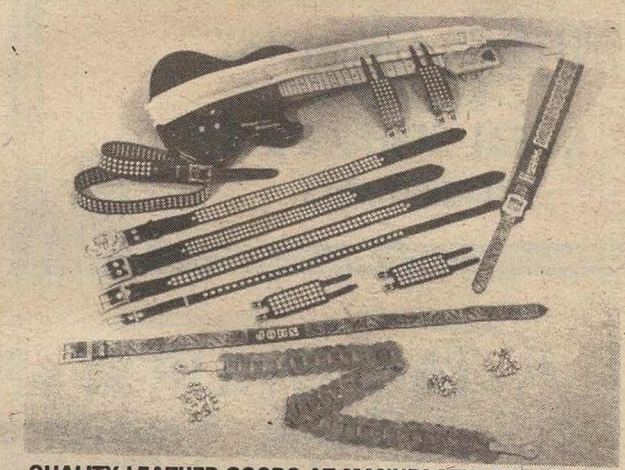

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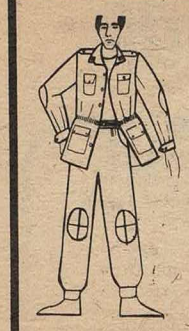

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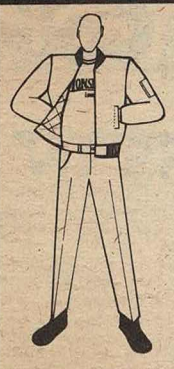

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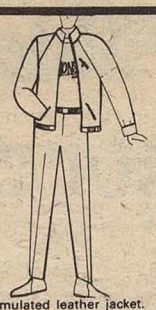

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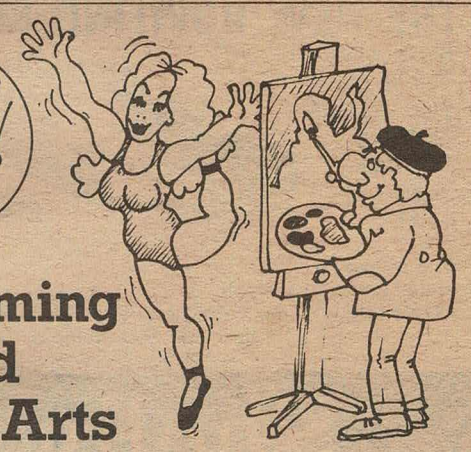

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The Strict Baptists, on the other hand, go clump, clump, thud! and make you want to lie in Dettol for a week, drink a bottle of Listerine and wear black sackcloth for forty days and forty nights. Their sound is all brittle and frayed, more uncomfortable then intense, broken-glass riffs and half-bricks-on-corrugated-iron beat. The group's problems come to a focal point with their lead singer. A sorry case of the rock'n'roll hangovers, he seems hung up on a horrible ritual somewhere between Lee Brilleaux ugliness and Jim Morrison demagoguery.

The Baptists' sound is a *very* unholy alliance, like Bauhaus playing in The Ramones' gutter. They squall, pummel and purge their way through a set of trite songs about mundane trumped-up topics (in their hands anyhow) like the militia, microfilm and Japan. I've seen this programme before somewhere, I'm sure.

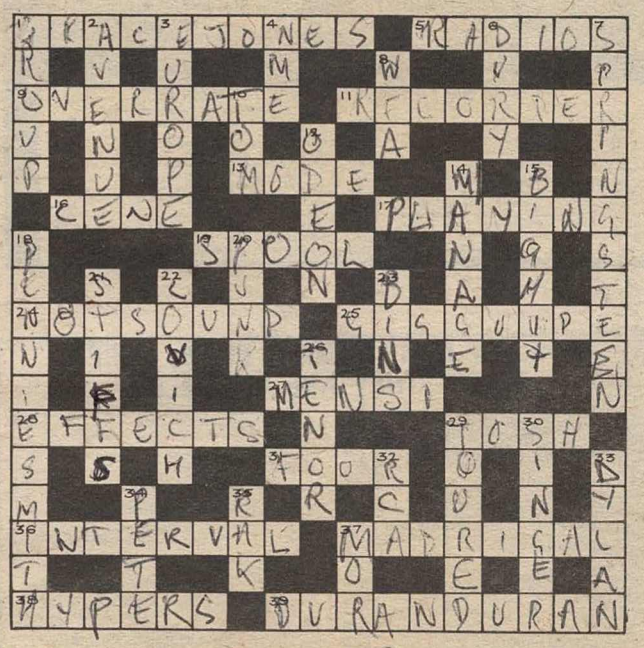
The Emotional Spies aimed too hard, trying to live up to their contrived name and motto ('Emotional Spies for Metaphysical Detectives'). Not that the group are without traces of talent and a certain degree of promise. Between the bass, guitar, drums, sax and the singer's funky block-banging there was a certain amount of sly thrilling and appetising noise. In particular the saxophone weaves that dodged, complimenting and dovetailing with the vocals. Like the flirty superficial ABC they have a substance which is wasted because they only float around on the surface rather than digging deeper and allowing the real swirling emotions and soul power that lie beneath to come through.

The Spies do have a lot of power on stage, although when they give songs like 'Can't Be Sure' a jerky ska off-beat this is all but dissipated. But a lot of their trouble is that they keep too tight a grip on their music rather than allowing it to find its own natural level. This results in totally overtop nonsense like the close of 'Love Malnutrition' with the singer screaming hysterically "I'm dying of malnutrition!" over and over again.

It's sad, but the Emotional Spies are probably going to plunder onwards rather than stop to consider the best way to arrange and present their music. Don't be so eager to be corrupted, kids. You don't really deserve it.

Gavin Martin

NME X-Press Word



ACROSS

1 Stylish disco queen (5,5)
5 Wirelesses and trannies (6)
9 Exaggerate an outfit's talent, having consumed too much, apparently (8)
11 Tape a wind instrument (8)
13 Style depeche? (4)
16 and 22 Down. Female vocalist with a passionate irritation, by the sound of it! (4,6)
17 Toying with musical instruments (7)
19 Tape loops return on this (5)
24 Silence is an idea without solid foundation (3,4)
25 Nationwide programme of dates in 4 (3,5)
27 *NME* is wrong about this upstart! (5)
28 Brings about changes in sound with these black-boxes (7)
29 Peter shot back (4)
31 Quorum for a gang? (4)
36 Gap between notes . . . in the middle of a performance? (8)
37 Instrument for a mad girl (8)
38 Shy rep. arranges for record pluggers (6)
39 And you are twice confounded by this band! (5,5)

DOWN

1 Collection of musicians (5)
2 Suburban street — suitable for putting on gigs? (6)
3 Sounds like you're up for a continental market (6)
4 Men get confused by this rag (1,1,1)
6 Ian's in court, we've heard (4)
7 Bruce, the seasonable youth! (11)
8 Record company we are hiding (3)
10 Drum named after Robinson (3)
12 Ring up the editor on finding a venue in Hammersmith (5)
14 Cope with a band (6)
15 Large impact in the charts (3,3)
18 Rock photographer who's in the money (6,5)
20 Youth with plenty of spunk (4)
21 Corpses and records that don't sell — all from one company? (6)
22 See 16 Across.
23 Do-it-yourself packages for percussionists (4)
26 Saxophone sounds worth the equivalent of two blue notes? (5)
29 Did a series of dates, but took a wrong detour (6)
30 Vocalist reigns in a state (6)
32 Record company found in our capital (3)
33 Bob is a very confused New York lad (5)
34 Burns and Townshend share a handle (4)
35 Ark constructed for a record company (3)
37 Music for semi-morons! (1,1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS.

ACROSS: 1. Unknown Pleasures; 8. Bela Lugosi's Dead; 9. No Milk Today; 13. Brew; 16. Ace; 17. Ego; 18. 'New Life'; 19. Altamont; 22. Roads; 23. Time; 24. Laser; 26. Leo Sayer; 28. Dawn; 31. Gidea; 33. Nice; 35. York; 36. Wiz; 37. Thin; 38. Idiots; 40. Tams; 42. Lost; 43. Pretty; 44. Envy; 45. Fun.
DOWN: 1. Urban Guerilla; 2. Kilimanjaro; 3. Oil; 4. & 15. & 27. Nights In White Satin; 5. Evita; 6. Sods; 7. Eddie; 10. Ice; 11. Lewis; 12. Dreams; 13 Yesterday; 14. Boomtown Rats; 20. Oi; 21. N.M.E.; 24. Legend; 25. Aria; 29. Nik; 30. Jeans On; 32. Dr John; 36. Wire; 37. & 34. Top Gear; 38. Ivy; 39. Sly; 41. A.T.F.

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SINGLES

☐ *From page 27*

DEPECHE MODE: Just Can't Get Enough (Mute). SPARKS: Funny Face (Why). For a group supposedly taking a young and fresh attitude to electro-synth pop I thought 'New Life' was a very strained and clinical set of ideas and gestures, but this is a big improvement over the recent chart favourite. 'Just Can't Get Enough' has some lovely textures, moulded into shape by the reliable Daniel Miller. It's a slight but memorable song and Depeche Mode's charm will remain querulous until their song-writing allows them to examine and expand their worth.

However, they're right to take their time; if they didn't they might turn out as cynical as Sparks. 'Funny Face' is one of those odd songs that turn up every now and then, it's about a guy who trys all manner of plastic surgery to get a funny face and finally gains his wish when he's rescued from a suicide bid. Too self-deflating to be offensive and too dry to be compelling, it's as good as we're likely to get from the group who could claim to be the daddies of all this new noise by pointing back to their 1974 masterwerk 'Kimono My House', but thankfully don't.

RUDI: When I Was Dead (Jamming!) THE TONIX: Strangers (Cherry Red). There are only small ripples, smears and suggestions of something special on the Rudi disc; it is not the record they could have made in the past. Still what they lose in presentation they make up for in exhortation and you are advised to wait around for the vinylising of 'Time To Be Proud' which promises to be a true giant of a record.

The Tonix are new life playing deadman's float, heartless bluster and shady dealings. Ian Curtis jams with Echo And The Bunnymen to play 'Skiffles Greatest Hits', and it sounds like they've just had a hard night on Aspro and Perrier water.

CAPTAIN KIRK'S DISCO TREK: Star Lover (White Dove). Danish discotheque disaster, sub-'Spacer' riffs meets 'I Lost My Heart To A Blue Cheese Eater' and Spizz is there to watch. The most appalling example of cross-cultural pollination gone drastically wrong since last week's edition of Radio One's 'A King In New York'.

CARLENE CARTER WITH PAUL CARRACK: Do Me Lover (F Beat). Surprise, surprise — this is a joyous and very sexy record. The sort of disc meat cleaving hot bitches on heat and on the streets like Pat Benatar and Ellen Foley Mkl could never have made because their whole image rested on the principle that sex was something dark, evil and mysterious.

Mrs Nick Lowe and Paul Carrack (ex-Ace and Squeeze) join the great one-off lusty duos of our time like Elton and Kiki doing 'Don't Go Breaking My Heart' and Tom Waits and Bette Midler doing 'I Never Talk To Strangers'.

"Well in the dead of the night while the city is asleep/You come do me do me lover/ . . . You put the words in my mouth now say what I said/You come do me do me lover/ . . . I'm going to tease you and take you and tuck you up in bed/You come do me do me lover."

Turn out the lights when you're ready to go. And goodnight everyone.

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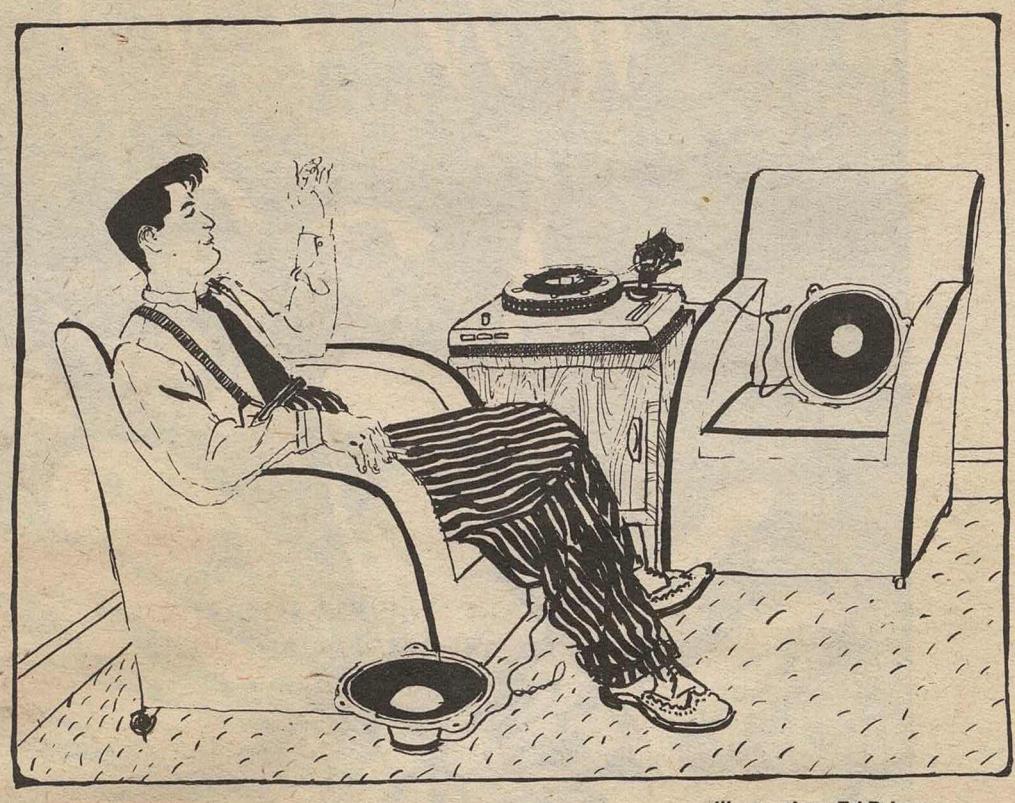

Illustration: Ed Briant

ADRIAN ORLOWSKI, Assistant Editor of *Hi-fi Answers*, takes the controls of *Don't Touch That Dial* this month, with a working guide to hi-fi buying

MY ILLUSTRIOUS predecessor told you last month about turntables and how important they are to hi-fi sound reproduction. I'm going to follow on this month with the other crucial bits of the source, namely the cartridge and tonearm — the latter also called the pickup arm or simply the arm. But first let's jog a few faded memories (free spoonerism with every issue).

Hi-fi being about reproducing music, the object of the hi-fi system is to play melodies, this being the stuff of which music is made. The tunes come to you stored in the convenient form of a record, so it's crucial that the hi-fi system doesn't screw them up at the point of extraction. If it does, there is no way an amp or speakers can put the melodies and rhythms back into the sound, no matter how good they are. So the record player as the point of retrieval of the musical information is the most important item, and the one it's most important to get right, even if it means spending two thirds of your hi-fi budget on it. The record player is usually considered as made up of three separate hi-fi items: the deck or turntable; the arm; and the cartridge.

How this division arose eludes me, since one would have thought the best way to make sure the whole caboddle works properly is to design the player as a unit. But among well-known names only Bang and Olufsen of the sexy Scandinavian good looks practice this approach — with sonic success. As usual, the Japanese manufacturers seem to be light years behind when it comes to formulating the large scale objectives you need before getting down to details. So instead of making one mistake when you buy a record player, you now have the chance to make three — which has the manufacturers laughing all the way to the bank. It also has the effect of artificially inflating the number of manufacturers and products the hi-fi sector can bear profitably — just as Marx predicted.

Of these three separate items comprising the player, the turntable is the most important, then the arm, and last (and least of all) the cartridge. This is the reverse of what most old timers will tell you about the cartridge being the most important. That's an anticipated notion spread about by audio engineers and their cronies in the hi-fi press who prefer looking at graphs rather than listening. The facts — if you do listen — are that although cartidges can make a big difference to the sound, the difference between turntables is several orders of magnitude greater. Cartridges will alter mainly the tonal balance and stereo perspective, and cheaper ones will not have the 'bite' of expensive ones. But a poor turntable will 'lose' instruments and get muddled on complicated bits of music, so making tunes difficult if not impossible to follow — things which are much more important to having music reproduced meaningfully.

The turntable is the foundation on which the cartridge operates. A turntable which won't stay stable and inert is to the cartridge like trying to walk in quicksand through thigh deep water while an earthquake is in progress. This analogy can be extended to the whole player. The stylus can follow the groove modulations faithfully only if it is referenced to a fixed point. This is in the first place the pivot inside the cartridge to which the cantilever with its diamond stylus on the end is attached. Clearly if the pivot moves at all with respect to the groove while the stylus is also moving you will lose fidelity in groove tracing. The pivot has to move anyway along the spiral of the groove, and it's got to accommodate warps and off centre holes as well, but the object here is to get the stylus and pivot to move together while maintaining a fixed position with respect to the groove.

An idea of the magnitude of the problem can be had by considering that the size of modulations cut onto a disc can approach the wavelength of light — hence the dispersion of colours you see if you hold a record up to a lamp. Given our engineering ability to manufacture physical items to only a certain tolerance, it's a bloody marvel the thing works at all. Probably the only sure way to recover all the groove information would be to drive the cartridge across the record, so replicating the process by which the record was cut in the first place and eliminating the possibility of free movement. But this would cost a fortune, and besides the designers are more than likely to get it wrong.

So we need an alternative . . . If the cartridge were of large enough (say infinite) mass, this would do the trick — but that's quite out of the question. Alternatively, if everything could be made infinitely rigid mechanically and then coupled to an infinite mass (say planet Earth), that would be the next best thing. But now let's see what hi-fi manufacturers give us in the way of arms. First we have cartridges with replaceable stylus assemblies. These are never better than a loose fit anyway, so here's plenty of opportunity for movement.

So if you want to improve your hi-fi at a stroke and at no cost, simply glue the stylus assembly to the cartridge body at the sides (making sure you'll be able to get the cartridge out of the arm when the stylus is finally worn out). Then we have the so-called universal detachable headshells which are found on most arms — again more opportunity for movement.

Finally among major culprits is the arm bearings. These have to be as tight as is compatible with friction (they can't be rigid — the arm has to move). But most arms with gimbal type bearings are delivered with far too much free play in them, so if you can, tighten these up too. Compared to these problems, the fact of whether an arm is straight or S-shaped is quite unimportant. A straight tube will be more rigid if of good thickness (I exclude the carbon fibre licorice sticks which pretend to be arms), and will sound better — if everything else is right too.

In practice however other factors come into play, of which the turntable is the most important in the way its shortcomings will tend to dominate those of the arm. And when it comes to the crunch a good turntable with a cheap arm will be more effective at extracting music than a cheap turntable with a good arm. But the other factor which helps out deficient arms is the choice of cartridge. Really, if you've any choice in the matter you should choose the cartridge first and then the arm to suit (moving coil cartridges nedding more rigid arms to cope with the added energy they put into the arm.

Most mass market players though come with an arm, if not also a cartridge, so I have to contradict myself in the space of two sentences. In this case choosing a cartridge means mainly ensuring it's compatible with the arm for groove tracing.

The rule here is that arms of high (effective) mass need cartridges of low compliance, and arms of low (effective) mass need high compliance cartridges. If you don't match, you risk the cartridge going unstable on warps or being ejected entirely from the groove (high mass and compliance), or muddling bass information —low mass and low compliance).

Compliance is the springiness of the cantilever pivot, and it must have some to stop the cartridge collapsing onto the record every time you put it on. Compliance you can't tell by looking: it's a number — below about 20 it's low; above about 35 it's high; and in between it's medium sliced.

For most people £30 will be more than enough to spend on a tiny and rather fragile object in packaging that can cost more to produce than the cartridge itself. This is fair enough; pay less you're end up with a rougher diamond and a lower toleranced product; pay more and you'll still left with the inherent vices of the cartridge type which no amount of design tweaking can remove. I'm talking here about the common or garden moving magnet cartridge which is standard fare in cartridges up to £70. Even with their stylus assemblies glued in, they inevitably fail to sound as punchy or as crisp as expensive moving coils can — this being a feature which make it easier to hear what's going on in the mix since the beginnings of notes (and words) are reproduced better.

Because moving magnet types have a relatively hefty mass wiggling on the end, it can't respond properly to the very fast high frequency disc modulations in a controlled way. Output would therefore be reduced here were it not for designers arranging for the tip to resonate in a more or less uncontrolled fashion against the springiness of the groove.

This works — at least you get a fairly flat graph which extends up to the limit of hearing — if that's what you want. But it's not the same thing: the bandwidth on transients remains unaffected, and often damping is inserted to control the resonance. Respectively these make the sound somewhat uncrisp and woolly overall, and on high frequency signals (eg cymbals) the sound is fizzy.

Either way you lose information — dynamics, tone colour, and instrumental separation. You also risk making surface noise more of a problem than it really is. But I'll come back to this topic next month when we look at amplifiers.

PUBLICATIONS

MYSTERIOUSLY SAVED — the astrological booklet about Bob Dylan reviewed NME 11th July available £1.20 including p&p. — Oracle Books Ltd, 62d Stamford Hill, London N16 5BR.

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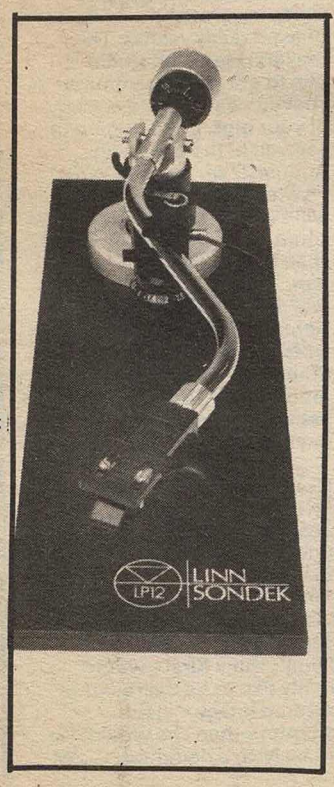
VIDEO VHS Bowie wanted Joy Division, Bunnymen, Banshees. Chris 20 Westfield, St Albans, Herts. Phone 65234.

Moving targets

Linn Basik LVV tonearm and cartridge



UNTIL recently the only low cost 'component' tonearm available which was built for rigidity was the Rega arm — available both as standard issue on the excellent UK built Rega turntables, and also separately.

Now to partner turntable motor units of your choice comes the Basik arm from Linn Products, also built for rigidity, and including a cheapo 'throwaway' cartridge for all of £46 inc VAT.

It's a medium mass arm and is of good enough construction and quality to take specialist (ie moving coil) cartridges costing up to £150.

The combination, which is supplied with the cartridge, installed has a bright and cheerful — and tuneful — sound. Instruments are well separated out with realistic tone colours. Especially good compared to the competition in arms below £100 are the stereo depth and the bass end, which is deep, tight, melodic, and natural sounding.

It really deserves a better cartridge (medium compliance types). The one provided sounds splashy on cymbals — but it will do well enough while you save up. A recommended hi-fi product, it goes without saying, and good competition for the Rega arm.

Adrian Orlowski

Illustration: MARK FAIRNINGTON

SUICIDE

"Don't do it!" says Paul Morley

After learning of the death of two 19-year-old suicides, ostensibly because of their failure to find work, I feel I have a duty to comment.

Now I know there are hundreds of thousands of people in the same position — and I've been on the brink of suicide many times myself during the last few years. I've been unemployed for over a year, due to this I'm perpetually broke, so I can't afford records, etc, a social life is out of the question and so I'm sexually frustrated as well and yet I've still managed to emerge from my depressions.

I know that some people think that they can't do this. What I'd like to advise people is no matter how bad you feel, you can still alter your life even if you're broke. When I was 17 I ran away from home because I was in a dead end job and was expected to be grateful for it, I had no friends and a life of boredom and drudgery stretched out before me. Instead of suicide I made life work for me, I put myself in a different environment (London) and although all my dreams didn't materialise I certainly benefited from the experience.

I'm not advising people to flock to London, because the situation has altered there, but if you can undertake a similar adventure you will benefit from the experience and eventually life will improve — I promise. Also, suicide is an indication of failure and capitulation. When it comes down to the grim realities of life even rioting is better than allowing yourself to be used as a pawn in the game of political economics.
A concerned Banshee fanatic (19).

I would like to tell you how sad I felt after reading this week's copy of the *NME*. Somehow it all seems so depressing: the script, the pictures of rich young people doing nothing in particular and yet acting as if they held in their hands the recipe for success in this miserable and drab world. The final sour note was the story about Hazel O'Connor's holiday being ruined because of cows. That to me was incredibly sad, because I don't think that she's a very happy person anyway, as all of her records hint at some deep inner mystery. Gosh, I was upset.

But then the postie arrived. GIRO-MAGIC! Also a card from Crisi and Janice, they're having a nice time in Greece (I bet!). So that's all for now, just thought you'd like to know what I thought of this week's beastie. Not enough about Pa Ubu, but apart from that quite tasty. Also a new cocktail for cool cats — Vodka and Irn-Bru. It's great.
M. MacB, Newcastle.
Well you seem a sensitive boy, grateful for all the little things that make it worth turning the cogs. That's the way! It's the little things that can give true delight, and if you can get those little things in a special sort of combination — heaven. Treat yourself to an Ernest Hemingway or something. — PM.

I just had to write and share my depression with all your millions of readers.

1) When Josef K last played at the Venue I was on a field trip in Wales and my boyfriend went and later he told me how wonderful it was.

2) I went to see the Echo And The Bunnymen film at the ICA and was so busy canoodling in the back row that I missed gazing at the beauty of Ian McWhatsisname.

3) My boyfriend David wants to be 'just best friends' and he refuses to make love to me anymore. God I'm so frustrated!

And to round off a totally depressing time I bought your paper on Thursday only to find out that Josef K have split up. Suicide seems the only answer. Tell David I love him.
Alison, Camberwell.
Sex seems the answer for you, Alison. And the Bow Wow Wow and Heaven 17 LPs are out next week. Forget David. Forget Josef K. It can be done! Search out your brand new pleasures. Pop groups and boys are there just to be used. — PM.

As the letters page is more frequently read, by me anyway, than the personal column, I must say I was staggered to read (Aug 29) of an 18-year-old girl who wanted a hunky bloke and proceeded to say it would be a platonic friendship only. Three questions:

1) Is she really mad?

2) Is this female sexism?

3) Would she give her address to me so that I could change her mind?
S. Casbierd, Lightwater.

Is sex going out of fashion? Cos if it isn't why are all the boys I meet always in such a hurry?
Babette, Somerset.
They're probably scared. The writer of the letter before would sure like to meet you though, Babette. He doesn't sound scared at all. — PM.

Dear Ramona, I would like very much to have a signed photograph of you, and one of The Modettes if possible. Colour or black and white it doesn't really matter. The reason I would like them is due to our ship's commitment I haven't had time to see any of your gigs. I was hoping to see you at the Venue on August 27 but we had to do Plymouth Navy Days. But I will see you soon. So if you could send the photographs I shall be delighted.
Jim, AB(M) Griffin D161336L, 3EZ Mess, HMS Danea, BFPO Ships, London.
***NME* stopped running the Modettes fan club, oh, 18 months ago. We're right behind Bananarama these days. — PM.**

Guess what, dahlings! I claim Errol's celeb-spot prize. At Josef K's Maestro's gig I saw Edwyn (O.J.) drooling over the kind of pretty baby I bet Kirsty McNeill wishes SHE was.
Dodo.
I don't think Kirsty would really like to be Claire out of Altered Images' sister, anymore than she would like to be Nico's daughter. — PM.

It was great to read all about Ian's holiday: will you let us know when you're going to run a Madness interview? Ta.
Claude 'Pre Shrunk' Levi-Strauss.
Ah yes, I was waiting for this one. You've obviously not learnt your lesson: when reading P man, you must turn the page on its side, soak it in Carlsberg 68, dry it out till stiff, spread it with the best cream cheese and then read between the lines. It won't make much more sense, but it'll send you mad performing the ritual. And that's what the piece was about — Madness. — PM.

Paul, thanks for everything. The media want to know why a nice bunch of crazies like us are apparently so hated and loathed by the British press. They can't make up for it enough. Wonderful stuff. Again, thanks for everything.
Killing Joke, Los Angeles.
So can we let everybody know now that we were in on it together all the time? Fine conspiracy, good game: what's next, lads? — PM.

Since the punk explosion of '76 *NME* writers have generally taken a subjective view of rock. Usually an anti-rock stance has been the norm, but like any idiom hard rock has its good and bad points / performers. My favourites are Rory Gallagher, ZZ Top and Whitesnake who all play a fiery form of blues. I am not enamoured with Iron Maiden, Girlschool or Motorhead. There's a big difference between these bands and I can understand someone liking the latter three and not my selection. Here's hoping that Barney Hoskins' fine article on the Donington festival will be repeated. A consensus of opinion on all forms of music is surely better than a one-dimensional attack which will be bad for the paper and the fans.
John Christie, Burnage, Manchester.
A refreshing letter, perhaps. I'm just always suspicious when so-called sanity seeps into the paper. Still, John, if you like "a fiery form of blues" try the Was (Not Was) LP. I mean that. — PM.

I don't know much about 'funk' but Sgt. Bilko still makes me laugh whenever I see it.
Leslie, Orpington.
I'm still laughing at mahogany. — PM.

I too cry when I hear 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'. I also cry when I hear how bad New Order are.
Delmore Shwartz Jr., Manchester.
So you think I was right; they are letting us down after all! — PM.

As a fan of Nine Below Zero I feel it necessary to write an open letter to the organisers of the Reading Festival.
Michael Martin, Camberwell.
As a fan of living itself I feel it necessary to wonder about the health of the organisers of the Reading Festival: but then I have to say that, I work for *NME*. On the quiet I'm bitterly disappointed we didn't spread Reading throughout the paper. Don't tell anyone. — PM.

Restricted Code were just about the most exciting and amazing live band I've seen, and their records were starting to capture that level. But they couldn't be bothered to salsa, and they thought honesty and good music was enough.
Leon Zappia.
Rather not exist than be continually ignored, as they were. Let's not let it get us down. The new Devo single's a cracker, and Shelley's new LP is well worth loving. Life's load goes on. — PM.

SEX

"Do it!" says Paul Morley

What has happened to modern music? Where's all the originality and energy that was around in 1977? Every week I watch *TOTP* in the hope that I might see something good, but all that is paraded in front of my eyes is a mixture of safe plastic pop from Duran Duran, Soft Cell, Kim Wilde, etc, and never-ending rip off singles from Starsound, Tight Fit and their ilk. As for Bill Wyman and ELO . . . .

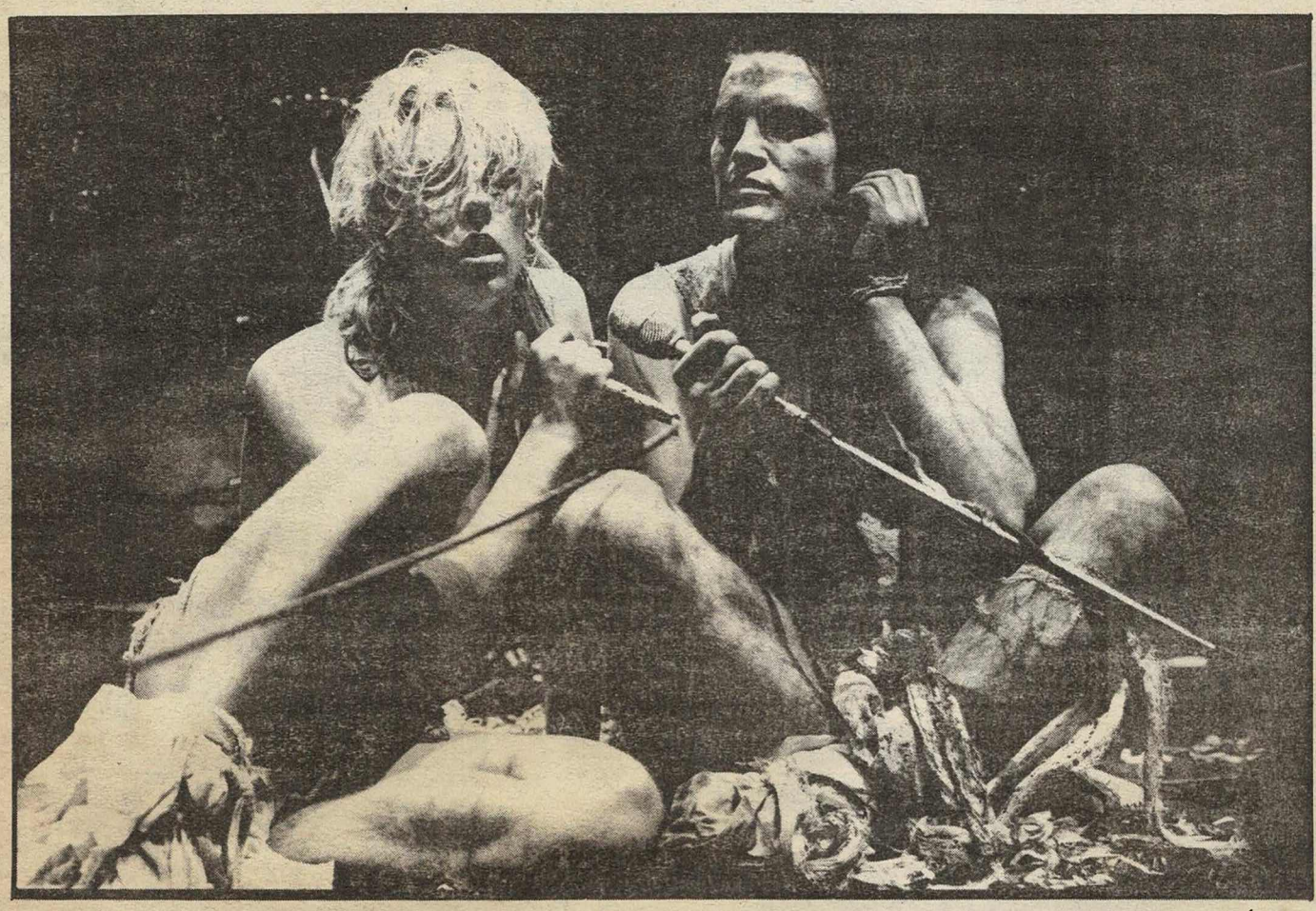
Let's go out into the good ole pubs and clubs, the birthplace of British rock. Oh dear, the dull-o-meter registers little improvement here. Even quite rated bands such as The Thompson Twins and The Meteors are pretty naff. Oi and new punk is pathetic and has as much relevance now as Adam And The Ants. Groups like Funkapolitan and Blue Rondo A La Turk will just disappear up their elitist orifices and psychedelia is just clutching at the past in the absense of good new groups.

There are however some bands around who put thought and feeling into their songs — i.e. Killing Joke, U2 and Bauhaus. There may be hope yet.
Gary, West Wickham.
C'mon Gary, Bauhaus are just as much a con as Duran, Killing Joke are a strangled kind of hope, and U2 only have energy in the *TOTP* context. You're just fed up with 'rock'. You don't like shiny things, you appear to want some 'Depth'. Well why stick with rock? Dive into the jazz ocean or something. Stop whining, anyway. No one can have any trust in your complaints when you see Bauhaus as saviours. — PM.

Thought you might like to know that the management of Birmingham's Run Runner club (who are also the management of Duran Panstick) are apparently refusing entrance to men wearing make up . . . . mine's a maguerita.
Jane, Birmingham.
I trust they still let them wear shorts and smuggle in half bottles of vodka. — PM.

I have been asleep for the last 20 years. Have I missed anything?
Francis.
One or two little things . . . Patrick MacGoohan was quite good in *The Prisoner* and he made an interesting comeback as Malcolm McLaren. Oh, and Wodehouse and Chaplin finally got knighted. But then they died. You've got a lot to look forward to. — PM.

T-ZERS



So what in the name of good heavens are these young gurriers up to? "Well I was floating up the Liffey on my lilo and an almighty gust of wind swept me far away into the wide ocean away from me darling mammy and brought me to these forsaken shores where I met my good friend Manus O'Friday."

"And I landed here a week ago and this auld bucko of a native — warpaint up to the eyeballs, an elephant tusk through the hooter and doing a pagan wardance came round and bound me up with seaweed. I've been here ever since."

Own up lads you're The Virgin Prunes at Futurama and the reason you're in this indecent state of dress is because you left your stage gear at home.

"Yeah, well it seemed like a good idea at the time. . ."

Pic: Kevin Cummins

IN days gone by *T-Zers* came to represent everything puerile, negative, insulting and childish about this striving organ. It deified sixth-form humour at a time when the more concerned cognoscenti were looking for New Sounds, New Styles. Moreover the 'column' was often merely three or four non-stories padded out by irrelevant nonsense. Unaware. In those days it was written by **Ted Power**. Since then, **Errol** has inched us back on the road to style, influence, awareness and restored the air of roving-eye-about-town.

Unfortunately Errol is elsewhere this week. How do you do — my name is Ted, I believe we've met. (Cheap raucous fanfare of 'Happy Days Are Here Again' as through the door tumble midgets, tumblers, men on stilts, monocyclists, dappy clowns and jugglers. Ted — dressed as circus MC — brings proceedings to order with two long rasping blasts on a vulgar car horn).

Our main story this whacky week concerns Britain's fastest rising celeb, our very own cover girl **Little Miss Redsocks.** Determined to find out more about this dizzy doll that's taken our readership by storm our sleuths dug and re-dug. (Lyric copyright Stone Dead Music). What we can impart is that Little Miss Redsocks is in fact a Danish rock singer — not altogether unsuccessful either — and *really does* go by the name of Little Miss Redsocks.

The shot used in the highly successful Maxell Tape ads is one of her tour posters that the company decided to use as the lynchpin of their Euro campaign. LMRS's real name we discovered to be **Nivea Potts.** She told us: "I object to the way I am referred to as a sex object. What people fail to understand is that that ad is a subtle joke. I am a leading Danish pastry . . . no wait a minute, a leading Danish feminist . . . and if you muck-rakers check your facts you will find that in protest against the Danish pastryarchy — damn, — I once refused to eat for almost three hours. Actually I cracked over my big weakness — corn-on-the-cob dunked in lard." LMRS makes her final appearance in *NME* next week so ask your newsagent to make sure he puts your copy aside. . .

To New York where the public were invited to 'Meet **The Psychedelic Furs'** in the informal surrounds of the Chase Park niterie in Manhattan. CBS supplied a ton of free drink and the public cashed in although The Furs themselves are reported to have stayed moping about in some back room. Of course what New York really needed was several 'Avoid The Psychedelic Furs' parties to be thrown simultaneously — no shortage of punters in that sphere we proffer, free booze or no. Anyway, at the actual do were such leading lights as **Todd Rundgren,** (Todd's sold one or two albums. We think it's two.), and **Jim Carroll,** brother of **Ronnie.** So was **Bebe Buell** who it is said is "going out" with Furs' **Richard Butler.** . .

Still in America, **Killing Joke** have had to cancel the last half of their American Tour because of a hand-injury sustained by drummer **Paul.** The group were "playing around" with newly acquired flick-knives — as groups touring the US will — when, — whoops and dagnamit — out swishes that pesky blade right thorugh Paul's thumb. Bother. Major surgery and eleven cubic gallons of rhesus negative later, Paul's nursing an extremity wound that, if suffered by **Paul McCartney,** would ruin the moptop's only natural response to photographers. The other Paul, meantime, has his future as a 'stixman' hanging in the wind. . .

People In The Charts! 'Sexy' trio **Imagination** tell *The Daily Star,* "The problem is we've had too much success with girls" and that the lads are seeking refuge from all the hordes of crazed panting Nivea Potts style creatures. The same group were recently involved in a scandal when they made a soft core video for viewing on the continent. If you've seen them you'll know they contain all the erotic appeal of Tessy The Torso's famed bump'n'grind burlesque car-house. Still they do have in their ranks someone called **Erroll** — brother of singing sensation **Grace Kennedy** — as well as a bod called **Leee** — "I added the other 'e' just to be different" he says. Hmmm. *T-Zers* wonders if the letter 'e' is the coming thing. **Adam Ante. David Bowiee. Keith Christmase.** Nah, can't see it — our money's on the silent 'g' as in fox, good evening.

People In The Charts 2: **Jaap Egermont** of Stars On 45 fame travels everywhere by hot-air balloon and even has his recording studio built into one.

PITC 3: Chart-topping **Soft Cell** have forsaken alphabet letters altogether. They think the future lies in the colour black. "Black is the sexiest colour there is," burbled singer **Marc (No K OK?' Almond** in a *Daily Star* interview, "When I wear it I feel confident in myself. When I wear a jumble of colours I feel all confused." Sounds like a nut-case to us. Also, one of the week's queerest stories reaches us from Sheffield where it's reported that so keen a fashion observer is **Marc** that, in the past, he hasn't always restricted himself to clothes one might normally associate with people who talk gruffly and shave their chins.

The **Teardrop Explodes** will never know just how high 'Ha Ha I'm Drowning' would have reached in the charts because only a limited number were pressed. (Cue hordes of zombies crawling from cob-webbed graves to snap up one of these very interesting rarities). The track was due to follow up 'Treason' but suddenly, inexplicably and at the twelfth hour **Julian 'Jaap' Copee** — lead singer and pro-am hot air balloonist — changed his mind about releasing another album track ("This sucker'll never git rich" — **Michael Jackson**). But! Phonogram had already pressed up some 30,000 copies — thus proving the underlying optimism that runs thorugh the record industry — and packaged the thang as a double 45 with 'Bouncing Babies' and 'Book', but Julian stood firm — no release.

To recoup, the company exported the lot to Europe where some enterprising businessman, seeing his chance, promptly sent the shipment back to Blighty where it can now be purchased as an import.

If all this wheeling and dealing confuses you — or if you're sore for having to pay over the odds for a British single that's asking you to foot it's vacation bills — than we suggest you don some black clothing and lie down in a darkened room until this whole thing — or Jaap Egermont — blows over. . .

Scott Walker — who crazed Scot **Fill MacNeal** of this parish calls "the single most misunderstood tortured genius of this, or come to that, any other epoch" — made a staggering return to the airwaves last Monday. At 6.20 am a *Capital Radio* DJ played the 14-year-old weepie 'The Amorous Humphrey Plugg' prefacing it, "Something from Scott's new album, just thought you might like to know what he's up to these days." The track was later faded amidst mutters of "didn't understand that one" (Scott indeed! — Edd) . . .

People involved in redoubtable tele import *Soap* have been making it clear that they feel that their programme's axing by *NBC* was the first TV victory for the odious Moral Majority group. Though the station blamed falling ratings, they had been under pressure from the MM — possibly affiliated to a well known music publication — to dump the show because it was 'anti-family'. Ugh.

To Llourdes where a wonder new miracle cure has been found for all our country's ills. No hang on . . . I think that's Lords. Yes Lords where The Metropolitan Police took on a Brixton XI in a friendly game of cricket. Brixton "pissed all over them" as **Dorian Williams** might say with 'Sir' **Lloyd Coxsone** doing a great deal of damage taking a couple of wickets. A squad from West End Central later retrieved the wickets from under Lloyd's bed and the game continued. (Coxson was announced over the PA as "the man with the dreadlocks."). Flash: I am informed the venue was The Oval and not Lords as if anyone knows the difference anyway.

The Shakin' Pyramids are to continue their association with **Lonnie Donegan** that flourished when the two worked on a *BBC Scotland* programme called *Jock & Roll.* So well did they get on that they got together in a studio a couple of days later to put down three tracks that Virgin hope to release before Christmas. ("Yes," a spokesman mumbled weeping openly," the team worked on the trio of songs for hours but it was no good . . . in the end we had to put them down.") The Pyramids — catch phrase 'Make A Date In The Desert And See What's Dune' — have also worked as Donegan's backing band on a couple of live engagements. Although both sides insist this is no long term partnership — seeing as Shakin' Pyramids start a North American Tour next week — many insiders — **Ronnie & Reginald Kray** — are already dubbing it the 'marriage of the century'. (Then it goes 'marriage of the century - ry - ry - ry -y - y - y').

Woody out of **Madness** — a phrase that sounds like **John Oaksey** should be saying it — is a vegetarian. (Gracious eight minute pause while everyone falls about laughing). He felt all alone and unloved when, while filming in the West Country for the band's new single 'Shut Up', the film unit's PA could only find big, fat, greasy sausage sandwiches for 'the boys' to tuck into. So Woody — real name **Herman NutVutlet** — went hungry. Anyone who spurns big, fat greasy, saucy, sausage sandwiches not only *deserves* to go hungry but should have their lips sewn up for 40 days as a nation's revenge . . .

DAVID Bowie seen in every tabloid sporting a beard and banjo in a puff for his upcoming performance in a *BBC Play for Today* in which he portrays **Herbert Beerbolm Baal** the eighteenth century pragmatist and mystic third-eye surgeon. For the role Bowie has to look suitably rough and ready as the character spent most of his life as a third class tramp. "It was a difficult job," said Dave, "for whatever outfit I got into I still looked classier than **Steve Strange**". . .

Well that's it. And so farewell. Errol's back next week, I, **Ted Power,** shall be appearing in *'Treasure Island'* at the Silver Trombone Theatre, Ongar as **Long John Saliva** — The Spittin' Image Of His Old Dad. A real family show — half price matinee's, pensioners 30p, students double at all perfs. All ladies in red socks guaranteed best stalls . . .

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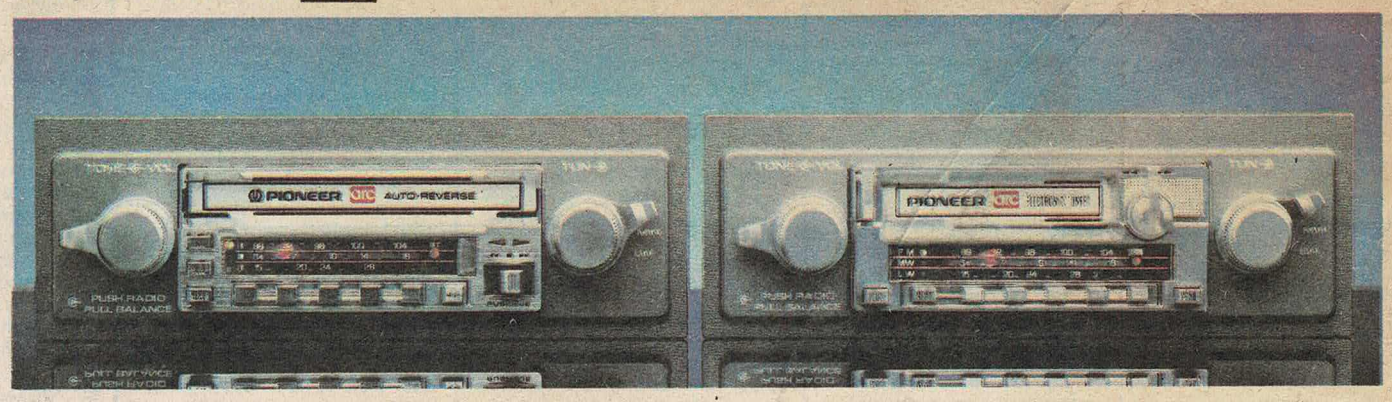

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